

POETS AT PLAY:

A Handbook of
HUMOROUS RECITATIONS

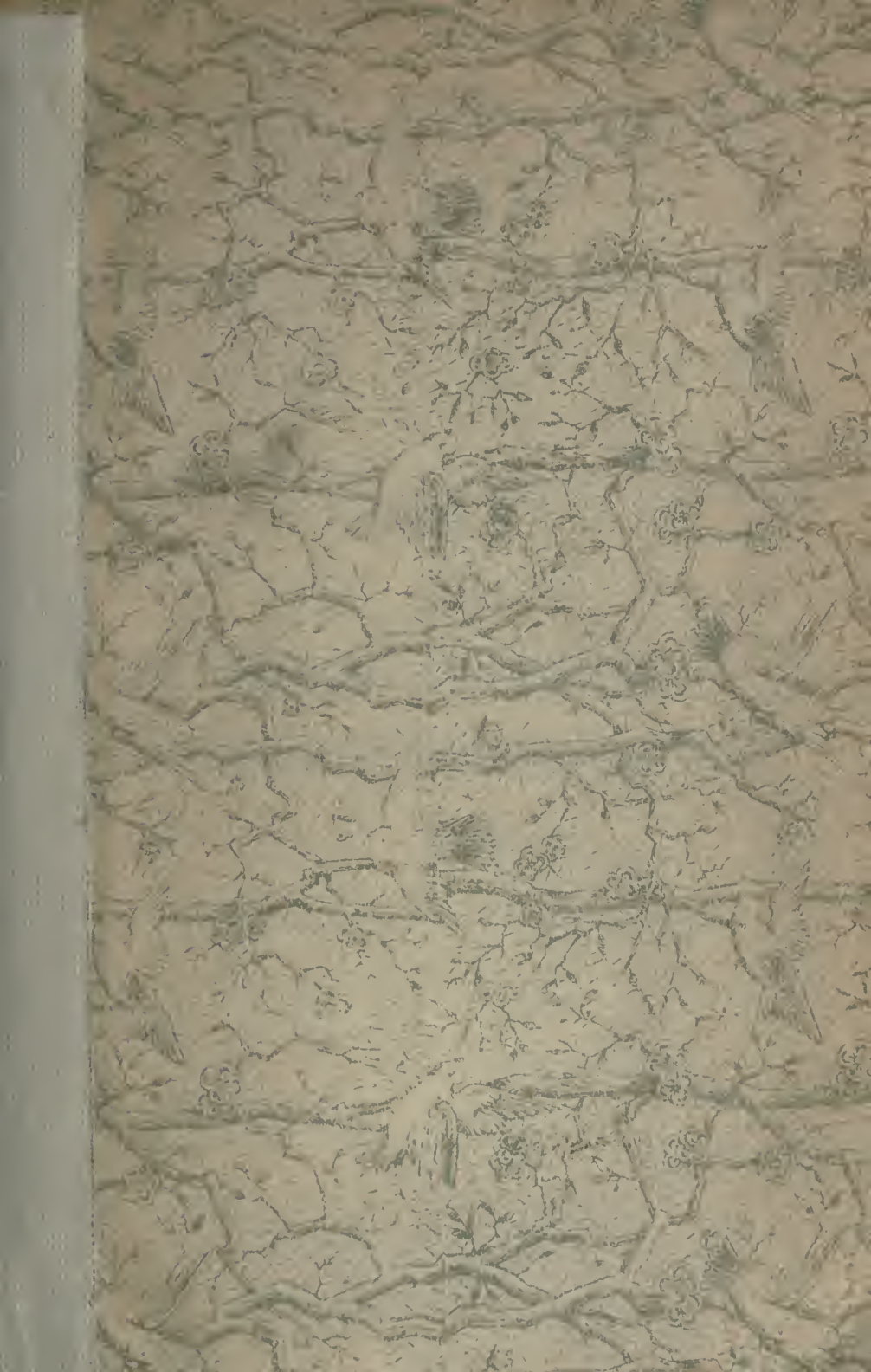
Edited by
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE



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POETS AT PLAY:

A HANDBOOK OF HUMOROUS RECITATIONS.

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POETS AT PLAY:

A HANDBOOK OF HUMOROUS RECITATIONS.

EDITED BY

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE,

AUTHOR OF "SENT BACK BY THE ANGELS," "POOR FOLKS' LIVES," ETC.

VOL. II.

*"Our tribe never aims for the brow of Parnassus;
We seek no refreshing from Castaly's rill;—
Unheeding the great who mount upward and pass us,
We stop to play games at the foot of the hill."*

HENRY S. LEIGH.

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POETS AT PLAY:

A HANDBOOK OF HUMOROUS RECITATIONS.

VOL. II.

THE YOUNG GAZELLE.

A MOORE-ISH TALE.

"The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness."--LIGHT OF THE HAREM.

IN early youth, as you may guess,
I revell'd in poetic lore,
And while my schoolmates studied less,
I resolutely studied *Moore*.

Those touching lines from "Lalla Rookh,"—
"Ah! ever thus——" you know them well,
Such root within my bosom took,
I wished *I* had a young gazelle.

Oh, yes! a sweet, a sweet gazelle,
"To charm me with its soft black eye,"
So soft, so liquid, that a spell
Seems in that gem-like orb to lie.

Years, childhood, passed—youth fled awa
My vain desire I'd learn'd to quell,
Till came that most auspicious day,
When *some one gave me a gazelle*.

With care, and trouble, and expense,
'Twas brought from Afric's northern cape;
It seem'd of great intelligence,
And, oh! so beautiful in shape.

Its lustrous, liquid eye was bent
With special lovingness on me;
No gift that mortal could present
More welcome to my heart could be.

I brought him food with fond caress,
Built him a hut, snug, neat, and warm;
I called him Selim, to express
The mark'd *s(e)lim*-ness of his form.

The little creature grew so tame,
He "learn'd to know (the neighbours) well;"
And then the ladies, when they came,
Oh! how they "nursed that dear gazelle."

But, woe is me!—on earthly ground
Some ill with every blessing dwells;
And soon, to my dismay, I found
That this applies to young gazelles.

When free allowed to roam indoors,
The mischief that he did was great;
The walls, the furniture, and floors
He made in a terrific state.

He nibbled at the table-cloth,
And trod the carpet into holes,
And in his gambols, nothing loth,
Kick'd over scuttles full of coals.

To view his image in the glass,
He rear'd upon his hinder legs,
And thus one morn I found, alas!
Two porcelain vases smash'd like eggs.

Whatever did his fancy catch
By way of food, he would not wait
To be invited, but would snatch
It from one's table, hand, or plate.

He riled the dog, annoyed the cat,
And scared the goldfinch into fits;
He butted thro' my newest hat,
And tore my manuscripts to bits.

'Twas strange, so light his hooflets weigh'd,
His limbs as slender as a hare's,
The noise my little Selim made
In trotting up and down the stairs.

To tie him up I thought was wise,
But loss of freedom gave him pain;
I could not stand those pleading eyes,
And so I let him go again.

How sweet to see him skip and prance
Upon the gravel or the lawn;
More light in step than fairies' dance,
More graceful than an English fawn.

But then he spoilt the garden so,
Trode down the beds, raked up the seeds,
And ate the plants—nor did he show
The least compunction for his deeds.

He trespass'd on the neighbours' ground,
And broke two costly melon-frames,
With other damages—a pound
To pay, resulted from his games.

In short, the mischief was immense
That from his gamesome pranks befell,
And truly, in a double sense
He proved a *very* "dear gazelle."

At length I sighed—"Ah!" ever thus,
 Doth disappointment mock each hope;
 But 'tis in vain to make a fuss,
 You 'll have to go, my antelope."

The chance I wish'd for did occur,
 A lady, going to the East,
 Was willing, so I gave to her
 That little antelopian beast.

I said, "This antler'd desert child,
 In Turkish palaces may roam,
 But he is much too free and wild,
 To keep in any English home."

Yes; tho' I gave him up with tears,
 Experience has broke the spell,
 And if I live a thousand years,
 I'll never have a young gazelle.

WALTER PARKE: *Songs of Singularity.*



JARVIS AND MRS. COPE.

A DECIDEDLY SERIOUS BALLAD.

IN Bunhill Row, some years ago,
 There lived one Mrs. Cope;
 A pious woman she was call'd,
 As Pius as a Pope.

Not pious in its proper sense,
 But chatt'ring like a bird
 Of sin and grace—in such a case
 Mag-piety's the word.

Cries she, "The Reverend Mr. Trigg
This day a text will broach,
And much I long to hear him preach,
So, Betty, call a coach."

A bargain though she wish'd to make,
Ere they began to jog—
"Now, Coachman, what d'ye take me for?"
Says Coachman, "for a hog."

But Jarvis, when he set her down,
A second *hog* did lack—
Whereas she only offered him
One shilling and "a track."

Said he, "There ain't no tracks in Quaife,
You and your tracks be both—"
And, affidavit-like, he clench'd
Her shilling with an oath.

Said she, "I'll have you fined for this,
And soon it shall be done,
I'll have you up at Worship Street,
You wicked one, naught one!"

And sure enough at Worship Street
That Friday week they stood;
She said *bad* language he had used,
And thus she "*made it good*."

"He said two shilling was his fare,
And wouldn't take no less—
I said one shilling was enough,—
And he said C—U—S!

"And when I raised my eyes at that,
He swore again at them;
I said he was a wicked man,
And he said D—A—M."

Now Jarvy's turn was come to speak,
So he stroked down his hair;
"All what she says is false—cause why?
I'll swear I never swear!

"There's old Joe Hatch, the waterman,
Can tell you what I am;
I'm one of seven children, all
Brought up without a Dam!

"He'll say from two year old and less,
Since ever I were nust,
If ever I said C—U—S,
I wish I may be cust!

"At Sion Cottage I takes up,
And raining all the while,
To go to New Jerusalem,
A wery long two mile.

"Well, when I axes for my fare,
She rows me in the street,
And uses words as is not fit
For coachmen to repeat!

"Says she,—I know where you will go,
You sinner! I know well,—
Your worship, it's the P—I—T
Of E and double L;"

Now here his worship stopp'd the case—
Said he—I'll fine you both!
And of the two—why, Mrs. Cope's
I think the biggest oath."

THOMAS HOOD: *Poetical Works.*



MOLLY CAREW.

OCH HONE! and what will I do?
 Sure my love is all crost
 Like a bud in the frost;
 And there's no use at all in my going to bed,
 For 'tis *dhrames* and not sleep comes into my head,
 And 'tis all about you,
 My sweet Molly Carew—
 And indeed 'tis a sin and a shame;
 You're complater than Nature
 In every feature,
 The snow can't compare
 With your forehead so fair,
 And I rather would see just one blink of your eye
 Than the purtiest star that shines out of the sky,
 And by this and by that,
 For the matter o' that,
 You're more distant by far than that same!
 Och hone! *weirasthru!*
 I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! but why should I spake
 Of your forehead and eyes,
 When your nose it defies
 Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in rhyme?
 Tho' there's one Burke, he says, that would call it *snub-*
 lime,
 And then for your cheek!
 Throth, 'twould take him a week
 Its beauties to tell, as he'd rather.
 Then your lips! oh, *machree!*
 In their beautiful glow,
 They a pattrern might be
 For the cherries to grow.
 'Twas an apple that tempted our mother, we know,
 For apples were *scarce*, I suppose, long ago;
 But at this time o' day,
 'Pon my conscience I'll say
 Such cherries might tempt a man's father!
 Och hone! *weirasthru!*
 I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! by the man in the moon,
 You *taze* me all ways
 That a woman can plaze,
 For you dance twice as high with that thief, Pat Magee,
 As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me,
 Tho' the piper I bate,
 For fear the owld chate
 Wouldn't play you your favourite tune;
 And when you're at mass
 My devotion you crass,
 For 'tis thinking of you
 I am, Molly Carew,
 While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep,
 That I can't at your sweet purty face get a peep:
 Oh, lave off that bonnet,
 Or else I'll lave on it
 The loss of my wandherin' sow! !
 Och hone! *weirasthru* !
 Och hone! like an owl,
 Day is night, dear, to me, without you!

Och hone! don't provoke me to do it;
 For there's girls by the score
 That loves me—and more,
 And you'd look very quare if some morning you'd meet
 My weddin' all marchin' in pride down the sthrcet;
 Throth, you'd open your eyes,
 And you'd die with surprise,
 To think 'twasn't you was come to it!
 And faith Katty Naile,
 And her cow, I go bail,
 Would jump if I'd say,
 “Katty Naile, name the day.”
 And tho' you're fair and fresh as a morning in May,
 While she's short and dark like a cowl'd winther's day,
 Yet if you don't repent
 Before Easther, when Lent
 Is over I'll marry for spite!
 Och hone: *weirasthru* !
 And when I die for you,
 My ghost will haunt you every night.

BILLY DIP.

CHLOE, a maid at fifty-five,
Was at her toilette, dressing:
Her waiting maid, with iron hot,
Each paper-curl was pressing.

The looking-glass her eyes engross,
While Betty hummed a ditty;
She gazed so much upon her face,
She really thought it pretty.

Her painted cheeks and pencilled brows
She could not but approve;
Her thoughts on various subjects turned,
At length they fixed on love.

"And shall," said she, "a virgin life
Await these pleasing charms?
And will no sighing blooming youth
Receive me to his arms?—

"Forbid it, Love!" She scarce had spoke,
When Cupid laid a trap;
For at the chamber-door was heard
A soft and gentle rap.

Cried Betty, "Who is at the door?"
"Ay, tell," quoth Chloe, "true:"
When straight a tender voice replied,
"Dear ma'am, I dye for you."

"What's that!" she said, "O Betty, say!
A man! and die for me!
And can I see the youth expire—
Oh, no!—it must not be.

"Haste, Betty—open quick the door;"
 'Tis done; and lo! to view,
 A little man with bundle stood,
 In sleeves and apron blue.

"Ye powers!" cried Chloe, "what is this?
 What vision do I see?
 Is this the man, O mighty Love—
 The man that dies for me?"

"Yes, ma'am; your ladyship is right,"
 The figure straight replied;
 "And hard for me it would have been
 If I had never dyed.

"La! ma'am, you must have heard of me,
 Although I'm no highflyer;
 I live just by at No. 1,
 I'm Billy Dip, the dyer.

"'Twas I, ma'am, Betty there employed
 To dye your lutestring gown;
 And I not only dye for you,
 But dye for all the town."

ANON.



COMIC MISERIES.

MY dear young friend, whose shining wit
 Sets all the room ablaze,
 Don't think yourself "a happy dog,"
 For all your merry ways;
 But learn to wear a sober phiz,
 Be stupid, if you can,
 It's such a very serious thing
 To be a funny man.

You're at an evening party, with
A group of pleasant folks,—
You venture quietly to crack
The least of little jokes:
A lady doesn't catch the point,
And begs you to explain,—
Alas for one who drops a jest
And takes it up again!

You're talking deep philosophy
With very special force,
To edify a clergyman
With suitable discourse:
You think you've got him—when he calls
A friend across the way,
And begs you'll say that funny thing
You said the other day.

You drop a pretty *jeu-de-mot*
Into a neighbour's ears,
Who likes to give you credit for
The clever thing he hears;
And so he hawks your jest about,
The old, authentic one,
Just breaking off the point of it,
And leaving out the pun.

By sudden change in politics,
Or sadder change in Polly,
You lose your love, or loaves, and fall
A prey to melancholy,
While everybody marvels why
Your mirth is under ban,—
They think your very grief "a joke,"
You're such a funny man.

You follow up a stylish card
That bids you come and dine,
And bring along your freshest wit
(To pay for musty wine);

You're looking very dismal, when
My lady bounces in,
And wonders what you're thinking of,
And why you don't begin.

You're telling to a knot of friends
A fancy-tale of woes
That cloud your matrimonial sky,
And banish all repose,—
A solemn lady overhears
The story of your strife,
And tells the town the pleasant news:—
You quarrel with your wife.

My dear young friend, whose shining wit
Sets all the room ablaze,
Don't think yourself "a happy dog,"
For all your merry ways;
But learn to wear a sober phiz,
Be stupid, if you can,
It's such a very serious thing
To be a funny man!

JOHN GODFREY SAXE: *Poems*.



WANDERERS.

As o'er the hill we roamed at will,
My dog and I together,
We marked a chaise, by two bright bays
Slow-moved along the heather:

Two bays arch-necked, with tails erect
And gold upon their blinkers;
And by their side an ass I spied;
It was a travelling tinker's.

The chaise went by, nor aught cared I;
Such things are not in my way:
I turned me to the tinker, who
Was loafing down a by-way:

I asked him where he lived—a stare
Was all I got in answer,
As on he trudged: I rightly judged
The stare said “Where I can, Sir.”

I asked him if he’d take a whiff
Of ’bacco; he acceded;
He grew communicative too,
(A pipe was all he needed,)
Till of the tinker’s life I think
I knew as much as he did.

“I loiter down by thorp and town;
For any job I’m willing;
Take here and there a dusty brown,
And here and there a shilling.

“I deal in every ware in turn,
I’ve rings for buddin’ Sally
That sparkle like those eyes of her’n;
I’ve liquor for the valet.

“I steal from th’ parson’s strawberry-plots,
I hide by th’ squire’s covers;
I teach the sweet young housemaids what’s
The art of trapping lovers.

“The things I’ve done ’neath moon and stars
Have got me into messes;
I’ve seen the sky through prison bars,
I’ve torn up prison dresses;

“I’ve sat, I’ve sighed, I’ve gloomed, I’ve glanced
With envy at the swallows
That through the window slid, and danced
(Quite happy) round the gallows;

“But out again I come, and shew
My face nor care a stiver;
For trades are brisk and trades are slow,
But mine goes on for ever.”

Thus on he prattled like a babbling brook.
 Then I, "The sun hath slipt behind the hill,
 And my aunt Vivian dines at half-past six."
 So in all love we parted; I to the Hall,
 They to the village. It was noised next noon
 That chickens had been missed at Syllabub Farm.

C. S. CALVERLEY: *Fly Leaves*.



SAINT MAY.

A CITY LYRIC.

ST. ALOYS the Great is both mouldy and grim,
 The Decalogue's dusty, the windows are dim;
 Not knowing the road there, you'll long have to search
 Before you discover this old City church;
 Yet often on fine Sunday mornings I stray,
 To see a new saint, whom I've christened St. May.

The one bell is cracked in its crazy old tower,
 The sermon oft lasts rather more than an hour;
 The parson is prosy, the clerk eighty-three,
 The organ drones out in a sad minor key;
 Yet quickly the moments I find fly away,
 I pass every week at the shrine of St. May.

Of saints I've seen plenty in churches before—
 In Florence or Venice they're there by the score;
 Agnese, Maria—the rest I forget—
 By Titian, Bassano, and brave Tintoret:
 They none can compare, though they're well in their
 way,
 In maidenly grace with my dainty St. May.

She sits in a high, ancient, black oaken pew,
Which almost conceals her fair face from my view;
The sweetest of pictures it can't be denied,
With two tiny sisters who sit by her side,
Who lisp the responses, or kneel down to pray,
With little hands locked in the palm of St. May.

She's young for a saint, for she's scarcely eighteen,
And ne'er could wear peas in those dainty *bottines*;
Her locks are not shaven, and 'twould be a sin
To wear a hair-shirt next that delicate skin;
Save diagonal stripes on a dress of light gray,
Stripes ne'er have been borne by bewitching St. May.

She's almost too plump and too round for a saint,
With sweet little dimples that Millais might paint;
Without mediæval or mortified mien,
Or wimple of yellow, or background of green—
A nimbus of hair throws its sunshiny ray
Of glory around the fair face of St. May.

What surquayne or partlet could look better than
My saint's curly jacket of black Astracan?
What coif than her bonnet—a triumph of skill—
Or alb than her petticoat edged with a frill?
So sober, yet smiling—so grave, yet so gay,
O where is a saint like my charming St. May?

The sermon is finished, the blessing is o'er,
The sparse congregation drift out at the door;
I pause, as I stroll down the gloomy old aisle,
To see my saint pass, and perchance get a smile:
I'd almost change faith, like the Vicar of Bray,
To pass all my life in adoring St. May.

I wend my way home to my chambers alone,
And sunshine is gone and the summer seems flown;
But then does a vision of brightness arise,
Of pureness and truth in those eloquent eyes;
For not a mere picture nor image of clay,
To worship by rubric, is gentle St. May.

Through the weary, dull week, as it rolls on apace,
 I'm haunted by thoughts of that tender young face;
 I dream of her spirit, so yielding and kind,
 Her goodness of heart, and her pureness of mind;
 And I long for the hour, and count on the day,
 To sit at a distance and gaze on St. May.

No doubt you'll be vastly surprised when you're told
 Her name in the Calendar is not enrolled—
 They prattled of "May," the sweet sisterly pair,
 I added the "Saint,"—she was canonized there.
 If saints might wed sinners, I'd yield to her sway,
 And straightway would fall on my knees to St. May!

J. ASHBY-STERRY: *Boudoir Ballads.*



THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS.

I RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James,
 I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful games;
 And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row
 That broke up our society upon the Stanislaw.

But first I would remark, that it is not a proper plan
 For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man,
 And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
 To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.

Now, nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see
 Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society,
 Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones
 That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
 From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare;
 And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules,
 Till he could prove that those same bones were one of his lost
 mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at fault.
It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault :
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown ;
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now, I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass,—at least, to all intent :
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order—when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen ;
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the
floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

For, in less time than I write it, every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age ;
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games :
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful
James ;
And I've told in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

BRET HARTE: *Poetical Works.*

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

(FRAGMENT.)

A FEELING sad came o'er me as I trod the sacred ground
Where Tudors and Plantagenets were lying all around :
I stepp'd with noiseless foot, as though the sound of mortal
tread
Might burst the bands of the dreamless sleep that wraps the
mighty dead !

The slanting ray of the evening sun shone through those cloisters pale,
 With fitful light on regal vest, and warrior's sculptured mail;
 As from the stain'd and storied pane it danced with quivering gleam,
 Each cold and prostrate form below seem'd quickening in the beam.

Now, sinking low, no more was heard the organ's solemn swell,
 And faint upon the listening ear the last Hosanna fell:
 It died—and not a breath did stir;—above each knightly stall
 Unmoved, the banner'd blazonry hung waveless as a pall.

I stood alone!—a living thing 'midst those that were no more—
 I thought on ages past and gone—the glorious deeds of yore—
 On Edward's sable panoply, on Cressy's tented plain,
 The fatal Roses twined at length—on grand Eliza's reign.

I thought on Naseby—Marston Moor—on Worcester's 'crowning fight;'
 When on mine ear a sound there fell—it chill'd me with affright,
 As thus in low, unearthly tones I heard a voice begin,
 “—This here's the Cap of Giniral Monk!—Sir! please put summut in!”

Cætera desiderantur.

R. H. BARRHAM: *Ingoldsby Legends*.

THE YACHTSMAN.

AIR.—“*The days we went a-Gipsying.*”

OH, I love the sailor's life, my boys, so boundless and so free,
 For like a wild duck on the wing, we plough the dark blue sea;
 And when across the raging deep the stormy zephyrs blow,
 We “hoist the capstan on the deck,” and “launch the starboard bow.”

We “hoist the capstan on the deck,” and “launch the starboard bow.”

Oh, I love the sailor's life, my boys, for when it blows a breeze,
We "haul the taffrail hard a port," and "slack the main cross-trees ;"

And when the "swelling shrouds" are filled, we scud across the sea,

And leave the "breakers" far behind, the "scuppers on our lea."

And leave the "breakers" far behind, the "scuppers on our lea."

Yes, I love the sailor's life, my boys, for when it blows a gale,
We "splice the main-sheet" to the "jib," and then the "rudder
brail ;"

And if a foeman dare to tread, before our gallant mast,
We "nail the bo'swain" to the "gaff," and cry, "hold hard,
avast."

We "nail the bo'swain" to the "gaff," and cry, "hold hard,
avast."

The harbour's reached, in safety now we're anchored to the pier,
So let all hands be piped aloft, the "binnacles" to steer ;
And then we'll toast each bounding craft, that skips upon the sea,
For I love the sailor's life, my boys, so jovial and so free.

For I love the sailor's life, my boys, so jovial and so free.

JAMES A. SIDEX, M.D.: *Mistura Curiosa.*

THE INVENTOR'S WIFE.

It's easy to talk of the patience of Job. Humph ! Job hed nothin' to try him !

Ef *he'd* been married to 'Bijah Brown, folks wouldn't have dared come nigh him.

Trials, indeed ! Now I'll tell you what—ef you want to be sick of your life,

Jest come and change places with me a spell—for I'm an inventor's wife.

And sech inventions ! I'm never sure, when I take up my coffee-pot,

That 'Bijah hain't ben "improvin'" it, and it mayn't go off like a shot.

Why, didn't he make me a cradle once, that would keep itself
a-rockin' ;
And didn't it pitch the baby out, and wasn't his head bruised
shockin' ?
And there was his "Patent Peeler," too—a wonderful thing, I'll
say ;
But it hed one fault,—it never stopped till the apple was peeled
away.
As for locks, and clocks, and mowin' machines, and reapers, and
all sech trash,
Why, 'Bijah's invented heaps of 'em, but they don't bring in no
cash.
Law ! that don't worry him—not at all ; he's the aggravatin'-
est man—
He'll set in his little workshop there, and whistle, and think,
and plan,
Inventin' a jew's-harp to go by steam, or a new-fangled powder-
horn,
While the children's goin' barefoot to school and the weeds is
chokin' our corn.
When 'Bijah and me kep' company, he warn't like this, you know ;
Our folks all thought he was dreadful smart—but that was
years ago.
He was handsome as any pictur then, and he had such a glib,
bright way—
I never thought that a time would come when I'd rue my
weddin' day ;
But when I've been forced to chop the wood, and tend to the
farm beside,
And look at 'Bijah a-settin' there, I've jest dropped down and
cried.
We lost the hull of our turnip crop while he was inventin' a gun ;
But I counted it one of my marcies when it bu'st before 'twas
done.
So he turned it into a "burglar alarm." It ought to give
thieves a fright—
'Twould scare an honest man out of his wits, ef he sot it off at
night.
Sometimes I wonder ef Bijah's crazy, he does sech cur'ous
things.
Hev I told you about his bedstead yit?—'Twas full of wheels
and springs ;

It hed a key to wind it up, and a clock face at the head ;
 All you did was to turn them hands, and at any hour you said,
 That bed got up and shook itself, and bounced you on the floor,
 And then shet up, jest like a box, so you couldn't sleep no
 more.

Wa'al 'Bijah he fixed it all complete, and he sot it at half-past
 five,

But he hadn't more'n got into it when—dear me ! sakes alive !
 Them wheels began to whiz and whir ! I heerd a fearful snap !
 And there was that bedstead, with 'Bijah inside, shet up jest
 like a trap !

I screamed, of course, but t'wan't no use, then I worked that
 hull long night

A-tryin' to open the pesky thing. At last I got in a fright ;
 I couldn't hear his voice inside, and I thought he might be
 dyin' ;

So I took a crow-bar and smashed it in.—There was 'Bijah,
 peacefully lyin',

Inventin' a way to git out agin. That was all very well to say,
 But I don't b'lieve he'd have found it out if I'd left him in all
 day.

Now, sence I've told you my story, do you wonder I'm tired of
 life ?

Or think it strange I often wish I warn't an inventor's wife ?

MRS. E. T. CORBETT : *Harper's Bazar*.



THE RED FISHERMAN ;

OR,

THE DEVIL'S DECOY.

" Oh, flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified ! "

Romeo and Juliet.

THE Abbot arose, and closed his book,
 And donned his sandal shoon,
 And wandered forth, alone, to look
 Upon the summer moon :
 A starlight sky was o'er his head,
 A quiet breeze around ;
 And the flowers a thrilling fragrance shed
 And the waves a soothing sound :

It was not an hour, nor a scene, for aught
But love and calm delight;
Yet the holy man had a cloud of thought
On his wrinkled brow that night.
He gazed on the river that gurgled by,
But he thought not of the reeds;
He clasped his gilded rosary,
But he did not tell the beads;
If he looked to the heaven, 'twas not to invoke
The Spirit that dwelleth there;
If he opened his lips, the words they spoke
Had never the tone of prayer.
A pious priest might the Abbot seem,
He had swayed the crozier well;
But what was the theme of the Abbot's dream,
The Abbot were loth to tell.

Companionless, for a mile or more,
He traced the windings of the shore.
Oh, beauteous is that river still,
As it winds by many a sloping hill,
And many a dim o'erarching grove,
And many a flat and sunny cove,
And terraced lawns, whose bright arcades
The honeysuckle sweetly shades,
And rocks, whose very crags seem bowers,
So gay they are with grass and flowers!
But the Abbot was thinking of scenery
About as much, in sooth,
As a lover thinks of constancy,
Or an advocate of truth.
He did not mark how the skies in wrath
Grew dark above his head;
He did not mark how the mossy path
Grew damp beneath his tread;
And nearer he came, and still more near,
To a pool, in whose recess
The water had slept for many a year,
Unchanged and motionless;
From the river stream it spread away
The space of half a rood;
The surface had the hue of clay
And the scent of human blood;

The trees and the herbs that round it grew
Were venomous and foul,
And the birds that through the bushes flew
Were the vulture and the owl;
The water was as dark and rank
As ever a Company pumped,
And the perch, that was netted and laid on the bank,
Grew rotten while it jumped;
And bold was he who thither came
At midnight, man or boy,
For the place was cursed with an evil name,
And that name was "The Devil's Decoy!"

The Abbot was weary as abbot could be,
And he sat down to rest on the stump of a tree :
When suddenly rose a dismal tone,—
Was it a song, or was it a moan?—

“O ho! O ho!

Above,—below,—

Lightly and brightly they glide and go!
The hungry and keen on the top are leaping,
The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping;
Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,
Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy!”—
In a monstrous fright, by the murky light,
He looked to the left and he looked to the right,
And what was the vision close before him,
That flung such a sudden stupor o'er him?
'Twas a sight to make the hair uprise,
And the life-blood colder run:
The startled Priest struck both his thighs,
And the abbey clock struck one!

All alone, by the side of the pool,
A tall man sat on a three-legged stool,
Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,
And putting in order his reel and rod;
Red were the rags his shoulders wore,
And a high red cap on his head he bore;
His arms and his legs were long and bare;
And two or three locks of long red hair

Were tossing about his scraggy neck,
Like a tattered flag o'er a splitting wreck.
It might be time, or it might be trouble,
Had bent that stout back nearly double,
Sunk in their deep and hollow sockets
That blazing couple of Congreve rockets,
And shrunk and shrivelled that tawny skin,
Till it hardly covered the bones within.
The line the Abbot saw him throw
Had been fashioned and formed long ages ago,
And the hands that worked his foreign vest
Long ages ago had gone to their rest:
You would have sworn, as you looked on them,
He had fished in the flood with Ham and Shem!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Minnow or gentle, worm or fly,—
It seemed not such to the Abbot's eye;
Gaily it glittered with jewel and gem,
And its shape was the shape of a diadem.
It was fastened a gleaming hook about
By a chain within and a chain without;
The Fisherman gave it a kick and a spin,
And the water fizzed as it tumbled in!

From the bowels of the earth,
Strange and varied sounds had birth;
Now the battle's bursting peal,
Neigh of steed, and clang of steel;
Now an old man's hollow groan
Echoed from the dungeon stone;
Now the weak and wailing cry
Of a stripling's agony!—
Cold by this was the midnight air;
But the Abbot's blood ran colder,
When he saw a gasping Knight lie there,
With a gash beneath his clotted hair,
And a hump upon his shoulder.

And the loyal churchman strove in vain
To mutter a Pater Noster ;
For he who writhed in mortal pain
Was camped that night on Bosworth Plain—
The cruel Duke of Gloster !

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
It was a haunch of princely size,
Filling with fragrance earth and skies.
The corpulent Abbot knew full well
The swelling form, and the steaming smell ;
Never a monk that wore a hood
Could better have guessed the very wood
Where the noble hart had stood at bay,
Weary and wounded, at close of day.

Sounded then the noisy glee
Of a revelling company,—
Sprightly story, wicked jest,
Rated servant, greeted guest,
Flow of wine, and fight of cork,
Stroke of knife, and thrust of fork :
But, where'er the board was spread,
Grace, I ween, was never said !—
Pulling and tugging the Fisherman sat ;
And the Priest was ready to vomit,
When he hauled out a gentleman, fine and fat,
With a belly as big as a brimming vat,
And a nose as red as a comet.
“A capital stew,” the Fisherman said,
“With cinnamon and sherry !”
And the Abbot turned away his head,
For his brother was lying before him dead,
The Mayor of St. Edmund's Bury !

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
It was a bundle of beautiful things,—
A peacock's tail, and a butterfly's wings,
A scarlet slipper, an auburn curl,
A mantle of silk, and a bracelet of pearl,

And a packet of letters, from whose sweet fold
Such a stream of delicate odours rolled,
That the Abbot fell on his face, and fainted,
And deemed his spirit was half-way sainted.

Sounds seemed dropping from the skies,
Stifled whispers, smothered sighs,
And the breath of vernal gales,
And the voice of nightingales :
But the nightingales were mute,
Envious, when an unseen lute
Shaped the music of its chords
Into passion's thrilling words :
" Smile, Lady, smile !—I will not set
Upon my brow the coronet,
Till thou wilt gather roses white
To wear around its gems of light.
Smile, Lady, smile !—I will not see
Rivers and Hastings bend the knee,
Till those bewitching lips of thine
Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.
Smile, Lady, smile !—for who would win
A loveless throne through guilt and sin ?
Or who would reign o'er vale and hill,
If woman's heart were rebel still ? "

One jerk, and there a lady lay,
A lady wondrous fair ;
But the rose of her lip had faded away,
And her cheek was as white and as cold as clay,
And torn was her raven hair.
" Ah ha ! " said the Fisher, in merry guise,
" Her gallant was hooked before ; "
And the Abbot heaved some piteous sighs,
For oft he had blessed those deep blue eyes,
The eyes of Mistress Shore !

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Many the cunning sportsman tried,
Many he flung with a frown aside,

A minstrel's harp, and a miser's chest,
A hermit's cowl, and a baron's crest,
Jewels of lustre, robes of price,
Tomes of heresy, loaded dice,
And golden cups of the brightest wine
That ever was pressed from the Burgundy vine.
There was a perfume of sulphur and nitre,
As he came at last to a bishop's mitre!

From top to toe the Abbot shook,
As the Fisherman armed his golden hook
And awfully were his features wrought
By some dark dream or wakened thought.
Look how the fearful felon gazes
On the scaffold his country's vengeance raises,
When the lips are cracked and the jaws are dry
With the thirst which only in death shall die:
Mark the mariner's frenzied frown
As the swaling wherry settles down,
When peril has numbed the sense and will,
Though the hand and the foot may struggle still:
Wilder far was the Abbot's glance,
Deeper far was the Abbot's trance:
Fixed as a monument, still as air,
He bent no knee, and he breathed no prayer;
But he signed—he knew not why or how,—
The sign of the Cross on his clammy brow.

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he stalked away with his iron box.

“O ho! O ho!

The cock doth crow;

It is time for the Fisher to rise and go.

Fair luck to the Abbot, fair luck to the shrine!

He hath gnawed in twain my choicest line;

Let him swim to the north, let him swim to the
south,

The Abbot will carry my hook in his mouth!”

The Abbot had preached for many years

With as clear articulation

As ever was heard in the House of Peers

Against Emancipation;

His words had made battalions quake,
 Had roused the zeal of martyrs,
 Had kept the Court an hour awake,
 And the King himself three quarters :
 But ever from that hour, 'tis said,
 He stammered and he stuttered,
 As if an axe went through his head
 With every word he uttered.
 He stuttered o'er blessing, he stuttered o'er ban,
 He stuttered, drunk or dry ;
 And none but he and the Fisherman
 Could tell the reason why !

W. M. PRAED : *Poems*. Vol. I.

THE COMET.

THE Comet ! He is on his way,
 And singing as he flies ;
 The whizzing planets shrink before
 The spectre of the skies ;
 Ah ! well may regal orbs burn blue,
 And satellites turn pale—
 Ten million cubic miles of head,
 Ten billion leagues of tail !

On, on by whistling spheres of light
 He flashes and he flames ;
 He turns not to the left nor right,
 He asks them not their names ;
 One spurn from his demoniac heel,—
 Away, away they fly,
 Where darkness might be bottled up
 And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,
 And how would look the sea,
 If in the bearded devil's path
 Our earth should chance to be ?

Full hot and high the sea would boil,
Full red the forests gleam;
Methought I saw and heard it all
In a dyspeptic dream!

I saw a tutor take his tube
The Comet's course to spy;
I heard a scream,—the gathered rays
Had stewed the tutor's eye;
I saw a fort,—the soldiers all
Were armed with goggles green;
Pop cracked the guns! whiz flew the balls!
Bang went the magazine!

I saw a poet dip a scroll
Each moment in a tub,
I read upon the warping back,
"The Dream of Beelzebub;"
He could not see his verses burn,
Although his brain was fried,
And ever and anon he bent
To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down
The crackling, sweating pines,
And streams of smoke, like water-spouts,
Burst through the rumbling mines;
I asked the firemen why they made
Such noise about the town;
They answered not,—but all the while
The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit
Upon a baking egg;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
Extinguishing his leg;
I saw nine geese upon the wing
Towards the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fell
Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass
 Writhe in the blistering rays,
 The herbage in his shrinking jaws
 Was all a fiery blaze;
 I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,
 Bob through the bubbling brine;
 And thoughts of supper crossed my soul;
 I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights! strange sounds! O fearful
 dream!

Its memory haunts me still,
 The steaming sea, the crimson glare,
 That wreathed each wooded hill;
 Stranger! if through thy reeling brain
 Such midnight visions sweep,
 Spare, spare, O spare thine evening meal,
 And sweet shall be thy sleep!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *Poetical Works*.



LETTICE WHITE.

(From "Supper at the Mill.")

My neighbour White—we met to-day—
 He always had a cheerful way,
 As if he breathed at ease;
 My neighbour White lives down the glade,
 And I live higher, in the shade
 Of my old walnut-trees.

So many lads and lasses small,
 To feed them all, to clothe them all,
 Must surely tax his wit;
 I see his thatch when I look out,
 His branching roses creep about,
 And vines half smother it.

There white-haired urchins climb his eaves,
And little watch-fires heap with leaves,
 And milky filberts hoard;
And there his oldest daughter stands
With downcast eyes and skilful hands
 Before her ironing-board.

She comforts all her mother's days,
And with her sweet obedient ways
 She makes her labour light;
So sweet to hear, so fair to see!
Oh, she is much too good for me,
 That lovely Lettice White!

'Tis hard to feel oneself a fool!
With that same lass I went to school—
 I then was great and wise;
She read upon an easier book,
And I—I never cared to look
 Into her shy blue eyes.

And now I know they must be there,
Sweet eyes, behind those lashes fair
 That will not raise their rim:
If maids be shy, he cures who can;
But if a man be shy—a man—
 Why then the worse for him!

My mother cries, "For such a lad
A wife is easy to be had
 And always to be found;
A finer scholar scarce can be,
And for a foot and leg," says she,
 "He beats the country round!

"My handsome boy must stoop his head
To clear her door whom he would wed."
 Weak praise, but fondly sung!
"O mother! scholars sometimes fail—
And what can foot and leg avail
 To him that wants a tongue!"

When by her ironing-board I sit
Her little sisters round me flit,
 And bring me forth their store;
Dark cluster grapes of dusty blue,
And small sweet apples bright of hue
 And crimson to the core.

But she abideth silent, fair,
All shaded by her flaxen hair
 'The blushes come and go;
I look, and I no more can speak
Than the red sun that on her cheek
 Smiles as he lieth low.

Sometimes the roses by the latch
Or scarlet vine-leaves from her thatch
 Come sailing down like birds;
When from their drifts her board I clear,
She thanks me, but I scarce can hear
 The shyly uttered words.

Oft have I wooed sweet Lettice White
By daylight and by candlelight
 When we two were apart.
Some better day come on apace,
And let me tell her face to face,
 " Maiden, thou hast my heart."

How gently rock yon poplars high
Against the reach of primrose sky
 With heaven's pale candles stored!
She sees them all, sweet Lettice White;
I'll e'en go sit again to-night
 Beside her ironing-board.

JEAN INGELOW; *Poems*. First Series.



AN ORIGINAL LOVE STORY.

He struggled to kiss her. She struggled the same
To prevent him, so bold and undaunted ;
But, as smitten by lightning, he heard her exclaim,
“Avaunt, sir !” and off he avaunted.

But when he returned, with the fiendishest laugh,
Showing clearly that he was affronted,
And threatened by main force to carry her off,
She cried “Don’t !” and the poor fellow dunted.

When he meekly approached, and sat down at her feet,
Praying loud, as before he had ranted,
That she would forgive him and try to be sweet,
And said, “Can’t you !” the dear girl recanted.

Then softly he whispered, “How could you do so ?
I certainly thought I was jilted ;
But come thou with me, to the parson we’ll go ;
Say, wilt thou, my dear ?” and she wilted.

ANON.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

I know not whether it be worth reporting, that there is in Cornwall, near the parish of St. Neots, a well arched over with the robes of four kinds of trees, withy, oak, elm, and ash, dedicated to St. Keyne. The reported virtue of the water is this, that whether husband or wife come first to drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby.—*Fuller*.

A WELL there is in the west-country,
And a clearer one never was seen ;
There is not a wife in the west-country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne;
Pleasant it was to his eye,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank,
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighbouring town
At the well to fill his pail,
On the well-side he rested it,
And bade the stranger hail.

Now art thou a bachelor, stranger? quoth he,
For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

Or has your good woman, if one you have,
In Cornwall ever been?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne.

I have left a good woman who never was here,
The stranger he made reply;
But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you answer me why.

St. Keyne, quoth the countryman, many a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angel summoned her
She laid on the water a spell.

If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

But if the wife should drink of it first,
God help the husband then!
The stranger stoop'd to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the waters again.

You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes?
He to the countryman said.
But the countryman smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch.
But i'faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church.

ROBERT SOUTHEY; *Poetical Works*.

JENNY'S SOLILOQUY.

○ THAT my braw wooers would study their battle,
A face of more meekness belike I might show them!
But now they rush on with a reasonless rattle,
And forget that before we can love we must know them.
These hot-bloods, they think that we women are pikes,
To devour a red rag, or a leaf of white metal;
But a sensible maiden will look ere she likes,
As the bee smells the flower in the breeze ere it settle.

There's huge-whiskered Harry came swashing from town,
On a pair of stout legs that full bravely did carry him;
He thought a red coat with the fair must go down,
So that very night he besought me to marry him.
Quoth I, I can't tell, you might do very well,
You have whiskers and legs, and your brave name is
Harry,
But my husband must know me, and Harry must show me
His soul, if he has one, before I can marry!

Then Tommy the student, a smooth-polished man,
 Who soon on his shoulders a surplice will carry,
 He thought a good wife should be part of his plan,
 So fresh from his Greek books he asked me to marry.
 Quoth I, you look sleek, and you're well read in Greek,
 And a logical thrust you can decently parry;
 But whether your soul's a man's or a mole's
 I must know, learnèd Tommy, before I can marry!

Next, barrister Bobby came flouncing about,
 As keen as a hawk that will pounce on the quarry;
 He thought I must read my Lord Bob on his snout,
 So he said a few smart things, and asked me to marry.
 Quoth I, that you're clever no man doubted ever,
 With you for an answer no question needs tarry;
 But if you claim a part, learnèd sir, in my heart,
 You must show me your own first, then ask me to marry!

And so they go bouncing and blundering on,
 The metal before it is hot always striking;
 And thus in the end I'll be left quite alone,
 Where no fancy has leisure to grow to a liking.
 But of one thing I'm sure, no mate I'll endure,
 Who thinks I can wed his mere beef and his bone;
 But he who would win me must first reign within me,
 By the right of a soul, the born lord of my own!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE: *Lyrical Poems.*



THE LOBSTER AND THE MAID.

HE was a gentle lobster,
 (The boats had just come in),
 He did not love the fishermen,
 He could not stand their din;
 And so he quietly stole off
 As if it were no sin,

She was a little maiden ;
He met her on the sand,
“And how d’ you do?” the lobster said ;
“Why don’t you give your hand ?”
For why she edged away from him
He *could* not understand.

“Excuse me, sir,” the maiden said,—
“Excuse me, if you please ;”
And put her hands behind her back,
And doubled up her knees :
“I always thought that lobsters were
A little apt to squeeze.”

“Your ignorance,” the lobster said,
“Is natural, I fear.
Such scandal is a shame,” he sobbed ;
“It is not true, my dear !”
And with his pocket-handkerchief
He wiped away a tear,

So out she put her little hand,
As though she feared him not ;
When some one grabbed him suddenly,
And put him in a pot,
With water which I think he found
Uncomfortably hot.

It may have been the water made
The blood flow to his head,
It may have been that dreadful fib
Lay on his soul like lead :
This much is true,—he went in grey,
And came out very red.

F. E. WEATHERLY: *Told in the Twilight.*

THE PUZZLED CENSUS-TAKER.

“Got any boys?” the marshal said
To a lady from over the Rhine;
And the lady shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, “Nein!”

“Got any girls?” the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered, “Nein!”

“But some are dead?” the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered, “Nein!”

“Husband, of course?” the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, “Nein!”

“What’s that you say?” the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, “Nein!”

“Now what do you mean by shaking your head,
And always answering ‘Nine?’”
“Ich kann kein Englisch!” civilly said
The lady from over the Rhine.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE: *Poems.*

THE DOORSTEP.

THE conference-meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited
To see the girls come tripping past,
Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket-flashes bitten,
Than I, who stepp'd before them all
Who long'd to see me get the mitten.

But no! she blush'd and took my arm :
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,—
'Twas nothing worth a song or story ;
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seem'd all transform'd and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming ;
By hood and tippet shelter'd sweet,
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff,—
O sculptor! if you could but mould it!—
So lightly touch'd my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone,—
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended.
At last we reach'd the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home :
 Her dimpled hand the latches finger'd,
 We heard the voices nearer come,
 Yet on the doorstep still we linger'd.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
 And with a "Thank you, Ned!" dissembled,
 But yet I knew she understood
 With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud pass'd kindly overhead,
 The moon was slyly peeping through it,
 Yet hid its face, as if it said,
 "Come, now or never! do it! *do it!*"

My lips till then had only known
 The kiss of mother and of sister,
 But somehow, full upon her own
 Sweet rosy darling mouth—I kiss'd her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
 O listless woman! weary lover!
 To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill,
 I'd give—but who can live youth over?

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.



TO A COUNTRY COUSIN

ALBUM VERSES.

CRUEL Cousin Kate, you ask me
 For a lyric or a lay.
 How tyrannical to task me,
 Cousin Kate, in such a way.
 Pardon me, I pray, and pity—
 (Oh, do anything but frown!)
 For I can't be wise or witty
 In an album out of town.

No, my pegasus will canter
Only here on civic stones;
In the country I *instantly*
Come to grief and broken bones.
Be it mine to sing the city,
Where I seek my mild renown;—
But I can't be wise or witty
In an album out of town.

Small my power and small my will is
Rural sympathies to win;
Ludgate my sublimest hill is,
And my fields are Lincoln's Inn.
All the Muses in committee,
Pouring inspiration down,
Cannot make me wise or witty
In an album out of town.

London life in many phases
I describe for Cockney friends;
Lead me out amongst the daisies
And my versifying ends.
I can favour with a ditty
Jones, and Robinson, and Brown;
But I can't be wise or witty
In an album out of town.

Cousin, hear my supplication;
Give me something else to do.
Is there aught in all creation
I would not attempt for *you*?
Ask my life, my cruel Kitty:
Bid me hang, or bid me drown;
But I can't be wise or witty
In an album out of town.

HENRY S. LEIGH: *Gillott and Goosequill.*



BECAUSE.

SWEET Nea!—for your lovely sake
I weave these rambling numbers,
Because I've lain an hour awake,
And can't compose my slumbers;
Because your beauty's gentle light
Is round my pillow beaming,
And flings, I know not why, to-night,
Some witchery o'er my dreaming!

Because we've pass'd some joyous days,
And danced some merry dances;
Because we love old Beaumont's plays,
And old Froissart's romances!
Because whene'er I hear your words
Some pleasant feeling lingers;
Because I think your heart has chords
That vibrate to your fingers!

Because you've got those long, soft curls,
I've sworn should deck my goddess;
Because you're not, like other girls,
All bustle, blush, and bodice!
Because your eyes are deep and blue,
Your fingers long and rosy;
Because a little child and you
Would make one's home so cozy!

Because your little tiny nose
Turns up so pert and funny;
Because I know you choose your beaux
More for their mirth than money;
Because I think you'd rather twirl
A waltz, with me to guide you,
Than talk small nonsense with an Earl,
And a coronet beside you!

Because you don't object to walk,
And are not given to fainting;
Because you have not learnt to talk
Of flowers, and Poonah-painting;
Because I think you'd scarce refuse
To sew one on a button;
Because I know you'd sometimes choose
To dine on simple mutton!

Because I think I'm just so weak
As, some of these fine morrows,
To ask you if you'll let me speak
My story—and *my* sorrows;
Because the rest's a simple thing,
A matter quickly over,
A church—a priest—a sigh—a ring—
And a chaise and four to Dover.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.



A TRIUMPH OF TRAVEL.

AT EDINBURGH.

THERE rose the tragic palace towers
Against the moon. (The tale was true!)
The Prince's Gardens faint with flowers
And still with statue-spectres grew.

There, on its rock, the Castle lay,
An awful shadow-shape forlorn,
Among the night-lamps, and, by day—
The place where James the First was born.

There, for the Covenanters' sake,
One haunts the grasses of Grey Friars;
There grim John Knox had loved to shake
His right hand full of ghostly fires.

There, changed to marble, Walter Scott
 Received the world. And Burns of Ayr,
 With all his loves and debts forgot,
 A bronze immortal met you there.

No whit the seven-years' stranger cared;
 As under gables high and still
 Through immemorial dust he fared,
 He spoke his heart out with a will:

"I'm tired of Holyrood, that 's what!
 And all the other things," he said;
 "There's nothing in it! She is not;—
 I mean Queen Mary. She is dead.

"I'm glad I did just one thing there."
 (In vain they showed him "Rizzio's bluid.")
 "I put my hand on every chair
 That said 'Don't touch' at Holyrood!"

SARAH M. B. PIATT: *Three Little Emigrants.*



SORROWS OF WERTHER.

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte
 Such as words could never utter;
 Would you know how first he met her?
 She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
 And a moral man was Werther,
 And, for all the wealth of Indies,
 Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
 And his passion boiled and bubbled,
 Till he blew his silly brains out,
 And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

W. M. THACKERAY: *Ballads.*

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

FEARFUL it is to sit alone at night,
Bent o'er some tome of mystery or fright:
Bulwer's "Zanoni," Ainsworth's "Old St. Paul's,"
The horrors of Udolpho's gloomy halls;
Some dark and gruesome legend of the Rhine,
Or Mrs. Shelley's tale of "Frankenstein;"
The spectral stories and horrific scenes
We often find in Christmas Magazines;
Or Ingoldsby, when in his tragic moods,
Or weirdness mix'd with wit, like Thomas Hood's;
Southey's "Old Woman," grimdest tale of woe,
Some mystery by Edgar Allan Poe,
Some Oriental frightener, replete
With ghoul and vampire, genie and afreet;
Some Newgate narrative of murd'rous work
By fiends like Greenacre, or Hare and Burke;
Some morbid tale in Wilkie Collins' strain,
Which, while it scares you, holds you like a chain;
Spellbound, you dwell within a world apart,
Till comes a creeping coldness at the heart;
You shudder,—clammy drops your brows bedew,
The atmosphere is close, the light burns blue,
The clock gives forth a loud unnatural tick,
The wind howls dismally, your pulse beats quick,
You feel a dread—a horror—gracious, look!
A moving shadow falls upon your book!
A strange unearthly breathing fills your ear,
You're fix'd, congeal'd, and paralysed with fear;
You dare not move, nor stir, nor look around—
Louder and louder grows the horrid sound,

And now, oh heavens, that light but thrilling touch!
 Avaunt! it is some evil phantom's clutch.
 Fear ties your tongue, your limbs have lost their strength,
 Till desperation nerving you at length,
 You half start up, you look behind, and there
 Find—that the cat has perch'd upon your chair!

WALTER PARKE: *Patter Poems.*

THE YARN OF THE 'NANCY BELL.'

'Twas on the shores that round our coast
 From Deal to Ramsgate span,
 That I found alone on a piece of stone
 An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
 And weedy and long was he,
 And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
 In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
 And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
 And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
 And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
 Till I really felt afraid,
 For I couldn't help thinking the man had been
 drinking,
 And so I simply said:

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know,
 Of the duties of men of the sea,
 And I'll eat my hand if I understand
 How you can possibly be

“ At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain’s gig ! ”

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn :

“ ’Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian Sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

“ And pretty nigh all the crew was drowned,
(There were seventy-seven o’ soul),
And only ten of the *Nancy’s* men
Said ‘ Here ! ’ to the muster-roll.

“ There was me and the cook, and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain’s gig.

“ For a month we’d neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel,
So we drewed a lot, and, accordin’, shot
The captain for our meal.

“ The next lot fell to the *Nancy’s* mate,
And a delicate dish he made ;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

“ And then we murdered the bo’sun tight,
And he much resembled pig ;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain’s gig.

“Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, ‘Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?’ arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

“For I loved that cook as a brother I did,
And that cook he worshipped me;
But we’d both be blowed if we’d either be stowed
In the other chap’s hold, you see.

“‘I’ll be eat if you dines off me,’ says Tom;
‘Yes, that,’ says I, ‘you’ll be,—
‘I’m boiled if I die, my friend,’ quoth I;
And ‘Exactly so,’ quoth he.

“Says he, ‘Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don’t you see that you can’t cook *me*,
While I can—and will—cook *you*!’

“So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

“‘Come here,’ says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
‘Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you’ll smell.’

“And he stirred it round and round, and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the seum of the boiling broth.

“And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And—as I eating be
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see!

* * * * *

“And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play,
But sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say:

“Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain’s gig!’”

W. S. GILBERT: *Fifty “Bab” Ballads.*

THE ENCHANTED SHIRT.

Fytte y^e Firste: *wherein it shall be shown how ye Truth is too mightie
a Drugge for such as be of feeble temper.*

THE King was sick. His cheek was red
And his eye was clear and bright;
He ate and drank with a kingly zest,
And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick, and a king should know,
And doctors came by the score.
They did not cure him. He cut off their heads
And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,
And one was as poor as a rat—
He had passed his life in studious toil,
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked in a book;
His patients gave him no trouble,
If they recovered they paid him well,
If they died their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,
As the king on his couch reclined;
In succession they thumped his august chest,
But no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said, "You're as sound as a nut."
 "Hang him up," roared the King in a gale—
 In a ten-knot gale of royal rage;
 The other leech grew a shade pale;

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
 And thus his prescription ran—
*The King will be well if he sleeps one night
 In the Shirt of a Happy Man.*

*Fytte y^e Second : telleth of ye search for ye Shirte and how it was nigh
 founde but was notte, for reasons qu : are sayd or sung.*

Wide o'er the realm the couriers rode,
 And fast their horses ran,
 And many they saw, and to many they spoke,
 But they found no Happy Man.

They found poor men who would fain be rich,
 And rich who thought they were poor,
 And men who twisted their waists in stays,
 And women that short hose wore.

They saw two men by the roadside sit,
 And both bemoaned their lot;
 For one had buried his wife, he said,
 And the other one had not.

At last they came to a village gate,
 A beggar lay whistling there;
 He whistled and sang and laughed and rolled
 On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary couriers paused and looked
 At the scamp so blithe and gay;
 And one of them said, "Heaven save you, friend!
 You seem to be happy to-day."

"O yes, fair sirs," the rascal laughed,
 And his voice rang free and glad,
 "An idle man has so much to do
 That he never has time to be sad."

"This is our man," the courier said;
 "Our luck has led us aright.
 "I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
 For the loan of your shirt to-night."

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass,
 And laughed till his face was black;
 "I would do it, God wot," and he roared with the fun,
 "But I haven't a shirt to my back."

Fytte y^e Third: *Shewing how Hys Majestie ye King came at last to sleep in a
 Happie Man his Shirte.*

Each day to the King the reports came in
 Of his unsuccessful spies,
 And the sad panorama of human woes
 Passed daily under his eyes.

And he grew ashamed of his useless life,
 And his maladies hatched in gloom;
 He opened his windows and let the air
 Of the free heaven into his room.

And out he went in the world and toiled
 In his own appointed way;
 And the people blessed him, the land was glad,
 And the King was well and gay.

COL. JOHN HAY: *Pike County Ballads.*



DORA VERSUS ROSE.

"The Case is proceeding."

FROM the tragic-est novels at Mudie's—
 At least, on a practical plan—
 To the tales of mere Hodges and Judys,
 One love is enough for a man.
 But no case that I ever yet met is
 Like mine: I am equally fond
 Of Rose, who a charming brunette is,
 And Dora, a blonde.

Each rivals the other in powers—
 Each waltzes, each warbles, each paints—
 Miss Rose, chiefly tumble-down towers;
 Miss Do., perpendicular saints.
 In short, to distinguish is folly;
 'Twixt the pair I am come to the pass
 Of Macheath, between Lucy and Polly,—
 Or Buridan's ass.

If it happens that Rosa I've singled
 For a soft celebration in rhyme,
 Then the ringlets of Dora get mingled
 Somehow with the tune and the time;
 Or I painfully pen me a sonnet
 To an eyebrow intended for Do.'s,
 And behold I am writing upon it
 The legend, "To Rose."

Or I try to draw Dora (my blotter
 Is all overscrawled with her head),
 If I fancy at last that I've got her,
 It turns to her rival in stead;
 Or I find myself placidly adding
 To the rapturous tresses of Rose
 Miss Dora's bud-mouth, and her madding,
 Ineffable nose.

Was there ever so sad a dilemma?
 For Rose I would perish (*pro tem.*);
 For Dora I'd willingly stem a—
 (Whatever might offer to stem);
 But to make the invidious election,—
 To declare that on either one's side
 I've a scruple,—a grain, more affection,
 I *cannot* decide.

And, as either so hopelessly nice is,
 My sole and my final resource
 Is to wait some indefinite crisis,—
 Some feat of molecular force,

To solve me this riddle conducive
By no means to peace or repose,
Since the issue can scarce be inclusive
Of Dora *and* Rose.

(*Afterthought.*)

But, perhaps, if a third (say a Norah),
Not quite so delightful as Rose,—
Not wholly so charming as Dora,—
Should appear, is it wrong to suppose,—
As the claims of the others are equal,—
And flight, in the main, is the best,—
That I might . . . But no matter, the sequel
Is easily guessed.

AUSTIN DOBSON: *Vers de Société.*

CIRCUMSTANCE.

THE ORANGE.

It ripen'd by the river banks,
Where, mask and moonlight aiding,
Dons Blas and Juan play their pranks,
Dark Donnas serenading.

By Moorish damsel it was pluck'd,
Beneath the golden day there;
By swain 'twas then in London suck'd,
Who flung the peel away there.

He could not know in Pimlico,
As little she in Seville,
That *I* should reel upon that peel,
And—wish them at the devil.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON: *London Lyrics.*

PADDY O'RAFTHER.

PADDY, in want of a dinner one day,
Credit all gone, and no money to pay,
Stole from a priest a fat pullet, they say,

And went to confession just afther ;
"Your riv'rince," says Paddy, "I stole this fat hen."
"What, what!" says the priest, "at your owld thricks
again ?

Faith, you'd rather be staalin' than sayin' *amen*,
Paddy O'Rafther !"

"Sure you wouldn't be angry," says Pat, "if you knew
That the best of intintions I had in my view,
For I stole it to make it a present to you,

And you can absolve me afther."
"Do you think," says the priest, "I'd partake of your
theft ?

Of your seven small senses you must be bereft—
You're the biggest blackguard that I know, right or left,
Paddy O'Rafther !"

"Then what shall I do with the pullet," says Pat,
"If your riv'rince won't take it?—By this and by that
I don't know no more than a dog or a cat

What your riv'rince would have me be afther."
"Why, then," says his riv'rince, "you sin-blinded owl,
Give back to the man that you stole from, his fowl,
For if you do not, 'twill be worse for your sowl,
Paddy O'Rafther."

Says Paddy, "I ask'd him to take it—'tis thrue
As this minit I'm talkin', your riv'rince, to you ;
But he wouldn't resaive it—so what can I do ?"

Says Paddy, nigh chokin' with laughther.
"By my throth," says the priest, "but the case is
absthruse ;

If he won't take his hen, why the man is a goose—
'Tis not the first time my advice was no use,
Paddy O'Rafther.

“ But, for sake of your sowl, I would sthrongly advise
To some one in want you would give your supplies,
Some widow, or orphan, with tears in their eyes ;
And *then* you may come to *me* afther.”
So Paddy went off to the brisk Widow Hoy,
And the pullet, between them, was eaten with joy,
And, says she, “ ’pon my word you’re the cleverest boy.
Paddy O’Rafther ! ”

Then Paddy went back to the priest the next day,
And told him the fowl he had given away
To a poor lonely widow, in want and dismay,
The loss of her spouse weeping afther.
“ Well, now,” says the priest, “ I’ll absolve you, my lad,
For repentantly making the best of the bad,
In feeding the hungry and cheering the sad,
Paddy O’Rafther ! ”

SAMUEL LOVER: *Poetical Works*.



TIM TURPIN.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

TIM TURPIN he was gravel blind,
And ne’er had seen the skies :
For Nature, when his head was made,
Forgot to dot his eyes.

So, like a Christmas pedagogue,
Poor Tim was forced to do—
Look out for pupils, for he had
A vacancy for two.

There’s some have specs to help their sight
Of objects dim and small:
But Tim had *specks* within his eyes,
And could not see at all.

Now Tim he woo’d a servant maid,
And took her to his arms ;
For he, like Pyramus, had cast
A wall-eye on her charms.

By day she led him up and down
Where'er he wish'd to jog,
A happy wife, altho' she led
The life of any dog.

But just when Tim had lived a month
In honey with his wife,
A surgeon oped his Milton eyes,
Like oysters, with a knife.

But when his eyes were open'd thus,
He wish'd them dark again:
For when he look'd upon his wife,
He saw her very plain.

Her face was bad, her figure worse,
He couldn't bear to eat:
For she was any thing but like
A Grace before his meat.

Now Tim he was a feeling man:
For when his sight was thick,
It made him feel for everything—
But that was with a stick.

So with a cudgel in his hand—
It was not light or slim—
He knock'd at his wife's head until
It open'd unto him.

And when the corpse was stiff and cold
He took his slaughter'd spouse,
And laid her in a heap with all
The ashes of her house.

But like a wicked murderer,
He lived in constant fear
From day to day, and so he cut
His throat from ear to ear.

The neighbours fetch'd a doctor in;
Said he, this wound I dread
Can hardly be sew'd up—his life
Is hanging on a thread.

But when another week was gone,
He gave him stronger hope—
Instead of hanging on a thread,
Of hanging on a rope.

Ah! when he hid his bloody work,
In ashes round about,
How little he supposed the truth
Would soon be sifted out.

But when the parish dustman came,
His rubbish to withdraw,
He found more dust within the heap,
Than he contracted for!

A dozen men to try the fact,
Were sworn that very day;
But tho' they all were jurors, yet
No conjurors were they.

Said Tim unto those jurymen,
You need not waste your breath,
For I confess myself at once,
The author of her death.

And, oh! when I reflect upon
The blood that I have spilt,
Just like a button is my soul,
Inscribed with double *guilt*!

Then turning round his head again,
He saw before his eyes,
A great judge, and a little judge,
The judges of a-size!

The great judge took his judgment cap,
And put it on his head,
And sentenced Tim by law to hang,
Till he was three times dead.

So he was tried, and he was hung
(Fit punishment for such)
On Horsham-drop, and none can say
It was a drop too much.

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS.

GUVERNER B. is a sensible man ;

He stays 'to his home an' looks arter his folks ;

He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,

An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes ;

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

My ! aint it-terrible ? Wut shall we du ?

We can't never choose him, o' course,—thet's flat ;

Guess we shall hev to come round, (don't you ?)

An' go in for thunder an' guns, an' all that ;

Fer John P.

Robinson he

Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

Gineral C. is a dreffle smart man :

He's ben on all sides thet gives places or pelf ;

But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,—

He's ben true to *one* party,—an' thet is himself ;—

So John P.

Robinson he

Sez he shall vote for Gineral C.

Gineral C. he goes in fer the war ;

He don't vally principle more'n an old cud ;

What did God make us raytional [creeters] fer,

But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood ?

So John P.

Robinson he

Sez he shall vote for Gineral C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,

With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut aint,

We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,

An' that eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint ;

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,
 An' Presidunt Polk, you know, *he* is our country ;
 An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book
 Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per contry* ;
 An' John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Pars Wonilbur he calls all these argimunts lies ;
 Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest *fee, faw, fum* :
 An' thet all this big talk of our destinies
 Is half on it ignorance, and t'other half rum ;
 But John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez it ain't no sech thing ; an', of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
 Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats,
 An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
 To git some on 'em office, an' some on em' votes ;
 But John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us
 The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow, —
 God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,
 To start the world's team wen it gits in a slough ;
 For John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez the world'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee !

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *Biglow Papers*. First Series.

FATHER FRANCIS.

“ I COME your sin-rid souls to shrive—
 Is this the way wherein ye live ? ”
 We lightly think of virtue,
 Enjoyment cannot hurt you.

“Ye love. Hear then of chivalry,
Of gallant truth and constancy.”
We find new lovè the meetest,
And stolen kisses sweetest.

“Voices ye have, then should ye sing,
In praise of heaven’s mighty king.”
We deem it is our duty
To chant our darlings’ beauty.

“Strait are the gates of worldly pleasure,
The joy beyond no soul can measure.”
Alas! we are but mortal,
And much prefer the portal.

“Nay, sons, then must I leave ye so,
But lost will be your souls, I trow.”
Nay, Father, make you merry.
Come, drawer, bring some sherry.

“Me drink? Old birds are not unwary—
Still less—ha—well—’tis fine canary.”
Mark how his old blood prances—
A stoup for Father Francis.

“Your wine, my sons, is wondrous good,
And hath been long time in the wood.”
Mark how his old eye dances—
More wine for Father Francis.

“A man, my sons,—a man, I say,
Might well drink here till judgment-day.”
Now for soft words and glances—
But where is Father Francis?

“Heed me, my sons, I pray, no more,
I always sleep upon the floor.”
Alas! for old wine’s chances,
A shutter for Father Francis!

THE SILVER-PLATED TEAPOT.

I've got some news to tell you that will give you quite a thrill—

The silver-plated teapot has been taken very ill !

I passed the kitchen dresser, and I saw her there myself :

It's very sad to think of her quite laid upon the shelf.

I'm not at all surprised, you know ; I feared it weeks before,

When Susan blew right down the spout because it wouldn't pour ;

And when the tea just trickled through, it grieved me much to note

How the poor teapot seemed to feel a choking at the throat.

Her fair complexion, too, is gone, she's just a perfect fright,

With streaks and patches of dull brown where all was once so bright ;

And Susan used to say to me, in tones of sad complaint,

"This silver-plated tea-pot's come all over very faint !"

Faint ! and no wonder, when that Susan used to rub and scour

Enough to make the poor thing's cheeks to burn for quite an hour,

And then go filling her inside with water scalding hot —

You'd faint, I tell you, if you'd suffered half like that poor pot !

I've seen the steam come fizzing out all round her little nob

When Susan set her down to draw right on the kitchen hob ;

Hot tears would trickle down her cheeks, she'd spasms fit to choke,

And all one side her face and mouth got blackened with the smoke.

Well, now she's gone at last, poor thing ! she's had a fearful time ;

She's such a shocking sight to those who knew her in her prime,

When fresh and sparkling she would stand upon a silver tray,

And fill the ladies' cups with tea in quite a handsome way !

But when her beauty faded, and dark spots began to show,
A newer pot supplanted her, and she was sent below,
No more upon that silver tray to issue forth in state;
And now you see she's quite worn out, and that's her doleful
fate.

"What else can you expect, though, of a silver-plated pot?
You can't go on for ever with the surface coat you've got;
Time shows what stuff we're made of, and I'd rather—wouldn't
you?—

Be a simple earthen pitcher, *all the same right through and
through.*"

Author of "The Gate of Gold": *Five Little Pitchers.*



THE LAND OF CONTRAIRY.

NEAR Turvey-top Kingdom and Pantomime-land,
With realms of Queen Mab and King Cole on each hand,
Beyond the bright regions of Peri and Fairy,
There lies a strange place called the Land of Contrairy.

There all that exists in inversion we find,
There left's always right, and before is behind,
The smallest is greatest, long's short and up's down,
Black's white, blue is red, and pink's purple or brown.

There masters, not servants, fine liveries don,
Street rowdies and roughs make policemen "move on,"
There peasants, not peers, live in splendour and wealth,
And doctors will only attend those in health.

There shillings and pence are more valued than pounds,
There foxes and stags chase the huntsmen and hounds,
The cat runs in fear from a mouse or canary,
And hens alone crow—in the Land of Contrairy.

There summer is gloomy and winter is bright,
The moon shines all day and the sun all the night,
Expresses run slow and the luggage-trains fast,
And horses win races by coming in last.

There clocks are most prized if they never keep time,
There poetry's prose, and blank verse ends in rhyme,
There giants and dwarfs freely walk to and fro,
Where middle-sized people are mobbed as a "show."

There every one marries the person he hates,
Though wedlock is thought the most blissful of states;
There children command and their parents obey,
And juveniles work while the older folks play.

There money's the cause of domestic disputes
When wives see the bills for their husbands' new suits,
For gentlemen's fashions continually vary,
Which ladies' do *not*—in the Land of Contrairy.

There plays are produced for a nominal sum,
And managers pay each spectator to come,
For nothing the *gratis*-t of vocalists sing,
And "stars" will perform "for the fun of the thing."

There people are praised for neglecting their duties,
"Professional *Uglies*" are photo'd, not "Beauties;"
And soldiers who run from the enemy's fire
Are lauded as heroes whom all should admire.

There topers get drunk on cold water and tea,
While temperance-men with strong liquors make free;
Nor is it the mad that asylums contain,
But people imprison'd for being too sane!

I've come from that land—I was there in my dreams
(Meat-suppers don't suit my digestion, it seems),
'Twas all so abnormal, fantastic, *night-mare-y*,
I'm glad to get out of the Land of Contrairy!

WALTER PARKE: *Patter Poems*.



COURTSHIP.

It chanced, they say, upon a day,
A furlong from the town,
That she was strolling up the way
As he was strolling down—
She humming low, as might be so,
A ditty sweet and small;
He whistling loud a tune, you know,
That had no tune at all.
It happened so—precisely so—
As all their friends and neighbours know.

As I and you perhaps might do,
They gazed upon the ground;
But when they'd gone a yard or two
Of course they both looked round.
They both were pained, they both explained
What caused their eyes to roam;
And nothing after that remained
But he should see her home.
It happened so—precisely so—
As all their friends and neighbours know.

Next day to that 'twas common chat,
Admitting no debate,
A bonnet close beside a hat
Was sitting on a gate.
A month, not more, had bustled o'er,
When, braving nod and smile,
One blushing soul came through the door
Where two went up the aisle.
It happened so—precisely so—
As all their friends and neighbours know.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE: *Sent back by the Angels.*

NURSERY REMINISCENCES.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
When I was a little Boy,
One fine morning in September
Uncle brought me home a toy.

I remember how he patted
Both my cheeks in kindest mood;
“There,” said he, “you little Fat-head,
There’s a top because you’re good!”

Grandmamma—a shrewd observer—
I remember gazed upon
My new top, and said with fervour,
“Oh! how kind of Uncle John!”

While mamma, my form caressing,—
In her eye the tear-drop stood,
Read me this fine moral lesson,
“See what comes of being good!”

I remember, I remember,
On a wet and windy day,
One cold morning in December,
I stole out and went to play;

I remember Billy Hawkins
Came, and with his pewter squirt
Squibb’d my pantaloons and stockings
Till they were all over dirt!

To my mother for protection
I ran, quaking every limb:
—She exclaimed, with fond affection,
“Gracious Goodness! look at *him!*!”—

Pa cried, when he saw my garment,
 —'Twas a newly-purchased dress—
 "Oh! you nasty little *Warment*,
 How came you in such a mess?"—

Then he caught me by the collar,
 —Cruel only to be kind—
 And to my exceeding dolour,
 Gave me—several slaps behind.

Grandmamma, while yet I smarted,
 As she saw my evil plight,
 Said—'twas rather stony hearted—
 "Little rascal! *sarve* him right!"

I remember, I remember,
 From that sad and solemn day,
 Never more in dark December
 Did I venture out to play.

And the moral which they taught, I
 Well remember; thus they said—
 "Little Boys, when they are naughty,
 Must be whipped and sent to bed!"

R. H. BARRIAM: *Ingoldsby Legends*.



THE PIG.

A COLLOQUIAL POEM.

JACOB! I do not love to see thy nose
 Turned up in scornful curve at yonder pig.
 It would be well, my friend, if thou and I
 Had, like that pig, attained the perfectness
 Made reachable by Nature! why dislike
 The sow-born grunter?—he is obstinate,
 Thou answerest, ugly, and the filthiest beast
 That banquets upon offal. Now I pray you
 Hear the pig's counsel.

Is he obstinate?

We must not, Jacob, be deceived by words,
By sophist sounds. A democratic beast,
He knows that his unmerciful drivers seek
Their profit, and not his. He hath not learnt
That pigs were made for man, born to be brawn'd
And baconized; that he must please to give
Just what his gracious masters please to take;
Perhaps his tusks, the weapons Nature gave
For self-defence, the general privilege;
Perhaps—hark, Jacob! dost thou hear that horn?
Woe to the young posterity of pork!
Their enemy is at hand.

Again. Thou say'st

'The pig is ugly. Jacob, look at him!
'Those eyes have taught the lover flattery.
His face,—nay, Jacob, Jacob! were it fair
To judge a lady in her dishabille?
Fancy it drest, and with saltpetre rouged.
Behold his tail, my friend; with curls like that
The wanton hop marries her stately spouse;
So crisp in beauty Amoretta's hair
Rings round her lover's soul the chains of love.
And what is beauty but the aptitude
Of parts harmonious? give thy fancy scope,
And thou wilt find that no imagined change
Can beautify this beast. Place at his end
The starry glories of the peacock's pride;
Give him the swan's white breast for his horn-hoofs;
Shape such a foot and ankle as the waves
Crowded in eager rivalry to kiss,
When Venus from the enamour'd sea arose;—
Jacob, thou canst but make a monster of him;
All alteration man could think, would mar
His pig-perfection.

The last charge—he lives

A dirty life. Here I could shelter him
With noble and right-reverend precedents,
And show, by sanction of authority,
'That 'tis a very honourable thing
To thrive by dirty ways. But let me rest
On better ground the unanswerable defence;

The pig is a philosopher, who knows
 No prejudice. Dirt? Jacob, what is dirt?
 If matter,—why the delicate dish that tempts
 An o'ergorged epicure to the last morsel,
 That stuffs him to the throat-gates, is no more.
 If matter be not, but as sages say,
 Spirit is all, and all things visible
 Are one, the infinitely modified,
 Think, Jacob, what that pig is, and the mire
 In which he stands knee-deep?

And there! that breeze
 Pleads with me, and has won thee to the smile
 That speaks conviction. O'er yon blossom'd field
 Of beans it came, and thoughts of bacon rise.

ROBERT SOUTHEY: *Poetical Works*.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
 With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
 When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
 And all the sweet butter-milk watered the plain.

“Oh, what shall I do now? 'twas looking at you now;
 Sure, sure such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again;
 'Twas the pride of my dairy,—O Barney M'Leary,
 You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.”

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her
 That such a misfortune should give her such pain;
 A kiss then I gave her,—before I did leave her
 She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,
 Misfortunes will never come single, that's plain,
 For, very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
 The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

ANON.

THE SUPERFLUOUS MAN.

I LONG have been puzzled to guess,—
And so I have frequently said,—
What the reason could really be
That I never have happened to wed;
But now it is perfectly clear
I am under a natural ban,
The girls are already assigned
And I'm a superfluous man!

Those clever statistical chaps
Declare the numerical run
Of women and men in the world,
Is 'Twenty to Twenty-and-one:
And hence in the pairing, you see,
Since wooing and wedding began,
For every connubial score,
They've got a superfluous man!

By twenties and twenties they go,
And giddily rush to their fate,
For none of the number, of course,
Can fail of the conjugal mate;
But while they are yielding in scores
To nature's inflexible plan,
There's never a woman for me,
For I'm a superfluous man!

It isn't that I am a churl,
To solitude over-inclined,
It isn't that I am at fault
In morals or manners or mind;
Then what is the reason, you ask,
I'm still with the bachelor clan?
I merely was numbered amiss,
And I'm a superfluous man!

It isn't that I am in want
 Of personal beauty or grace,
 For many a man with a wife
 Is uglier far in the face.
 Indeed, among elegant men
 I fancy myself in the van;
 But what is the value of that,
 When I'm a superfluous man!

Although I am fond of the girls,
 For aught I could ever discern,
 The tender emotion I feel
 Is one that they never return;
 'Tis idle to quarrel with fate,
 For, struggle as hard as I can,
 They're mated already, you know,
 And I'm a superfluous man!

No wonder I grumble at times,
 With women so pretty and plenty,
 To know that I never was born
 To figure as one of the Twenty;
 But yet, when the average lot
 With critical vision I scan,
 I think it may be for the best
 That I'm a superfluous man!

JOHN GODFREY SAXE: *Poems*



WHAT IS A WOMAN LIKE?

A WOMAN is like to—but stay—
 What a woman is like, who can say?
 There is no living with or without one—
 Love bites like a fly,
 Now an ear, now an eye,
 Buzz, buzz, always buzzing about one.
 When she's tender and kind
 She is like, to my mind,
 (And Fanny was so, I remember,)
 She's like to——O dear!
 She's as good, very near,
 As a ripe melting peach in September.

If she laugh, and she chat,
Play, joke, and all that,
And with smiles and good humour she meet me,
She is like a rich dish
Of venison or fish,
That cries from the table, Come eat me!
But she'll plague you and vex you,
Distract and perplex you;
False-hearted and ranging,
Unsettled and changing,
What then do you think, she is like?
Like a sand, like a rock?
Like a wheel? like a clock?
Ay, a clock that is always at strike.
Her head's like the island folks tell on,
Which nothing but monkeys can dwell on,
Her heart's like a lemon—so nice
She carves for each lover a slice:
In truth she's to me,
Like the wind, like the sea,
Whose raging will hearken to no man;
Like a mill, like a pill,
Like a flail, like a whale,
Like an ass, like a glass,
Whose image is constant to no man;
Like a shower, like a flower,
Like a fly, like a pie,
Like a pea, like a flea,
Like a thief, like—in brief,
She's like nothing on earth—but a woman.

ANON.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

WHEN I was a schoolboy, aged ten,
Oh, mighty little Greek I knew;
With my short striped trousers, and now and then
With stripes upon my jacket too!

When I saw other boys to the playground run,
I threw my old *Gradus* by,
And I left the task I had scarce begun ;—
There'll be time enough for that, said I.

When I was at college my pride was dress,
And my groom and my bit of blood ;
But as for my study, I must confess
That I was content with my stud.
I was deep in my tradesmen's books, I'm afraid,
Though not in my own, by the bye ;
And when rascally tailors came to be paid,
There'll be time enough for that, said I.

I was just nineteen when I first fell in love,
And I scribbled a deal of rhyme ;
And I talked to myself in a shady grove
Till I thought I was quite sublime.
I was torn from my love !—'twas a dreadful blow,
And the lady she wiped her eye ;
But I didn't die of grief—oh, dear me, no !—
There'll be time enough for that, said I.

The next was a lady of rank, a dame
With blood in her veins, you see ;
With the leaves of the Peerage she fanned the flame
That was now consuming me.
But though of her great descent she spoke,
I found she was still very high ;
And I thought looking up to a wife no joke—
There'll be time enough for that, said I.

My next *penchant* was for one whose face
Was her fortune, she was so fair !
Oh, she spoke with an air of enchanting grace,
But a man cannot live upon air ;
And when Poverty enters the door, young Love
Will out of the casement fly ;
The truth of the proverb I'd no wish to prove—
There'll be time enough for that, said I.

My next was a lady who loved romance,
And wrote very splendid things ;
And she said with a sneer, when I asked her to dance,
" Sir, I ride upon a horse with wings !"
There was ink on her thumb when I kissed her hand,
And she whispered, " If you should die,
I will write you an epitaph, gloomy and grand ;"—
There'll be time enough for that, said I.

I left her, and sported my figure and face
At opera, party, and ball ;
I met pretty girls at ev'ry place,
But I found a defect in all !
The first did not suit me, I cannot tell how,
The second, I cannot say why ;
And the third—Bless me, I will not marry *now* ;
There'll be time enough for that, said I.

I looked in the glass and I thought I could trace
A sort of a wrinkle or two ;
So I made up my mind that I'd make up my face,
And come out as good as new.
To my hair I imparted a little more jet,
And I scarce could suppress a sigh ;—
But I cannot be quite an old bachelor yet—
No, there's time enough for that, said I.

I was now fifty-one, yet I still did adopt
All the airs of a juvenile beau ;
But somehow, whenever the question I popp'd,
The girls with a laugh said, " No !"
I am sixty to-day—not a very young man—
And a bachelor doomed to die ;
So youths be advised, and marry while you can ;
There's no time to be lost, say I.

THOMAS HAYNES BAXLY: *Poems.*



A BLENHEIM'S VALENTINE.

Written for Mrs. Whately's "*Dandy*," 1871.

It was the season of the Saint
Of February, when Love's constraint
Pricks every amorous soul to paint
His torments to his mistress;
And rendered tuneful by the time,
Or pondering on his perished prime,
Dandy broke out in doggerel rhyme,
And thus proclaimed his distress:

"The Saint's return, my mistress dear,
Which brings to lovers' hearts good cheer,
Yet makes them older by a year;
'Tis with a touch of sorrow,
Although good breeding keeps me gay,
I feel the force of what they say,
That every dog must have his day,
And every day its morrow.

"Ah! what a season was my youth!
How brisk my tail! how sharp my tooth!
How clear my bark, which now, forsooth,
Too often turns to snarling!
Then I was valued, as you know,
A thousand pounds at every show,
The cynosure of Rotten Row,
The boudoir's petted darling.

"Now Age is on me like a blight;
Harsh coughs convulse my sides at night;
A hazy film o'erspreads my sight;
'Tis strange how dull my nose is;

My every tooth is almost gone,
I can but trifle with a bone ;
Of all my pleasures barely one
Is left me but my dozes.

'The time, too, 's out of joint like me ;
Breeding is gone, and pedigree ;
Throughout the whole dog-world I see
The free replace the feudal !
King Charles must be content to live
Shorn of his old prerogative ;
And Blenheim's noble lineage give
Room to the shop-born poodle.

"Lowe has repealed the dog-tax ; Peace
Allows the mongrel to increase ;
In spite of muzzles and police
The world each day crows cur-rier ;
A gin-bred dwarf usurps the rug ;
Belinda pets a spurious pug ;
And Mabel stoops to kiss and hug
A bandy-legged bull-terrier.

"With public pique, with private pains,
With age and winter in his veins,
What joy for Dandy's heart remains ?
Ah ! you, whom dogs entitle
The best of mistresses and friends,
Your favour makes me all amends ;
In pleasing you ill-humour ends,
And service finds requital.

"You love me ! and content with that,
The obsolete aristocrat
Sleeps unrepining on his mat ;
So gladly, though I task it,
To your old pensioner's decay
Your charity its alms shall pay,
Fine mincemeat and fresh milk by day,
By night a cushioned basket.

"These while I live will seem enough;
 But when my mortal life—this stuff
 That dreams are made off—death shall snuff,
 Bury me like a grandee;
 With good dog-Latin epitaph,
 Half humorous, pathetic half,
 That they who read may weep and laugh,
 And say, 'Alas! poor Dandy!'"

WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE: *The Comic Poets*. Edited by W. Davenport Adams.

THE PESSIMISTIC PHILOSOPHER.

IN building up natur' he thought the Creator
 Had blundered unspeakably queer,
 And he said he and Darwin and Billy McVarren
 Could prove the whole thing out of gear.
 He said the whole pattern from Neptune to Saturn
 Was cut by a bungling design,
 And that ne'er a particular was plumb perpendicular,
 And exact every time to the line.

He said that no critic, with brain analytic,
 Could tolerate things that he saw.
 He said he would suffer if any old duffer
 Couldn't pick out a blemish or flaw.
 Any man with a cranium as big's a geranium
 Could see the whole thing was a botch,
 See where natur' had blundered in points by the hundred
 In the space of five ticks of his watch.

And so day and night he advised the Almighty
 With advice he believed of great worth,
 And his wife took in sewing to keep life a-going
 While he superintended the earth.

ANON.: *One Hundred Choice Selections*. No. 26.

MY LOVE AND MY HEART.

OH, the days were ever shiny
When I ran to meet my love;
When I press'd her hand so tiny
Through her tiny tiny glove.
Was I very deeply smitten?
Oh, I loved like *anything*!
But my love she is a kitten,
And my heart's a ball of string.

She was pleasingly poetic,
And she loved my little rhymes;
For our tastes were sympathetic,
In the old and happy times.
Oh, the ballads I have written,
And have taught my love to sing!
But my love she is a kitten,
And my heart's a ball of string.

Would she listen to my offer,
On my knees I would impart
A sincere and ready proffer
Of my hand and of my heart.
And below her dainty mitten
I would fix a wedding ring—
But my love she is a kitten,
And my heart's a ball of string.

Take a warning, happy lover,
From the moral that I show;
Or too late you may discover
What I learn'd a month ago.
We are scratch'd or we are bitten
By the pets to whom we cling.
Oh, my love she is a kitten,
And my heart's a ball of string.

HENRY S. LEIGH: *Gillott and Goosequill.*

ON THE LANDING.

AN IDYL OF THE BALUSTERS.

BOBBY, *ætat.* 3½.JOHNNY, *ætat.* 4½.

BOBBY.

“Do you know why they’ve put us in that back room,
Up in the attic, close against the sky,
And made believe our nursery’s a cloak room?

Do you know why?”

JOHNNY.

“No more I don’t, nor why that Sammy’s mother,
What Ma thinks horrid, ’cause he bunged my eye,
Eats an ice cream, down there, like any other—

No more don’t I!”

BOBBY.

“Do you know why Nurse says it is’n’t manners
For you and me to ask folks twice for pie,
And no one hits that man with two bananas?

Do you know why?”

JOHNNY.

“No more I don’t, nor why that girl, whose dress is
Off of her shoulders, don’t catch cold and die,
When you and me gets croup when *we* undresses!

No more don’t I!”

BOBBY.

“Perhaps she ain’t so good as you and I is,
And God don’t want her up there in the sky,
And lets her live—to come in just when pie is—

Perhaps that’s why!”

JOHNNY.

“Do you know why that man that’s got a cropped head
Rubbed it just now as if he felt a fly?
Could it be, Bobby, something that I dropped?
And is that why?”

BOBBY.

“Good boys behaves, and so they don’t get scalded,
Nor drop hot milk on folks as they pass by.”

JOHNNY [piously].

“Marbles would bounce on Mr. Jones’ bald head—
But *I* shan’t try!”

BOBBY.

“Do you know why Aunt Jane is always snarling
At you and me because we tells a lie,
And she don’t slap that man that called her darling?
Do you know why?”

JOHNNY.

“No more I don’t, nor why that man with Mamma
Just kissed her hand.”

BOBBY.

“She hurt it—and that’s why,
He made it well, the very way that Mamma
Does do to I.”

JOHNNY.

“I feel so sleepy. * * * Was that Papa kissed us?
What made him sigh, and look up to the sky?”

BOBBY.

“*We* weren’t down stairs, and he and God had missed us;
And that was why!”

BRET HARTE: *The Modern Elocutionist*. Edited by JOHN A. JENNINGS, M.A.

THE STARLING.

THE little lame Tailor
 Sat stitching and snarling—
Who in the world
 Was the Tailor's darling?
To none of mankind
Was he well inclined,
 But he doted on Jack the Starling.

For the bird had a tongue,
 And of words good store,
And his cage was hung
 Just over the door;
And he saw the people,
 And heard the roar,—
Folk coming and going
 Evermore,—
And he looked at the Tailor—
 And swore.

From a country lad
 The Tailor bought him,—
His training was bad,
 For tramps had taught him;
On alehouse benches
 His cage had been,
While louts and wenches
 Made jests obscene,—
But he learn'd, no doubt,
 His oaths from fellows
Who travel about
 With kettle and bellows;
And three or four
 [The roundest by far
That ever he swore!]
 Were taught by a Tar.

And the Tailor heard—
 “ We’ll be friends ! ” thought he ;
“ You’re a clever bird,
 And our tastes agree.
We both are old,
 And esteem life base,
The whole world cold,
 Things out of place ;
And we’re lonely too,
 And full of care—
So what can we do
 But swear ?

“ The devil take you,
 How you mutter !
Yet there’s much to make you
 Fluster and flutter.
You want the fresh air
 And the sunlight, lad,
And your prison there
 Feels dreary and sad ;
And here *I* frown
 In a prison as dreary,
Hating the town,
 And feeling weary :
We’re too confined, Jack,
 And we want to fly,
And you blame mankind, Jack,
 And so do I !

“ And then, again,
 By chance as it were,
We learn’d from men
 How to grumble and swear
You let your throat
 By the scamps be guided,
And swore by rote—
 All just as I did !
And without beseeching,
 Relief is brought us—
For we turn the teaching
 On those who taught us ! ”

A haggard and ruffled
Old fellow was Jack,
With a grim face muffled
In ragged black,
And his coat was rusty
And never neat,
And his wings were dusty
With grime of the street,
And he sidelong peer'd,
With eyes of soot,
And scowl'd and sneer'd,—
And was lame of a foot!
And he long'd to go
From whence he came;—
And the Tailor, you know,
Was just the same.

All kinds of weather
They felt confined,
And swore together
At all mankind;
For their mirth was done,
And they felt like brothers,
And the railing of one
Meant no more than the other's.
'Twas just a way
They had learn'd, you see,—
Each wanted to say
Only *this*—"Woe's me!
I'm a poor old fellow,
And I'm prison'd so,
While the sun shines mellow,
And the corn waves yellow,
And the fresh winds blow,—
And the folk don't care
If I live or die,
But I long for air,
And I wish to fly!"
Yet unable to utter it,
And too wild to bear,
They could only mutter it,
And swear.

Many a year
 They dwelt in the City,
In their prisons drear,
 And none felt pity,—
Nay, few were sparing
 Of censure and coldness,
To hear them swearing
 With such plain boldness.
But at last, by the Lord,
 Their noise was stopt,—
For down on his board
 The Tailor dropt,
And they found him, dead,
 And done with snarling;
Yet over his head
 Still grumbled the Starling.
But when an old Jew
 Claim'd the goods of the Tailor,
And with eye askew
 Eyed the feathery railer,
And with a frown
 At the dirt and rust,
Took the old cage down,
 In a shower of dust,—
Jack, with heart aching,
 Felt life past bearing,
And shivering, quaking,
All hope forsaking,
 Died, swearing.

ROBERT BUCHANAN : *Poetical Works*. Vol. I.



QUINCE.

“Fallentis semita vitæ.”—HOR.

NEAR a small village in the West,
 Where many very worthy people
Eat, drink, play whist, and do their best
 To guard from evil Church and steeple,

There stood—alas! it stands no more!—
A tenement of brick and plaster,
Of which, for forty years and four,
My good friend Quince was lord and master.

Welcome was he in hut and hall
To maids and matrons, peers and peasants;
He won the sympathies of all
By making puns, and making presents.
Though all the parish were at strife,
He kept his counsel, and his carriage,
And laughed, and loved a quiet life,
And shrank from Chancery suits—and marriage.

Sound was his claret—and his head;
Warm was his double ale—and feelings;
His partners at the whist club said
That he was faultless in his dealings:
He went to church but once a week;
Yet Dr. Poundtext always found him
An upright man, who studied Greek,
And liked to see his friends around him.

Asylums, hospitals and schools,
He used to swear, were made to cozen;
All who subscribed to them were fools,—
And he subscribed to half-a-dozen:
It was his doctrine, that the poor
Were always able, never willing;
And so the beggar at his door
Had first abuse, and then—a shilling.

Some public principles he had,
But was no flatterer, nor fretter;
He rapped his box when things were bad,
And said, "I cannot make them better!"
And much he loathed the patriot's snort,
And much he scorned the placeman's snuffle;
And cut the fiercest quarrels short
With—"Patience, gentlemen—and shuffle!"

For full ten years his pointer Speed
Had couched beneath her master's table;
For twice ten years his old white steed
Had fattened in his master's stable;
Old Quince averred, upon his troth,
They were the ugliest beasts in Devon;
And none knew why he fed them both,
With his own hands, six days in seven.

Whene'er they heard his ring or knock,
Quicker than thought, the village slatterns
Flung down the novel, smoothed the frock,
And took up Mrs. Glasse, and patterns;
Adine was studying baker's bills;
Louisa looked the queen of knitters;
Jane happened to be hemming frills;
And Bell, by chance, was making fritters.

But all was vain; and while decay
Came, like a tranquil moonlight, o'er him,
And found him gouty still, and gay,
With no fair nurse to bless or bore him,
His rugged smile and easy chair,
His dread of matrimonial lectures,
His wig, his stick, his powdered hair,
Were themes for very strange conjectures.

Some sages thought the stars above
Had crazed him with excess of knowledge;
Some heard he had been crost in love
Before he came away from College;
Some darkly hinted that his Grace
Did nothing, great or small, without him;
Some whispered, with a solemn face,
That there was "something odd about him!"

I found him, at threescore and ten,
A single man, but bent quite double;
Sickness was coming on him then
To take him from a world of trouble:

He prosed of slipping down the hill,
Discovered he grew older daily;
One frosty day he made his will,—
The next, he sent for Dr. Bailey.

And so he lived,—and so he died!—
When last I sat beside his pillow
He shook my hand, and “Ah!” he cried,
“Penelope must wear the willow.
Tell her I hugged her rosy chain
While life was flickering in the socket;
And say, that when I call again,
I’ll bring a license in my pocket.

“I’ve left my house and grounds to Fag,—
I hope his master’s shoes will suit him;
And I’ve bequeathed to you my nag,
To feed him for my sake,—or shoot him.
The Vicar’s wife will take old Fox,—
She’ll find him an uncommon mouser,—
And let her husband have my box,
My Bible, and my Assmanshauser.

“Whether I ought to die or not,
My doctors cannot quite determine;
It’s only clear that I shall rot,
And be, like Priam, food for vermin.
My debts are paid:—but Nature’s debt
Almost escaped my recollection:
Tom!—we shall meet again;—and yet
I cannot leave you my direction.”

W. M. PRAED: *Poems*. Vol. II.



MY OULD CLAY PIPE.

OF the sorrows and strife of a journey thro' life,
It's myself could unfold you full many a tale :
Of the friends of my youth, some are dead, in good sooth,
And some have got married, and some are in jail.
And some have gone hence—at the country's expense,
And some on the gallows departed this life.
Oh, the only ould friend that has stood to the end,
My faithful companion, thro' sorrow and strife,

Is my ould clay dhudeen, from sweet Ballyporeen,
So famed for its bogs and its cabins of clay !
Oh, my darlin' ould pipe, which I made of a wipe
From the walls of my father's mud cabin one day !

One day, when I went for to beg off my rent,
From the murderin' landlord (who granted my prayer),
A case, neat and clean, for my darlin' dhudeen,
I cut from the leg of his dinin'-room chair.
And that evenin' at nine, when he sat down to dine,
Down crash'd the ould chair, and he lost his ould life.
Oh, the only true friend that has stood to the end,
My faithful companion, thro' sorrow and strife,

Is my ould clay dhudeen, from sweet Ballyporeen,
So famed for its bogs and its cabins of clay !
Oh, my darlin' ould pipe, which I made of a wipe
From the walls of my father's mud cabin one day !

By aspirin' to fame, by desirin' a name,
Some folks are deceived, till for death they are ripe ;
But my ould clay dhudeen tells me just what they mean—
Bright bubbles of soap in the bowl of a pipe !
And one night when in bed (I was smokin', they said),
The clothes caught on fire, and cremated my wife.
Oh, the only true friend that has stood to the end,
My faithful companion, thro' sorrow and strife,

Is my ould clay dhudeen, from sweet Ballyporeen,
 So famed for its bogs and its cabins of clay !
 Oh, my darlin' ould pipe, which I made of a wipe
 From the walls of my father's mud cabin one day !

You may boast of your birth, and your titles of earth,
 But yet you're no more than my ould clay dhudeen !
 Of clay you are made, and in clay you'll be laid :
 So, friends, when I die, in some case, neat and clean,
 Lay me gently to rest, with my pipe on my breast,
 'Till I wake some fine Morn, and rekindle my life.
 Oh, the only ould friend that has stood to the end,
 My faithful companion thro' sorrow and strife,

Is my ould clay dhudeen, from sweet Ballyporeen,
 So famed for its bogs and its cabins of clay !
 Oh, my darlin' ould pipe, which I made of a wipe
 From the walls of my father's mud cabin, one day !

SAMUEL K. COWAN: *Kottabos*.

THE BALLAD OF CHARITY.

It was in a pleasant deepô, sequestered from the rain,
 That many weary passengers were waitin' for the train,
 Piles of quite expensive luggage, many a gorgeous portmantô,
 Ivory-handled umberellas made a most touristic show.

Whereunto there came a person, very humble was his mien,
 Who took an observation of the interestin' scene ;
 Closely scanned the umberellas, watched with joy the mighty
 trunks,
 And observed that all the people were securin' Pullman bunks:

Who was followed shortly after by a most unhappy tramp,
 Upon whose features poverty had jounced her iron stamp ;
 And to make a clear impression, as bees sting you while they
 buzz,
 She had hit him rather harder than she generally does.

For he was so awful ragged, and in parts so awful bare,
That the folks were quite repulsioned to behold him begging
there ;
And instead of drawing currency from out their pocket-books,
They drew themselves asunder with aversionary looks.

Sternly gazed the first new-comer on the unindulgent crowd,
Then in tones which pierced the deepô he solilicussed aloud :—
“ I hev trevelled o’er this cont’nent from Quebec to Bogotâw,
But setch a set of scallawags as these I never saw.

“ Ye are wealthy, ye are gifted, ye have house and lands and
rent,
Yet unto a suff’rin’ mortal ye will not donate a cent ;
Ye expend your missionaries to the heathen and the Jew,
But there isn’t any heathen that is half as small as you.

“ Ye are lucky—ye hev cheque-books and deeposites in the
bank,
And ye squanderate your money on the titled folks of rank ;
The onyx and the sardonix upon your garments shine,
An’ ye drink at every dinner p’r’aps a dollar’s wuth of wine.

“ Ye are goin’ for the summer to the islands by the sea,
Where it costs four dollars daily—setch is not for setch as me ;
Iv’ry-handled umberellers do not come into my plan,
But I kin give a dollar to this suff’rin’ fellow-man.

“ Hand-bags made of Rooshy leather are not trully at my call,
Yet in the eyes of Mussy I am richer ’en you all,
For I kin give a dollar wher’ you dare not stand a dime,
And never miss it nother, nor regret it ary time.”

Sayin’ this he drew a wallet from the inner of his vest,
And gave the tramp a daddy, which it was his level best ;
Other people havin’ heard him soon to charity inclined—
One giver soon makes twenty if you only get their wind.

The first who gave the dollar led the other one about,
And at every contribution he a-raised a joyful shout,
Exclaimin’ how ’twas noble to relieviate distress,
And remarkin’ that our duty is our present happiness.

Thirty dollars altogether were collected by the tramp,
 When he bid 'em all good evenin' and went out into the damp,
 And was followed briefly after by the one who made the
 speech,
 And who showed by good example how to practise as to
 preach.

Which soon around the corner the couple quickly met,
 And the tramp produced his specie for to liquidate his debt;
 And the man who did the preachin' took his twenty of the
 sum,
 Which you see that out of thirty left a tenner for the bum.

And the couple passed the summer at Bar Harbour with the
 rest,
 Suckin' juleps, playin' poker, and most elegantly dressed;
 Suckin' juleps, playin' poker, layin' round in love and rum—
 Oh, how hard is life for many! oh, how sweet it is for some!

CHARLES G. LELAND: *Brand-New Ballads*.



THE CROOKED STICK.

JULIA was lovely and winning—
 And Julia had lovers in plenty,
 They outnumber'd her years
 More than twice, it appears—
 She kill'd fifty before she was twenty.
 Young Harry
 Had asked her to marry;
 But Julia could never decide,
 Thus early, on being a bride;
 With such ample choice,
 She would not give her voice,
 In wedlock so soon to be tied;
 And though she liked Hal, thought it better to wait,
 Before she would finally fix on her fate;
 For though Harry was "every way worthy" to get her,
Perhaps she might see some one else she liked better.

Hal, discarded by Venus, went over to Mars ;
And set off to the war in a troop of hussars ;
To sabres and bullets exposing a life
Made wretched to him by the want of a wife.
But Death would not take what fair Julia refused ;
And, in fact, Harry thought himself very ill used
By " Death and the Lady "—till Time's precious ointment
Cured the wound Julia made,
And the soldier's bold blade
Soon won him a colonel's appointment ;
And then he went home, by hard service made sager,
And found Julia had married a yellow old major.

For the sake of old times, Harry called on the lady,
Who was now on *that* side of *this* life they call " shady ;"
Which, though pleasant in streets, in the summer's bright
sun,

On life's path is *not* pleasant—when summer's all done.
He took her hand kindly—and hoped she was well—
And looked with a tender regret on his belle !
" Ah ! Julia ! how's this ?—I would not give you pain,
But I think I may ask, without being thought vain,
How the girl who refused to let Harry encage her,
Could consent to be trapped by a yellow old major ? "
" Come dine here," said she—" and at evening we'll take,
On horseback a ride through the hazelwood brake ;
And as I've lost my whip—you must go to the wood,
And cut me a riding switch handsome and good,—
Something nice—such a one as I'll keep for your sake,
As a token of friendship ; but pray do not make
Your absence too long—for we dine, sharp, at six ;
But you'll see, before then, many beautiful sticks."

Harry went on this mission, to rifle the riches
Of the hazlewood brake—and saw such lovely switches,
But none good enough to present, as a token,
To her who, " lang syne," had his burning heart broken ;
The wood was passed through—and no switch yet selected,
When " six o'clock," suddenly, Hal recollected,
And took out his watch :—but ten minutes to spare—
He employed those ten minutes with scrupulous care,
But, spite of his pains—the best switch he selected
Did not equal, by much, many first he rejected ;

He eyed it askance—and he bent it—and shook it—
 And owned, with a shrug, 'twas a *leetle* bit crooked.
 He returned, and told Julia the state of the case,
 When she—(a faint smile lighting up a sad face)—
 Said, “Harry, your walk through the hazelwood brake
 Is my history—a lesson that many might take;
 At first, you saw beautiful sticks by the score,
 And hoped to get better, with such ‘plenty more,’
 But at the last moment—no time left to pick—
 You were forced to put up with a crooked stick.”

O Woman!—designed for the conquest of hearts,
 To your own native charms add not too many arts;
 If a poet's quaint rhyme might dare offer advice,
 You should be nice all over—but not over-nice.
 I don't wish a lady so wondrously quick
 As to sharpen her knife for the very first stick;
 But—for one good enough—it were best not o'erlook it,
 Lest, in seeking too straight ones—you get but the crooked.

SAMUEL LOVER: *Poetical Works*



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

A FRIEND of mine was married to a scold,
 To me he came, and all his troubles told.
 Said he, “She's like a woman raving mad.”
 “Alas! my friend,” said I, “that's very bad!”
 “No, not so bad,” said he; “for, with her, true
 I had both house and land, and money too.”

“That was well,” said I;

“No, not so well,” said he;

“For I and her own brother

Went to law with one another;

I was cast, the suit was lost,

And every penny went to pay the cost.”

“That was bad,” said I;

“No, not so bad,” said he:

“For we agreed that he the house should keep,
 And give to me four score of Yorkshire sheep

All fat, and fair, and fine, they were to be."

"Well, then," said I, "sure that was well for thee?"

"No, not so well," said he;

"For, when the sheep I got,
They every one died of the rot."

"That was bad," said I;

"No, not so bad," said he;

"For I had thought to scrape the fat
And keep it in an oaken vat;

Then into tallow melt for winter store."

"Well, then," said I, "that's better than before?"

"'Twas not so well," said he;

"For having got a clumsy fellow
To scrape the fat and melt the tallow;

Into the melting fat the fire catches,
And, like brimstone matches,
Burnt my house to ashes."

"That *was* bad," said I;

"No! not so bad," said he; "for, what is best,
My scolding wife has gone among the rest."

ANON.: *Fugitive Poetry*.

HAJAJ* AND HIS CHAMBERLAIN.

CRUEL Hajaj, as the chroniclers say,
Though he'd little respect for a hand or a head,
Though noses and fingers he lopped away
As a gardener does an asparagus bed;

Possessed notwithstanding a great partiality
For a certain old chamberlain, largely endued
With one speciality—knowing the quality
Of all the good liquor that ever was brewed.

So oft "on the quiet," when firman and fiat
Were written and issued, and business was done,
And cutting and flaying, and slicing and slaying,
Had each had their turn till the set of the sun;

* A cruel Governor of Irak, under the Omiad Khalifs.

In his private divan, with this jocund old man,
 He would sit and hobnob, and each deep stern line
 On his pitiless brow would softer grow
 O'er a brimming flagon of Sheeráz wine.

They drank and they gossiped of matters and things,
 And the various troubles that harass our lives,
 Till they got to one, common to beggars and kings,
 To wit, the unspeakable bother of wives.

Said Hajaj, "They are brimful of fancies and wiles,
 And no one can tell what they next will be at—
 Such a marvellous compound of whimper and smiles—
 Trust my wife! Why, I'd far rather trust a cat!"

Said the chamberlain, "'Tis so with many, my lord,
 Nay, 'tis so with most; but I wish that my life
 May be suddenly brought to an end with the sword
 If I do not believe in my own dear wife!

"She's lovely and sweet, and so very discreet
 That stories and scandal she soon cuts short;
 And for days together she'll talk of the weather,
 And never ask once about news from the court.

"If I come home late, she'll not question or prate,
 Nor angrily ask, 'Where on earth have you been?'
 But simply say, 'Have you had a nice day?'
 And then she will hand me pajamahs* clean.

"If I tell her some matter, no fear of *her* chatter;
 From her faithful soul no vent 'twill find,
 She's so perfectly safe, on the summit of Kaf†
 She'd not even whisper a word to the wind!"

Said Hajaj, "Oh, my friend, let us hope your end
 May never depend upon womankind,
 For I can of all you say point out the fallacy
 In a way that for ever will change your mind.

* Loose drawers.

† Caucasus.

“ Now take this bag with the sacred seal
Of the Khalif (God shield him) impressed thereon ;
You must tell your wife that you happened to steal
(Heaven willed it) this gold, which belongs to the
throne.

“ With many a kiss and with many a prayer
You must beg her to keep this secret well,
For that if the affair should chance to take air,
Why—your head to the dogs and your soul to hell.”

The chamberlain promised his lord to obey :
Of his lady's discretion no doubts had he,
And gaily he carried the cash away
To the house where he lived with that excellent she.

With many a kiss and with many a prayer
He showed the bag and his story told ;
And sweet 'twas to see the delight of the fair,
As she fondled her husband and collared the gold.

“ You sharp little rogue,” she endearingly said,
“ Oh, *how* did you manage Hajaj to do ?
And what secret of yours have I *ever* betrayed ?
Do you think I've turned parrot, you sceptical Jew ? ”

Now when many a day had passed away,
The wily Hajaj to his chamberlain gave,
With aspect pleasant, a nice little present,
In the shape of a pretty young Georgian slave.

But alas ! such a smile, such a look full of guile
Had the Lady of Discord, when Pallas and Herè
For the sake of her apple began to grapple
And spoiled all the fun of the festival cheery.

With sobs and with sighs and with tears in her eyes,
The news of this present the dame received,
And exclaimed “ Did you *ever* ? ” and then “ No I never—
Such wickedness really who could have believed ? ”

Her husband not yet did she openly scold,
But her answers grew short and her face grew long,
And for days together the dinner was cold,
So at last he perceived there was something wrong.

"My dear," said he, "I can plainly see
That something or other has put you out;
If so, now pray why can't you say
At once what's the matter, not sulk and pout?"

"I would rather be fried," all in tears she replied,
"Than utter a word or a syllable say!"
Then her protest ignoring, in accents imploring,
Cried, "*Do* send that odious creature away!"

"My love," said the chamberlain, "what can I do?
She's the governor's gift, and I do not choose
His favours to slight, when he's been so polite,
And besides—I have only got one head to lose."

Not at all like a tonic, this answer laconic
Stirred the lady's bile to a frightful degree;
Not a word she said, but nodded her head,
And under her breath muttered, "We shall see!"

That bag she took from its dark snug nook,
That bag with the Khalif's seal impressed,
And when day was spent, away she went
With the cash hidden carefully under her vest.

She walked up straight to the palace gate,
And gave the door such a thundering knock,
That the porter snoring, all things ignoring,
Fell clean off his bench with the fright and the shock.

Himself then shaking, his bunch of keys taking,
He opened the door with astonishing speed,
For he thought that the dead must be certainly waking,
Or that Iblis from limbo was suddenly freed.

To his great surprise, in female guise,
A person he saw, who thus began,
“Come, time don’t lose, I’ve particular news,
So let me in to your master, young man!”

The porter required but little persuasion,
For scandal whispered ’twas not very rare
For Hajaj to receive, as on this occasion,
A private visit from some of the fair.

When the chamberlain’s wife in the presence august
Arrived, she performed the obeisance due;
“Your highness,” she said, “will forgive me, I trust;
My motive to this was devotion to you :

“My husband, my lord, (may his features be blackened !)
Has been your chamberlain many a year,
And the bonds of fidelity how has he slackened !
Alas ! to inform you I almost fear ;

“I’ve the strongest objection to tales and to slander,
And he is my husband, a brute though he be ;
But my duty to you and the sacred Commander
Of the Faithful, shall ever be first with me !

“The truth must be told that this bag of gold,
Impressed with the holy Khalif’s seal,
He brought away from the palace one day,
And said ‘twas a trifle he’d managed to steal.’

“This secret long on the tip of my tongue
I have carried, a martyr to duty and love ;
‘Have a care,’ one said, ‘for your husband’s head !’
Cried the other, ‘A dutiful subject prove !’

“So I leave him now to your highness’ mercy
And justice, which every day active we see,
For since he’s made free with the public purse, he
Is certainly not fit to live with me.”

Said Hajaj, "Ma'am, your visit's not quite unexpected,
 Nor your kind information entirely new;
 'Tis all the result of a plan I projected
 To teach your poor husband the truth about you."

Then he bid them summon the chamberlain straight,
 Who hastened in, much surprised to see
 His dumb-founded spouse in a fainting state,
 And Hajaj with the bag of gold safe on his knee.

"My friend," said the Governor, "be pleased to perceive
 The trick your wise excellent wife has played;
 And no woman, perhaps you will now believe,
 Is worthy of trust, be she matron or maid:

"For had not this play been arranged one day
 For a certain purpose, betwixt you and me,
 The boys would be bowling, the dogs would be rolling
 Your head down the gutter, with frolic and glee!"

MAJOR NORTON POWLETT: *Eastern Legends and Stories.*

VILLON'S STRAIGHT TIP TO ALL CROSS COVES.

"Tout aux tavernes et aux filles."

SUPPOSE you screeve? or go cheap-jack?
 Or fake the broads? or fig a nag?
 Or thimble-rig? or knap a yak?
 Or pitch a snide? or smash a rag?
 Suppose you duff? or nose and lag?
 Or get the straight, and land your pot?
 How do you melt the multry swag?
 Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

Fiddle, or fence, or mace, or mack ;
Or moskeneer, or flash the drag ;
Dead-lurk a crib, or do a crack ;
Pad with a slang, or chuck a fag ;
Bonnet, or tout, or mump and gag ;
Rattle the tats, or mark the spot ;
You can not bank a single stag ;
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

Suppose you try a different tack,
And on the square you flash your flag ?
At penny-a-lining make your whack,
Or with the mummers mug and gag ?
For nix, for nix the dibbs you bag !
At any graft, no matter what,
Your merry goblins soon stravag :
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

THE MORAL.

It's up the spout and Charley Wag
With wipes and tickers and what not.
Until the squeezer nips your scrag,
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

W. E. HENLEY : *Ballades and Rondeaux*. Edited by Gleeson White.



THE JACKDAW.

THERE is a bird who, by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be supposed a crow ;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where, bishop-like, he finds a perch,
And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather.
Look up—your brains begin to swim,
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the raree-show
That occupy mankind below,
Secure and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall.
No; not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees, that this great roundabout—
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs, and its bus'nesses,
Is no concern at all of his,
And says—— what says he?—Caw.

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men;
And sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.

WILLIAM COWPER: *Translations from Vincent Bourne.*

CHIGGS.

To see me here with my glass and my jug,
And my fire, and my cat, and my meerschaum, too,
You'd think that I ought to be jolly and snug,
And so I am, thank you—the same to you.

Yet, somehow, sitting cosily here,
I think of the sunny summertime hours,
When the what-do-you-call-'em warbles clear,
And the breezes blow—likewise the flowers.

For the summer I love with a love as bright
As a poet feels for his Chloe or Nancy,
And musing dreamily here to-night,
I try to hurry it on in fancy.

I am lying, we'll say, in the nook I love,
Screen'd from the sunlight's scorching glow,
Watching the big clouds up above,
And blowing a lazy cloud below ;

Blowing a cloud from my meerschaum black,
And thinking or not, as I feel inclined,
With a light alpaca coat on my back,
And nothing particular on my mind ;

Dreaming, may be, of fame or strife,
Of hopes that kindle, of loves that bless—
Some people might call it wasting life,
But it's very pleasant, nevertheless.

And pleasanter still, when, after a while,
I hear a low footfall i' the grass ;
And lo ! with a fluttering blush and a smile,
She comes to meet me, my own wee lass.

My love of the blue eyes, tender and soft,
And yellow hair, in the sun that glisten'd,
With a smile that's the same I've seen so oft,
And a new pork-pie and a feather that isn't.

Cara mia, love is sweet,
Love and beauty, summer and youth,
And true is the love that I lay at your feet—
You may laugh, my dear, but you know it's the truth.

So with love at our hearts—ecstatic boon!
And now and then a word and a smile,
We dream thro' the summer afternoon
In the Owen-Meredith-Bulwer style.

And then when the "Good-night" kiss o' the sun
Has touch'd her cheek to a daintier red,
And twilight is soberly stealing on,
And yokels are toddling home to bed;

Arm-in-arm on our homeward walk,
Thro' the country lanes and the corn-fields dear,
We wile the way with such tender talk
As maidens and young men love to hear.

Heigho! this is all very nice, you know,
Yet somehow no maiden nor summer is nigh,
And the only corn is the corn on my toe,
And that'll want cutting by-and-bye.

As for thinking my dream'll come true, why that
Would be one of the most absurd of rigs;
For I'm rather bald, and uncommonly fat,
And my name isn't Norval, but only Chiggs.

ANON.: *The Lark*. Edited by W. C. BENNETT.



A HISTORY OF CIVILISATION.

OH, Noodelywhang, of Niddelywhing,
Was king of a naughty nation,
And if you'll listen, I'm going to sing
The tale of his civilisation.
Both he and his people were black as sloes,
For the zone they lived in was torrid,
And their principal clothes were a ring through the nose
And a patch of red paint on the forehead.

Their food consisted of fruits and fish—
Their drink was the limpid rillet;
Their cookery knew but a single dish,
Which was barbecued enemy's fillet.
And each man might take to him wives a score—
He had nothing to do but to catch 'em;
And whenever he found they were getting a bore,
He could just take his club and dispatch 'em.

They worshipped mere stocks and misshapen blocks—
But their principal idol was copper,
And history states that like fighting-cocks
The priests all lived—which was proper.
But into the bay there sailed one day,
To the people's consternation,
The very first ship that had come that way—
A herald of civilisation.

'Twas the good ship "William and Jane," of Hull,
And was bound for the far Canaries;
But the captain somehow had made a mull
On account of the wind's vagaries.
He stayed a fortnight at Niddelywhing,
And accepted the people's caressings;
Then sailed, but vowed to come back and bring
Them civilisation's blessings.

He returned to Britain, and there you'll guess
His discovery he related,
And at once was elected F.R.G.S.,
And a mighty sensation created.
But he shipped him trousers and crinolines,
A piano, a patent dairy,
Twenty hogsheads of rum, some mustard from Keen's,
And also a missionary.

And back he sailed to Niddelywhing,
And reached it late in the autumn,
And he briefly explained to the chiefs and the king
The various blessings he'd brought 'em.
And on shore he sent the reverend gent,
The dairy, the rum, the piano,
And there on the coast he set up a post,
Which stated in Latin that thither he went
In (to make it plain) of King George's reign
The vicesimo something anno.

Then the sailors made love to the monarch's wives,
Who in crinolines soon were adorning,
And all of the people drank rum for their lives,
And had headaches every morning.
They tried the mustard, which proved too strong,
And then their amusements to vary,
They'd daily discourses some six hours long
From that eloquent missionary.

For a month they went on with this sort of thing
In that distant climate torrid,
Till Noodelywhang, of Niddelywhing,
Felt existence was growing horrid.
And finding his subjects had also become
Quite tired of this new vagary,
He seized one day on six puncheons of rum
And the reverend missionary.

From what we can gather 'twas his intent
To empty those purloined puncheons,
And he clearly meant that reverend gent
For breakfasts and dinners and luncheons.

But before they began to cook their man,
They partook of their rum so freely,
That the national progress soon began
To be very unsteady and reelly.
Then the captain landed his gallant crew,
And slaughtered the whole of the nation :
Which it seems was his view of what you should do
For the spread of civilisation.

THOMAS HOOD THE YOUNGER: *Poems, Humorous and Pathetic.*



A TALE OF A TURKEY.

My rooms are not of a princely pattern ;
The couch has springs that one can't but feel ;
The girl that waits is a snub-nosed slattern ;
The knives are black, and the forks are steel.
A chum is welcome to roll and butter,
A cup of tea or a glass of wine ;
But I frankly own my surprise was utter
When Aunt declared she would come and dine ;
It thrilled my heart with intense pulsations
To learn that this excellent aunt of mine,
From whom I cherish my expectations,
Was coming on Christmas Day to dine.

The air was raw, and the sky was murky ;
The feet slip-slopped on the slushy ground ;
Yet I sallied forth, and I bought a turkey,
And sausages strung in a necklace round ;
Of lemons a brace, and of sage a plateful ;
A bottle of port that was old and fine ;
For what's expense to a nephew grateful
Who's proudly expecting his aunt to dine ?
It's freely acknowledged that ostentation
Can never be reckoned a fault of mine,
But I know what's due to a dear relation
Who's coming on Christmas Day to dine.

The day came round, and the hour of dining ;
 But frolicsome fiends were abroad that night ;
 Filling the air with their shrieks and whining,
 Whirling the snowflakes in gusts of white.
 Within, rare odours the sense were freighting,
 Not all of earth and not all divine ;
 I called to Nancy, " It's useless waiting—
 Serve up the turkey and let me dine."
 That bird, though high in my estimation,
 But seldom graces a board of mine ;
 To let it burn were a profanation,
 Though Queen and Court had been asked to dine.

I helped myself to some slices tender,
 Sausages crisp and not too fat ;
 Never did monarch, the Faith's Defender,
 Banquet on royaller fare than that.
 A wing came next, with a leg to follow,
 Washed down with blood of the purple vine ;
 And I left in fine but a framework hollow,
 That scarce sufficed for a mouse to dine.
 I viewed with satisfied contemplation
 The sculpture carved by that knife of mine ;
 And I felt that life has its compensation,
 And, come what will, it is sweet to dine.

I said my grace—and, for once, devoutly—
 I filled my glass, and I blew my cloud ;
 But hark ! the knocker goes banging stoutly,
 A step comes up with a creaking loud !
 I peered thro' the smoke—for the room was *quite* full—
 And saw benevolent gig-lamps shine ;
 " I'm late," said Aunt, " for the night was frightful ;
 But here I am, and I *mean* to dine !"
 With nerves that fluttered with strange pulsations,
 I viewed that excellent aunt of mine,
 And I ceased expecting my expectations
 On hearing her say that she meant to dine.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE : *Sent back by the Angels.*



A SUPPLEMENTAL EXAMINATION.

Low in the tower tolled the bell :
The gowned jib bowed the trembling knee :
He knew his classics passing well,
But of his science nothing, he.
A yard of sums was up his sleeves :
A band of scrip was round his cuffs :
And in his shoes were frequent leaves,
And scraps of scientific stuffs.

For the mother was anxious
Her boy should pass,
And the father alarmed
For the fees of the class.
And the father had promised
A five-pound note,
And the mother, with science,
Had padded his coat.

And one said tremblingly : "to pass,
I trow it is no use to try :
Let us go hence, and drain the glass."
To whom another : "no, not I.
For be our brains obtuse or quick,
I hold it true, whate'er befall,
'Tis better to go in, and stick,
Than never to go in at all."

And in, thro' the gates,
As soon as they sundered,
The raw undergraduates
Stumbled and thundered.
All in a fluster,
Like sheep in a cluster,
A marvellous muster,
Nearly six hundred !

And thro' the opened doors he past,
 And forth he paced into the hall,
 And on a bench his body cast,
 In one dark corner of the wall.
 At Little-go or Term-exams
 He scarce could stick, so stockt was he
 With scientific diagrams,
 And multifarious formulæ.

And the boy was contented,
 His corner won.
 For all supervisors,
 Sane or demented,
 Fear he had none.
 Sizars, O, sizars,
 None of your capers!
 Hand us the papers,
 And let us have done!

And forth with stealth the scraps he drew;
 And books he had for chance alarms,
 Tied to elastic strings, which flew
 Up with a spring into his arms.
 He felt no scare of cube or square,
 For coat and cuff held stealthy store;
 He knew the very sums were there,
 And he could pass for evermore!

Almost of science
 Nothing he knows:
 All his reliance
 Lay in his clothes.
 With scrips in his pocket,
 And slips in his locket,
 And sums in his shoe,
 Nothing could stand him:
 Nil desperandum,
 Little boy blue!

And soon the flimsy sums he floored,
And conned the conics thro' and thro';
But, at his boasted classics, scored
Out of a dozen only two.
O blank his brain, but bland his luck!
For, tho' long-coached in classic leaves,
He had most certainly been stuck
But for the science in his sleeves.

Lecturer, lecturer,
How have I passed?
Where am I reckoned?
Where am I classed?
Tell me the worst.
Not in the first,
No, nor the second;
Last of the last!

And back unto his home he hied,
And arms about his parents cast,
And "O sweet mother!" leapt and cried,
And "O sweet father! I have past!
O strange and true the tale I tell,
And true as strange, and strange as true;
Altho' I knew my classics well,
It was my science pulled me thro'."

And the father was happy,
And gave him the note:
And his mother embraced him,
And stitcht his coat.

SAMUEL K. COWAN: *Laurel Leaves.*



THE WHITE SQUALL.

ON deck, beneath the awning,
I dozing lay and yawning;
It was the grey of dawning,
Ere yet the sun arose;
And above the funnel's roaring,
And the fitful wind's deploring,
I heard the cabin snoring
With universal nose.
I could hear the passengers snorting,
I envied their disporting—
Vainly I was courting
The pleasure of a doze!

So I lay, and wondered why light
Came not, and watched the twilight,
And the glimmer of the skylight,
That shot across the deck,
And the binnacle pale and steady,
And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,
And the sparks in fiery eddy
That whirled from the chimney neck.
In our jovial floating prison
There was sleep from fore to mizen,
And never a star had risen
The hazy sky to speck.

Strange company we harboured;
We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,
Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered—
Jews black, and brown, and gray;
With terror it would seize ye,
And make your souls uneasy,
To see those Rabbis greasy,
Who did nought but scratch and pray:
Their dirty children puking—
Their dirty saucepans cooking—
Their dirty fingers hooking
Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard, Turks and Greeks were—
Whiskered and brown their cheeks were—
Enormous wide their breeks were,
 Their pipes did puff alway;
Each on his mat allotted
In silence smoked and squatted,
Whilst round their children trotted
 In pretty, pleasant play.
He can't but smile who traces
The smiles on those brown faces,
And the pretty prattling graces
 Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling,
And through the ocean rolling
Went the brave "Iberia" bowling
 Before the break of day——

When a SQUALL, upon a sudden,
Came o'er the waters scudding;
And the clouds began to gather,
And the sea was lashed to lather,
And the lowering thunder grumbled,
And the lightning jumped and tumbled,
And the ship, and all the ocean,
Woke up in wild commotion.
Then the wind set up a howling,
And the poodle dog a yowling,
And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a lowing,
As she heard the tempest blowing;
And fowls and geese did cackle,
And the cordage and the tackle
Began to shriek and crackle;
And the spray dash'd o'er the funnels,
And down the deck in runnels:
And the rushing water soaks all,
From the seamen in the fo'ksal
To the stokers whose black faces
Peer out of their bed-places;

And the captain he was bawling,
And the sailors pulling, hauling,
And the quarter-deck tarpauling
Was shivered in the squalling;
And the passengers awaken,
Most pitifully shaken;
And the steward jumps up, and hastens
For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered,
And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered,
As the plunging waters met them,
And splashed and overset them;
And they call in their emergence
Upon countless saints and virgins;
And their marrowbones are bended,
And they think the world is ended.
And the Turkish women for'ard
Were frightened and behorror'd;
And shrieking and bewildering,
The mothers clutched their children;
The men sang "Allah! Illah!
Mashallah Bismillah!"
As the warring waters doused them
And splashed them and soused them,
And they called upon the Prophet,
And thought but little of it.

Then all the fleas in Jewry
Jumped up and bit like fury;
And the progeny of Jacob
Did on the main-deck wake up,
(I wot those greasy Rabbins
Would never pay for cabins);
And each man moaned and jabbered in
His filthy Jewish gaberdine,
In woe and lamentation,
And howling consternation.
And the splashing water drenches
Their dirty brats and wenches;
And they crawl from bales and benches
In a hundred thousand stench.

This was the White Squall famous,
Which latterly o'ercame us,
And which all will well remember
On the 28th September;
When a Prussian captain of Lancers
(Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)
Came on the deck astonished,
By that wild squall admonished,
And wondering cried, "Potztausend!
Wie ist der Sturm jetzt brausend?"
And looked at Captain Lewis,
Who calmly stood and blew his
Cigar in all the bustle,
And scorned the tempest's tussle.
And oft we've thought thereafter
How he beat the storm to laughter;
For well he knew his vessel
With that vain wind could wrestle;
And when a wreck we thought her,
And doomed ourselves to slaughter,
How gaily he fought her,
And through the hubbub brought her,
And as the tempest caught her,
Cried, "GEORGE! SOME BRANDY-AND-WATER!"

And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea,
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me.

W. M. THACKERAY: *Ballads.*



THE KING OF CANOODLE-DUM.

THE story of Frederick Gowler,
 A mariner of the sea,
 Who quitted his ship, the *Howler*,
 A-sailing in Caribbee.
 For many a day he wandered,
 Till he met in a state of rum
 Calamity Pop Von Peppermint Drop,
 The King of Canoodle-Dum.

That monarch addressed him gaily,
 "Hum! Golly de do to-day?
 Hum! Lily-white Buckra Sailee"—
 (You notice his playful way?)—
 "What dickens you doin' here, sar?
 Why debbil you want to come?
 Hum! Picaninnee, dere isn't no sea
 In City Canoodle-Dum!"

And Gowler he answered sadly,
 "Oh, mine is a doleful tale!
 They've treated me werry badly
 In Lunnon, from where I hail.
 I'm one of the Family Royal—
 No common Jack Tar you see;
 I'm William the Fourth, far up in the North,
 A King in my own countree!"

Bang-bang! How the toms-toms thundered!
 Bang-bang! How they thumped the gongs!
 Bang-bang! How the people wondered!
 Bang-bang! At it hammer and tongs!
 Alliance with Kings of Europe
 Is an honour Canoodlers seek,
 Her monarchs don't stop with Peppermint Drop
 Every day in the week!

Fred told them that he was undone,
For his people all went insane,
And fired the Tower of London,
And Grinnidge's Naval Fane.
And some of them racked St. James's,
And vented their rage upon
The Church of St. Paul, the Fishmongers' Hall,
And the Angel at Islington.

Calamity Pop implored him
In his capital to remain
Till those people of his restored him
To power and rank again.
Calamity Pop he made him
A prince of Canoodle-Dum,
With a couple of caves, some beautiful slaves,
And the run of the royal rum.

Pop gave him his only daughter,
Hum Pickety Wimple Tip:
Fred vowed that if over the water
He went, in an English ship,
He'd make her his Queen,—though truly
It is an unusual thing
For a Caribbee brat who's as black as your hat
To be wife of an English King.

And all the Canoodle-Dummers
They copied his rolling-walk,
His method of draining rummers,
His emblematical talk.
For his dress and his graceful breeding,
His delicate taste in rum,
And his nautical way, were the talk of the day
In the Court of Canoodle-Dum.

Calamity Pop most wisely
Determined in everything
To model his Court precisely
On that of the English King;

And ordered that every lady
 And every lady's lord
 Should masticate jacky (a kind of tobaccy),
 And scatter its juice abroad.

They signified wonder roundly
 At any astounding yarn,
 By darning their dear eyes soundly
 ('Twas all they had to darn).
 They "hoisted their slacks" adjusting
 Garments of plantain-leaves
 With nautical twitches (as if they wore breeches,
 Instead of a dress like Eve's!)

They shivered their timbers proudly,
 At a phantom forelock dragged,
 And called for a hornpipe loudly
 Whenever amusement flagged.
 "Hum! Golly! him Pop resemble!
 Him Britisher sov'reign, hum!
 Calamity Pop Von Peppermint Drop,
 De King of Canoodle-Dum!"

The mariner's lively "Hollo!"
 Enlivened Canoodle's plain
 (For blessings unnumbered follow
 In Civilisation's train).
 But Fortune, who loves a bathos,
 A terrible ending planned,
 For Admiral D. Chickabiddy, C.B.,
 Placed foot on Canoodle land!

That rebel, he seized King Gowler,
 He threatened his royal brains,
 And put him aboard the *Howler*,
 And fastened him down with chains.
 The *Howler* she weighed her anchor,
 With Frederick nicely nailed,
 And off to the North with William the Fourth
 These horrible pirates sailed.

Calamity said (with folly),
“Hum! nebber want him again—
Him civilise all of us, golly!
Calamity suck him brain!”
The people, however, were pained when
They saw him aboard his ship,
But none of them wept for their Freddy, except
Hum Pickety Wimple Tip.

W. S. GILBERT: *Fifty “Bab” Ballads.*

THE BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.

A BALLAD.

AN Attorney was taking a turn,
In shabby habiliments drest;
His coat it was shockingly worn,
And the rust had invested his vest.

His breeches had suffered a breach,
His linen and worsted were worse;
He had scarce a whole crown in his hat,
And not half-a-crown in his purse.

And thus as he wandered along,
A cheerless and comfortless elf,
He sought for relief in a song,
Or complainingly talked to himself—

“Unfortunate man that I am!
I’ve never a client but grief;
The case is, I’ve no case at all,
And in brief, I have ne’er had a brief.

“I’ve waited and waited in vain,
Expecting an ‘opening’ to find,
Where an honest young lawyer might gain
Some reward for the toil of his mind.

"'Tis not that I'm wanting in law,
Or lack an intelligent face,
That others have cases to plead,
While I have to plead for a case.

"O, how can a modest young man
E'er hope for the smallest progression,—
The profession's already so full
Of lawyers so full of profession!"

While thus he was strolling around,
His eye accidentally fell
On a very deep hole in the ground,
And he sighed to himself, "It is well!"

To curb his emotions, he sat
On the curbstone the space of a minute,
Then cried, "Here's an opening at last!"
And in less than a jiffy was in it!

Next morning twelve citizens came,
('Twas the coroner bade them attend,)
To the end that it might be determined
How the man had determined his end!

"The man was a lawyer, I hear,"
Quoth the foreman who sat on the corse.
"A lawyer? Alas!" said another,
"Undoubtedly died of remorse!"

A third said, "He knew the deceased,
An attorney well versed in the laws,
And as to the cause of his death,
'Twas no doubt for the want of a cause."

The jury decided at length,
After solemnly weighing the matter,
"That the lawyer was drowned, because
He could not keep his head above water!"

JOHN GODFREY SAXE: *Poems*.

MY AUNT.

My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone;
I know it hurts her,—though she looks
As cheerful as she can;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost gray;
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she reads as well,
When, through a double convex lens,
She just makes out to spell?

Her father—grandpapa! forgive
This erring lip its smiles—
Vowed she should make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles;
He sent her to a stylish school;
'Twas in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
“Two towels and a spoon.”

They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small;
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins;—
O never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
 My grandsire brought her back
 (By daylight, lest some rabid youth
 Might follow on the track);
 "Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook
 Some powder in his pan,
 "What could this lovely creature do
 Against a desperate man!"

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
 Nor bandit cavalcade,
 Tore from the trembling father's arms
 His all-accomplished maid.
 For her how happy had it been!
 And Heaven had spared to me
 To see one sad, ungathered rose
 On my ancestral tree.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *Poetical Works*.

BEGGARS.

I AM pacing the Mall in a rapt reverie,
 I am thinking if Sophy is thinking of me,
 When I'm roused by a ragged and shivering wretch,
 Who seems to be well on his way to Jack Ketch.

He has got a bad face, and a shocking bad hat;
 A comb in his fist, and he sees I'm a flat,
 For he says, "Buy a comb, it's a fine un to wear;
 O'ny try it, my Lord, through your whiskers and 'air."

He eyes my gold chain, as if greedy to crib it;
 He looks just as if he'd been blown from a gibbet.
 I pause . . . ! I pass on, and beside the club fire
 I settle that Sophy is all I desire.

As I stroll from the club, and am deep'in a strophè
 That rolls upon all that's delightful in Sophy,
 I'm humbly address'd by an "object" unnerving,
 So tatter'd a wretch must be "highly deserving."

She begs,—I am touch'd, but I've great circumspection ;
 I stifle remorse with the soothing reflection
 That cases of vice are by no means a rarity—
 The worst vice of all's indiscriminate charity.

Am I right ? How I wish that my clerical guide
 Would settle this question—and others beside.
 For always one's heart to be hardening thus,
 If wholesome for Beggars, is hurtful for us.

A few minutes later I'm happy and free
 To sip "*Its own Sophykins*" five-o'clock tea :
 Her table is loaded, for when a girl marries,
 What bushels of rubbish they send her from *Barry's* !

"There's a present for *you*, Sir !" Yes, thanks to her
 thrift,
 My Pet has been able to buy me a gift ;
 And she slips in my hand, the delightfully sly Thing,
 A paper-weight form'd of a bronze lizard writhing.

"What a charming *cadeau* ! and so truthfully moulded ;
 But perhaps you don't know, or deserve to be scolded,
 That in casting this metal a live, harmless lizard
 Was cruelly tortured in ghost and in gizzard ?"

"Po-oh !"—says my La ly, (she always says "Pooh"
 When she's wilful, and does what she oughtn't to do !)
 "Hopgarten protests they've no feeling, and so
 It was only their *muscular movement*, you know !"

Thinks I (when I've said *au revoir*, and depart—
 A Comb in my pocket, a Weight—at my heart),
 And when wretched Mendicants writhe, there's a notion
 That begging is only their "*muscular motion*."

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON : *London Lyrics*.



FATHER WILLIAM.

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white ;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right ?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain ;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat ;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason of that ?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple ?"

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet ;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—
Pray, how did you manage to do it ?"

"In my youth, said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife ;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth ; "one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever ;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever ?"

“ I have answered three questions, and that is enough,”
Said his father. “ Don’t give yourself airs !
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff ?
Be off, or I’ll kick you down stairs ! ”

LEWIS CARROLL: *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland.*

THOU AND I.

(FROM STONY CREEK.)

THOU art in happy England,
With peace, content, and joy ;
And there no poisonous reptiles
Thy comfort can destroy ;
No hissing sound the startled ear
With fear of death awakes—
Thou art in happy England,
I, in the land of snakes.

About thy household duties
Serenely thou canst go ;
No fear of fierce tarantulas
Or scorpion brings thee woe ;
And day by day flows calmly on,
And sleep wings through the night—
Thou art in happy England,
I, where mosquitoes bite.

Thou hast the trusty faithful dog,
The quiet harmless cat,
But I the fierce Tasmanian D——,
Opposum, and wombat ;
Familiar objects greet thy sight,
Here all is strange and new—
Thou art in happy England,
I, with the kangaroo.

Thou hast the blithe canary,
 The robin chirps to thee :
 While here the magpies chatter,
 And rail from every tree ;
 Bright parrots glint beneath the sun,
 And shriek their hideous song—
 Thou art in happy England,
 I, wattle-birds among.

Than canst recline in any place,
 And watch the moments pass :
 Here briars and prickles fill the clothes
 While lying on the grass ;
 They stick into the flesh, and sting
 Like gnat, or wasp, or bee—
 But thou in happy England
 From all such plagues art free.

Hurrah for happy England !
 For all the folk at home !
 From hill and dale resounds the cry
 No matter where we roam.
 Rare scenes of beauty greet the sight,
 The balmy air is sweet ;
 But still I sigh for England,
 Where thou and I shall meet.

J. A. LANGFORD: *On Sea and Shore.*



A PARTHIAN GLANCE.

"Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
 Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail."
 ROGERS.

COME, my Crony, let's think upon far-away days,
 And lift up a little Oblivion's veil ;
 Let's consider the past with a lingering gaze,
 Like a peacock whose eyes are inclined to his tail.

Ay, come, let us turn our attention behind,
Like those critics whose heads are so heavy, I fear,
That they cannot keep up with the march of the mind,
And so turn face about for reviewing the rear.

Looking over Time's crupper and over his tail,
Oh, what ages and pages there are to revise !
And as farther our back-searching glances prevail,
Like the emmets, "how little we are in our eyes !"

What a sweet pretty innocent, half-a-yard long,
On a dimity lap of true nursery make !
I can fancy I hear the old lullaby song
That was meant to compose me, but kept me awake.

Methinks I still suffer the infantine throes,
When my flesh was a cushion for any long pin—
Whilst they patted my body to comfort my woes,
Oh ! how little they dreamt they were driving them in !

Infant sorrows are strong—infant pleasures as weak—
But no grief was allow'd to indulge in its note ;
Did you ever attempt a small "bubble and squeak,"
Thro' the Dalby's Carminative down in your throat ?

Did you ever go up to the roof with a bounce ?
Did you ever come down to the floor with the same ?
Oh ! I can't but agree with both ends, and pronounce
"Heads or tails" with a child, an unpleasantish game !

Then an urchin I see myself—urchin, indeed,
With a smooth Sunday face for a mother's delight ;
Why should weeks have an end ?—I am sure there was
 need
Of a Sabbath, to follow each Saturday-night.

Was your face ever sent to the housemaid to scrub?
Have you ever felt huckaback soften'd with sand?
Had you ever your nose towell'd up to a snub,
And your eyes knuckled out with the back of the hand?

Then a school-boy—my tailor was nothing in fault,
For an urchin will grow to a lad by degrees,—
But how well I remember that “pepper and salt”
That was down to the elbows, and up to the knees!

What a figure it cut when as Norval I spoke!
With a lanky right leg duly planted before;
Whilst I told of the chief that was kill'd by my stroke,
And extended *my* arms as “the arms that he wore!”

Next a Lover—Oh! say, were you ever in love?
With a lady too cold—and your bosom too hot!
Have you bow'd to a shoe-tie, and knelt to a glove?
Like a *beau* that desired to be tied in a knot?

With the Bride all in white, and your body in blue,
Did you walk up the aisle—the genteelest of men?
When I think of that beautiful vision anew,
Oh! I seem but the *biffin* of what I was then!

I am wither'd and worn by a premature care,
And my wrinkles confess the decline of my days;
Old Time's busy hand has made free with my hair,
And I'm seeking to hide it—by writing for bays!

THOMAS HOOD: *Poetical Works.*

THE CONTRAST.

IN London I never know what I'd be at,
Enraptured with this, and enchanted with that ;
I'm wild with the sweets of variety's plan,
And life seems a blessing too happy for man.

But the country, Lord help me ! sets all matters right,
So calm and composing from morning to night ;
Oh, it settles the spirits when nothing is seen
But an ass on a common, a goose on a green !

In town, if it rain, why it damps not our hope,
The eye has her choice, and the fancy her scope ;
What harm though it pour whole nights or whole days ?
It spoils not our prospects, or stops not our ways.

In the country, what bliss, when it rains in the fields,
To live on the transports that shuttlecock yields ;
Or go crawling from window to window, to see
A pig on a dunghill or crow on a tree.

In town, we've no use for the skies overhead,
For when the sun rises then we go to bed ;
And as to that old-fashioned virgin the moon,
She shines out of season, like satin in June.

In the country, these planets delightfully glare,
Just to show us the object we want isn't there ;
Oh, how cheering and gay, when their beauties arise,
To sit and gaze round with the tears in one's eyes !

But 'tis in the country alone we can find
That happy resource, the relief of the mind,
When, drove to despair, our last efforts we make,
And drag the old fish-pond, for novelty's sake :

Indeed I must own, 'tis a pleasure complete
 To see ladies well-draggled and wet in their feet;
 But what is all that to the transport we feel
 When we capture, in triumph, two toads and an eel?

I have heard though, that love in a cottage is sweet,
 When two hearts in one link of soft sympathy meet;
 That's to come—for as yet I, alas! am a swain,
 Who require, I own it, more links to my chain.

In the country, if Cupid should find a man out,
 The poor tortured victim mopes hopeless about;
 But in London, thank Heaven! our peace is secure,
 Where for one eye to kill, there's a thousand to cure.

In town let me live then, in town let me die,
 For in truth I can't relish the country, not I.
 If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,
 Oh, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall!

CAPTAIN C. MORRIS.



STYLITES.

A Lyric after SWINBURNE.

FLESHLY POET *apostrophizes the Saint*:

CLOSED eyelids that hide like a shutter,
 Hard eyes that have visions apart,
 The grisly gaunt limbs, and the utter
 And deadly abstraction of heart;
 Whence all that is joyous and bright is
 Expell'd as both vicious and vain,
 O, stony and stolid Stylites,
 Our Patron of Pain!

There can be but warfare between us,
For thine is a spiritual creed,
And mine is the worship of Venus,
On 'raptures and roses' I feed;
Self-torture's thine only employment,
We both feel the bliss and the bane,
For woe will oft spring from enjoyment,
Our Patron of Pain!

Can joys be of Martyrdom's giving?
Men seek them, and change at a breath
The leasures and labours of living,
For the ravings and rackings of death:
To stand all alone on that height is
An action unsought and insane,
O, moveless and morbid Stylites,
Our Patron of Pain!

There are those who still offer to Bacchus,
There are men who Love's goddess still own,
What right have new faiths to attack us?
And why are our shrines overthrown?
There are poets, inspired by Castalia,
Whose lyres have Anacreon's strain,
Whose lives are one long saturnalia,
Our Patron of Pain!

We sing of voluptuous blisses,
Of all that thy rigour would spurn,
Of 'biting' and 'ravenous' kisses,
Of bosoms that beat and that burn;
To all that is earthy and carnal,
Our votaries' souls we would chain,
We breathe of the chamber and charnel,
Our Patron of Pain!

Oho! for the days of sweet vices,
The glory of goddess and Greek!
(For all that most naughty and nice is
Most purely and surely antique.)
O ho! for the days when Endymion
'Thro' love o'er Diana did reign!
These, these were Elysian, St. Simeon,
Our Patron of Pain!

We'll crown us with myrtle and laurel,
 We'll wreathe us in Paphian flowers,
 To be and make others immoral,
 We'll ply our poetical powers;
 Our worship shall be Aphrodite's,
 To woman the wine we will drain,
 O, loveless and lonely Stylites,
 Our Patron of Pain!

By the hunger thine abstinence causes,
 By the thirst of unbearable heat,
 By thy pray'rs which have very few pauses,
 By thy lodging devoid of a seat,
 By sleep that so meagre at night is,
 'Twere better awake to remain,
 Come down from thy pillar, Stylites,
 Our Patron of Pain!

WALTER PARKE: *Lays of the Saintly*



THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

My pipe is lit, my grog is mix'd,
 My certains drawn and all is snug;
 Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,
 And Tray is sitting on the rug.
 Last night I had a curious dream;
 Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

She look'd so fair, she sang so well,
 I could but woo and she was won,
 Myself in blue, the bride in white,
 The ring was placed, the deed was done!
 Away we went in chaise-and-four,
 As fast as grinning boys could flog—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

What loving tête-à-têtes to come!
But tête-à-têtes must still defer!
When Susan came to live with *me*,
Her mother came to live with *her*!
With sister Belle she couldn't part,
But all *my* ties had leave to jog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

The mother brought a pretty Poll—
A monkey too,—what work he made!
The sister introduced a Beau—
My Susan brought a favourite maid.
She had a tabby of her own,—
A snappish mongrel christen'd Gog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

The Monkey bit—the Parrot scream'd,
All day the sister strumm'd and sung;
The petted maid was such a scold!
My Susan learn'd to use her tongue:
Her mother had such wretched health,
She sate and croak'd like any frog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

No longer "Deary," "Duck," and "Love,"
I soon came down to simple "M!"
The very servants cross'd my wish,
My Susan let me down to them.
The poker hardly seem'd my own,
I might as well have been a log—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

My clothes they were the queerest shape!
Such coats and hats she never met!
My ways they were the oddest ways!
My friends were such a vulgar set!
Poor Tomkinson was snubb'd and huff'd—
She could not bear that Mister Blogg—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

At times we had a spar, and then
Mamma must mingle in the song—
The sister took a sister's part—
The Maid declared her Master wrong—
The Parrot learn'd to call me "Fool!"
My life was like a London fog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

My Susan's taste was superfine,
As proved by bills that had no end—
I never had a decent coat—
I never had a coin to spend!
She forced me to resign my Club,
Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

Each Sunday night we gave a rout
To fops and flirts, a pretty list;
And when I tried to steal away,
I found my study full of whist!
Then, first to come and last to go,
There always was a Captain Hogg—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

Now was not that an awful dream
For one who single is and snug—
With Pussy in the elbow-chair
And Tray reposing on the rug?—
If I must totter down the hill,
'Tis safest done without a clog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

THOMAS HOOD: *Poetical Works.*

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE;

OR

THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

A LOGICAL STORY.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it——ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
In hub, tire, fellow, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
That a chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.
But the Deacon swore, (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell yeou,")

He would build one shay to beat the taown
 'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
 It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown:
 —“Fur,” said the Deacon, “’t’s mighty plain
 Thut the weakes’ place mus’ stan’ the strain;
 ’n’ the way t’ fix it, uz I maintain,
 Is only jest
 T’ make that place uz strong uz the rest.”

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
 Where he could find the strongest oak,
 That couldn’t be split nor bent nor broke,—
 That was for spokes and floor and sills;
 He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
 The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,
 The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
 But lasts like iron for things like these;
 The hubs of logs from the “Settler’s ellum,”—
 Last of its timber,—they couldn’t sell ’em,
 Never an axe had seen their chips,
 And the wedges flew from between their lips,
 Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
 Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
 Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
 Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
 Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
 Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
 Found in the pit when the tanner died.
 That was the way he “put her through.”—
 “There!” said the Deacon, “naow she’ll dew!”

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
 She was a wonder, and nothing less!
 Colts grew horses, beards turned grey,
 Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
 Children and grandchildren—where were they?
 But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
 As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and found
 The Deacon’s masterpiece strong and sound.
 Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—
 “Hahnsum kerridge” they called it then.

Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
 Running as usual; much the same.
 Thirty and forty at last arrive,
 And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
 Without both feeling and looking queer.
 In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
 (This is a moral that runs at large;
 Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the Earthquake-day—
 There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
 A general flavour of mild decay,
 But nothing local, as one may say.
 There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art
 Had made it so like in every part
 That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
 For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
 And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
 And the panels just as strong as the floor,
 And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
 And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
 And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
 And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
 In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
 This morning the parson takes a drive.
 Now, small boys, get out of the way!
 Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
 Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
 "Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.
 The parson was working his Sunday's text,—
 Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
 At what the—Moses—was coming next.
 All at once the horse stood still,
 Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
 —First a shiver, and then a thrill,
 Then something decidedly like a spill,—

And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
 At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—
 Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
 —What do you think the parson found,
 When he got up and stared around?
 The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
 As if it had been to the mill and ground!
 You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
 How it went to pieces all at once,—
 All at once, and nothing first,—
 Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
 Logic is logic. That's all I say.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *Poetical Works.*



WHEN GREEK MET GREEK.

Stranger here? Yes, come from Varmount,
 Rutland county. You've hern tell
 Mebbe of the town of Granville?
You born there? No! sho! Well, well!
 You was born at Granville, was you?
 Then you know Elisha Brown,
 Him as runs the old meat market
 At the lower end of town!
 Well! well! well! Born down in Granville!
 And out here, so far away!
 Stranger, I'm homesick already,
 Though it's but a week to-day
 Since I left my good wife standin'
 Out there at the kitchen door,
 Sayin' she'd ask God to keep me;
 And her eyes were runnin' o'er!

You must know ole Albert Withers,
 Henry Bell and Ambrose Cole?
Know them all? And born in Granville!
 Well! well! well! Why, bless my soul!
 Sho! You're not old Isaac's nephew!
 Isaac Green, down on the flat!
 Isaac's oldest nephew,—Henry?
 Well, I'd never thought of that!
Have I got a hundred dollars
I could loan you for a minute,
Till you buy a horse at Marcy's?
 There's my wallet! Just that in it!
 Hold on though! You have ten, mebbe,
 You could let me keep; you see
 I might chance to need a little
 Betwixt now and half past three!
 Ten. That's it; you'll owe me ninety;
 Bring it round to the hotel.
 So you're old friend Isaac's nephew?
 Born in Granville! Sho! Well, well!

What! policeman, did you call me?
That a rascal going there?
 Well, sir; do you know I thought so,
 And I played him pretty fair;
 Hundred-dollar bill I gave him—
 Counterfeit—and got this ten!
 Ten ahead. No! you don't tell me!
This bad, too? Sho! Sold again!

ANON.

AFTER DILETTANTE CONCETTI.

“Why do you wear your hair like a man,
 Sister Helen?
 This week is the third since you began.”
 “I'm writing a ballad; be still if you can,
 Little brother.
 (O Mother Carey, mother!
 What chickens are these between sea and heaven?)”

“But why does your figure appear so lean,
 Sister Helen?
 And why do you dress in sage, sage green?”
 “Children should never be heard, if seen,
 Little brother?
 (O Mother Carey, mother!
 What fowls are a-wing in the stormy heaven!)”

“But why is your face so yellowy white,
 Sister Helen?
 And why are your skirts so funnily tight?”
 “Be quiet, you torment, or how can I write,
 Little brother?
 (O Mother Carey, mother!
 How gathers thy train to the sea from the heaven!)”

“And who’s Mother Carey, and what is her train,
 Sister Helen?
 And why do you call her again and again?”
 “You troublesome boy, why that’s the refrain,
 Little brother.
 (O Mother Carey, mother!
 What work is toward in the startled heaven?)”

“And what’s a refrain? What a curious word,
 Sister Helen!
 Is the ballad you’re writing about a sea-bird?”
 “Not at all; why should it be? Don’t be absurd,
 Little brother.
 (O Mother Carey, mother!
 Thy brood flies lower as lowers the heaven.)”

(A big brother speaketh:)

“The refrain you’ve studied a meaning had,
 Sister Helen!
 It gave strange force to a weird ballad.
 But refrains have become a ridiculous ‘fad,’
 Little brother.
 And Mother Carey, mother,
 Has a bearing on nothing in earth or heaven.

A sharper, prowling near the spot,
Observes the gaping lout,
And soon, with fish-hook fingers, turns
His pockets inside out.

Numps feels the twitch, and turns around;
The thief, with artful leer,
Says, "Sir, you'll presently be robb'd,
For pickpockets are near."

Quoth Numps, "I don't fear London thieves;
I'ze not a simple youth:
My guinea, master, 's safe enough;
I've put in my mouth!"

"You'll pardon me!" the rogue replies:
Then modestly retires;
Numps reassumes the gaping post,
And still the works admires.

The artful prowler takes his stand,
With Humphrey full in view:
When now an infant thief drew near,
And each the other knew.

Then thus the elder thief began:—
"Observe that gaping lout!
He's got a guinea in his mouth,
And we must get it out."

"Leave that to me!" young Filch replied;
"I have a scheme quite pat:
Only observe how neat I'll clear
The gaping country flat."

By this time Numps, who'd gazed his fill,
Was trudging through the street,
When the young pilferer, tripping by,
Falls prostrate at his feet.

"O, dear! O, dear! my money's lost!"

The artful urchin moans;
While halfpence, falling from his hand,
Roll jingling o'er the stones.

The passengers now stoop to find,
And give the boy his coin;
And Humphrey, with a friendly hand,
Deigns cordially to join.

"Here are your pence," quoth Numps; "my boy,
Be zure you holds 'em faster!"

"My pence! quoth Filch: "here are my pence;
But where's my guinea, master?"

"Help, help, good folks! for mercy, help!"
Bawls out the hopeful youth;

"He picked my guinea up just now,
And has it in his mouth!"

The elder rascal, lurking near,
Now close to Humphrey draws,
And, seizing on his gullet, plucks
The guinea from his jaws.

Then roars out—"Masters, here's the coin;
I'll give the child his guinea!
But who'd have thought to see a thief
In this same country ninny?"

Humphrey, astonished, thus began—
"Good measter, hear me, pray!"
But, "Duck him! duck him!" is the cry:
At length he sneaks away.

"And now," quoth Numps, "I will believe
What often I've heard zaid;
That London thieves would steal the teeth
Out of a body's head!"

ANON.



BEHOLD THE DEEDS!

(Chant Royal.)

[Being the Complaint of Adolphe Culpepper Ferguson, Salesman of Fancy Notions, held in durance of his Landlady for a failure to connect on Saturday night.]

I.

I WOULD that all men my hard case might know ;
 How grievously I suffer for no sin ;
 I, Adolphe Culpepper Ferguson, for lo !
 I, of my landlady am lockéd in,
 For being short on this sad Saturday,
 Nor having shekels of silver wherewith to pay ;
 She has turned and is departed with my key ;
 Wherefore, not even as other boarders free,
 I sing (as prisoners to their dungeon stones
 When for ten days they expiate a spree) :
 Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones !

II.

One night and one day have I wept my woe ;
 Nor wot I when the morrow doth begin,
 If I shall have to write to Briggs & Co.,
 To pray them to advance the requisite tin
 For ransom of their salesman, that he may
 Go forth as other boarders go alway——
 As those I hear now flocking from their tea,
 Led by the daughter of my landlady
 Piano-ward. This day for all my moans,
 Dry bread and water have been servéd me,
 Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones !

III.

Miss Amabel Jones is musical, and so
 The heart of the young he-boarder doth win,
 Playing "The Maiden's Prayer," *adagio*——
 That fetcheth him, as fetcheth the banco skin

The innocent rustic. For my part, I pray :
 That Badarjewska maid may wait for aye
 Ere sits she with a lover, as did we
 Once sit together, Amabel ! Can it be
 That all that arduous wooing not atones
 For Saturday shortness of trade dollars three ?
 Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones !

IV.

Yea ! she forgets the arm was wont to go
 Around her waist. She wears a buckle whose
 pin
 Galleth the crook of the young man's elbow ;
 I forget not, for I that youth have been.
 Smith was aforetime the Lothario gay.
 Yet once, I mind me, Smith was forced to stay
 Close in his room. Not calm, as I, was he ;
 But his noise brought no pleasaunce, verily.
 Small ease he gat of playing on the bones,
 Or hammering on his stove-pipe, that I see.
 Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones !

V.

Thou, for whose fear the figurative crow
 I eat, accursed be thou and all thy kin !
 Thee will I show up—yea, up will I show
 Thy too thick buckwheats, and thy tea too thin.
 Ay ! here I dare thee, ready for the fray !
 Thou dost *not* “keep a first-class house,” I say !
 It does not with the advertisements agree.
 Thou lodgest a Briton with a puggaree,
 And thou hast harboured Jacobses and Cohns,
 Also a Mulligan. Thus denounce I thee !
 Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones !

Envoy.

Boarders ! the worst I have not told to ye :
 She hath stolen my trousers, that I may not flee
 Privily by the window. Hence these groans,
 There is no fleeing in a *robe de nuit*.
 Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones !

THE DEVIL OF NAMES.

A LEGEND.

AT an old-fashioned inn, with a pendulous sign,
 Once graced with the head of the king of the kine,
 But innocent now of the slightest "design,"
 Save calling low people to spurious wine,—
 While the villagers, drinking and playing "all fours,"
 And cracking small jokes with vociferous roars,
 Were talking of horses, and hunting, and—scores
 Of similar topics a bar-room adores,
 But which rigid morality greatly deplores,
 Till as they grew high in their bacchanal revels,
 They fell to discoursing of witches and devils,—
 A neat single rap,
 Just the ghost of a tap,
 That would scarcely have awakened a flea from his nap,
 Not at all in its sound like your "Rochester Knocking,"
 (Where asses in herds are diurnally flocking),
 But twice as mysterious, and vastly more shocking,
 Was heard at the door by the people within,
 Who stopped in a moment their clamorous din,
 And ceased in a trice from their jokes and their gin;
 When who should appear
 But an odd-looking stranger, somewhat "in the sere,"
 (He seemed at the least in his sixtieth year),
 And he limped in a manner exceedingly queer,
 Wore breeches uncommonly wide in the rear,
 And his nose was turned up with a comical sneer,
 And he had in his eye a most villanous leer,
 Quite enough to make any one tremble with fear!
 Whence he came,
 And what was his name,
 And what his purpose in venturing out,
 And whether his lameness was "gammon" or gout,

Or merely fatigue from strolling about,
Were questions involved in a great deal of doubt,—
 When, taking a chair,
 With a sociable air,
Like that which your “Uncle”’s accustomed to wear,
Or a broker determined to sell you a share
In his splendid “New England Gold-mining” affair,
He opened his mouth and went on to declare
That he was a *devil*!—“The devil you are!”
Cried one of the guests assembled there,
With a sudden start and a frightened stare.
“Nay, don’t be alarmed,” the stranger exclaims,
“At the name of the devil,—*I’m the Devil of Names!*
 You’ll wonder why
 Such a devil as I,
Who ought, you would say, to be devilish shy,
Should venture in here with never a doubt,
And let the best of his secrets out :
 But mind you, my boys,
 It’s one of the joys
Of the cunningest woman and craftiest man,
To run as quickly as ever they can,
And put a confidant under ban
Not to publish their favourite plan!
 And even the de’il
 Will sometimes feel
A little of that remarkable zeal,
And (when it’s safe) delights to tell
The very deepest *arcana* of—well ;—
Besides, my favour this company wins,
For I value, next to capital sins,
Those out-and-outers who revel in inns.
 So, not to delay,
 I’m going to say,
In the very fullest and frankest way,
All about my honours and claims,
Projects and plans, and objects and aims,
And *why* I’m called ‘The Devil of Names!’
 I cheat by false graces,
 And duplicate faces,
 And treacherous praises,
And by hiding bad things under plausible phrases.

I'll give you a sample,
By way of example.

Here's a bottle before me, will suit to a T
For a nice illustration : this liquor, d'ye see,
Is the water of death, though toppers agree
'To think it, and drink it, as pure '*eau de vie* ;'
I know what it is,—that's sufficient for me !
For the blackest of sins, and crimes, and shames,
I find soft words and innocent names.
The Hells devoted to Satan's games
I christen 'Saloons' and 'Halls ;' and then,
By another contrivance of mine again,
They're only haunted by 'sporting men,'—
A phrase which many a gamester begs,
In spite of the saw that 'eggs is eggs,'
To whiten his nigritudinous legs !

" To debauchees I graciously grant
The favour to be 'a little gallant,'
And soften vicious vagrancy down,
By civilly speaking of 'men about town ;'
 There's cheating and lying
 In selling and buying,
And all sorts of frauds and dishonest exactions,
I've brought to the smallest of moral infractions,
Merely by naming them 'business transactions !'
There's swindling, now, is vastly more fine
As 'Banking,'— lucky invention of mine,
Worth ten in the *old* diabolical line !

" In lesser matters it's all the same,
I gain the thing by yielding the name ;
It's really quite the broadest of jokes,
But, on my honour, there's plenty of folks
So uncommonly fond of verbal cloaks,
They can't enjoy the dinners they eat,
Court the 'muse of the twinkling feet,'
Laugh or sing, or do anything meet
For Christian people, without a cheat
To make their happiness quite complete.
 The Boston saints
 Are fond of these feints :

A theatre rouses the loudest complaints,
Till it's thoroughly purged from pestilent taints
By the charm of a name and a pious *Te Deum*,—
Yet they patronize actors, and handsomely fee 'em !
Keep (shade of 'the Howards !') a gay 'Athenæum,'
And have, above all, a harmless 'Museum,'
Where folks who love plays may religiously see 'em !

“ But leaving a trifle which cost me more trouble
By far than the worth of so flimsy a bubble,
I come to a matter which really claims
The studious care of the Devil of Names.
There's 'Charity' now,——”

But the lecture was done,
Like old Goody Morey's, when scarcely begun ;
The devil's discourse by its serious teaching
Had set 'em a-snoring, like regular preaching !
One look of disdain on the sleepers he threw,
As in bitter contempt of the slumbering crew,
And the devil had vanished without more ado,—
A trick, I suspect, that he seldom plays you !

JOHN GODFREY SAXE: *Poems*.

MY OLD HAT.

I HAD a hat—it was not all a hat,
Part of the brim was gone—yet still I wore
It on, and people wondered as I passed.
Some turned to gaze—others just cast an eye
And soon withdrew it, as 'twere in contempt.
But still my hat, although so fashionless
In complement extern, had that within
Surpassing show—my head continued warm ;
Being sheltered from the weather, spite of all
The want (as has been said before) of brim.

A change came o'er the colour of my hat.
That which was black grew brown—and then men stared
With both their eyes (they stared with one before).
The wonder now was twofold ; and it seemed
Strange that a thing so torn and old should still
Be worn by one who might—but let that pass !
I had my reasons, which might be revealed
But for some counter-reasons, far more strong,
Which tied my tongue to silence. Time passed on,
Green spring, and flowery summer, autumn brown,
And frosty winter came,—and went and came,
And still through all the seasons of two years,
In park and city, yea, at parties—balls—
The hat was worn and borne. Then folks grew wild
With curiosity, and whispers rose,
And questions passed about—how one so trim
In coats, boots, ties, gloves, trousers, could ensconce
His caput in a covering so vile.

A change came o'er the nature of my hat.
Grease-spots appeared—but, still in silence, on
I wore it, and then family, and friends
Glared madly at each other. There was one
Who said—but hold—no matter what was said ;
A time may come when I—away, away—
Not till the season's ripe can I reveal
Thoughts that do lie too deep for common minds—
Till then the world shall not pluck out the heart
Of this my mystery. When I will, I will !
The hat was now greasy, and old, and torn,
But torn, old, greasy, still I wore it on.

A change came o'er the business of this hat.
Women, and men, and children scowled on me—
My company was shunned—I was alone !
None would associate with such a hat—
Friendship itself proved faithless for a hat.
She that I loved, within whose gentle breast
I treasured up my heart, looked cold as death—
Love's fires went out—extinguished by a hat.

Of those who knew me best, some turned aside,
 And scudded down dark lanes ; one man did place
 His finger on his nose's side, and jeered ;
 Others in horrid mockery laughed outright ;
 Yea, dogs, deceived by instinct's dubious ray,
 Fixing their swart glare on my ragged hat,
 Mistook me for a beggar, and they barked.
 Thus women, men, friends, strangers, lovers, dogs,
 One thought pervaded all—it was my hat.

A change, it was the last, came o'er this hat,
 For lo ! at length the circling months went round :
 The period was accomplished—and one day
 This tattered, brown, old greasy coverture
 (Time had endeared its vileness) was transferred
 To the possession of a wandering son
 Of Israel's fated race—and friends once more
 Greeted my digits with the wonted squeeze :
 Once more I went my way, along, along,
 And plucked no wondering gaze ; the hand of scorn
 With its annoying finger, men, and dogs,
 Once more grew pointless, jokeless, laughless, growlless—
 And last, not least of rescued blessings, love !
 Love smiled on me again, when I assumed
 A bran-new chapeau of the Melton build ;
 And then the laugh was mine, for, then out came
 The secret of this strangeness—'twas *a bet*,—
 A friend had laid me fifty pounds to ten,
 Three years I would not wear it—and *I did !*

ANON.

MY WOOING.

ONE evening, many months ago,
 We two conversed together ;
 It must have been in June or so,
 For sultry was the weather.
 The waving branches made the ground
 With lights and shadows quiver ;
 We sat upon a grassy mound
 That overhung a river.

We thought, as you've perhaps inferred,
Our destinies of linking :
But neither of us spoke a word,
For each of us was thinking.
Her ma had lands at Skibbereen,
Her pa estates in Devon ;
And she was barely seventeen,
And I was thirty-seven.

We gathered blossoms from the bank,
And in the water flung them :
We watched them as they rose and sank
With flakes of foam among them.
As towards the falls in mimic race
They sailed—these heads of clover—
We watched them quicken in their paece,
We watched them tumble over.

We watched them ; and our calm repose
Seemed calmer for their troubles ;
We watched them as they sank and rose
And battled with the bubbles.
We noticed then a little bird,
Down at the margin, drinking :
But neither of us spoke a word,
For each of us was thinking.

At length I thought I fairly might
Declare my passion frantic :
(The scenery, I'm sure, was quite
Sufficiently romantic.)
I'd heard a proverb short and quaint,
My memory—though shady—
Informed me it began with "faint,"
And finished up with "lady."

I summoned then the pluck to speak :
(I felt I'd have to, one day,
I only saw her once a week,
And this was only Monday.)

I called her angel, duck, and dove,
I said I loved her dearly,
My words—the whisperings of Love—
Were eloquent, or nearly.

I told her that my heart was true,
And constant as the river:
I said, "I'll love you as I do,
'For ever and for ever!'
Oh! let me hear that voice divine—"
I stopped a bit and listened;
I murmured then, "Be mine, be mine,"
She said, "I won't!"—and isn't.

EDWIN HAMILTON: *Dublin Doggerels.*



THE SEPTEMBER GALE.

I'm not a chicken; I have seen
Full many a chill September,
And though I was a youngster then,
That gale I well remember;
The day before, my kite-string snapped,
And I, my kite pursuing,
The wind whisked off my palm-leaf hat;—
For me two storms were brewing!

It came as quarrels sometimes do,
When married folks get clashing;
There was a heavy sigh or two,
Before the fire was flashing,—
A little stir among the clouds,
Before they rent asunder,—
A little rocking of the trees,
And then came on the thunder.

Lord! how the ponds and rivers boiled!
They seemed like bursting craters!
And oaks lay scattered on the ground
As if they were p'taters;

And all above was in a howl,
And all below a clatter,—
The earth was like a frying-pan,
Or some such hissing matter.

It chanced to be our washing-day,
And all our things were drying;
The storm came roaring through the lines,
And set them all a flying;
I saw the shirts and petticoats
Go riding off like witches;
I lost, ah! bitterly I wept,—
I lost my Sunday breeches!

I saw them straddling through the air,
Alas! too late to win them;
I saw them chase the clouds, as if
The devil had been in them;
They were my darlings and my pride,
My boyhood's only riches,—
"Farewell, farewell," I faintly cried,—
"My breeches! O my breeches!"

That night I saw them in my dreams,
How changed from what I knew them!
The dews had steeped their faded threads,
The winds had whistled through them!
I saw the wide and ghastly rents
Where demon claws had torn them;
A hole was in their amplest part,
As if an imp had worn them.

I have had many happy years,
And tailors kind and clever,
But those young pantaloons have gone
For ever and for ever!
And not till fate has cut the last
Of all my earthly stitches,
This aching heart shall cease to mourn
My loved, my long-lost breeches!

A SILLY OLD MAN.

A SEA-SIDE DITTY.

MID all the nasty things that come to make our tempers smart,
It's very nice in middle age to have a childish heart,
'To feel—although you've got a house, and taxes coming due—
The little joys of early life possess a charm for you.
My boys and girls are growing up ; I'm fifty in a day ;
And all the hair that time has left has turned a doubtful grey ;
And yet I jump and skip about and sing a song of glee,
Because we're off to spend a month beside the sounding sea.
Where I shall wear my holland clothes, and tuck them up and
wade,
And buy myself an air-balloon, a bucket, and a spade.

I've packed my box and corded it, and seen my boys to bed,
And now I'm in the drawing-room and standing on my head ;
I really can't contain myself, I shout and rub my hands,—
Oh, won't I build a castle with a moat upon the sands !
I know this week I've lost a lot of money upon 'Change,
I know the kitchen boiler's burst and spoilt the kitchen range,
I know my wife declares she wants another hundred pounds,
And I should weep and tear my hair, because I've ample
grounds ;
But visions of to-morrow's bliss bid all my sorrows fade,—
There's comfort in an air-balloon, a bucket, and a spade.

I ought to be a solemn chap, and dress in black, and frown,
And do as other fathers do when going out of town ;
I ought to count the cost of it, and look extremely riled,
And swear that all the packing-up will send me nearly wild.
And when I reach the lovely sea I ought to take a seat,
Or walk about a mile a day and grumble at the heat ;
But oh, I can't contain myself, I'm off my head with joy,
And won't I get my trousers wet and be a naughty boy !
For I shall wear my holland clothes, and tuck them up and
wade,
And buy myself an air-balloon, a bucket, and a spade.

CAREY, OF CARSON.

THE night-mist dim and darkling,
As o'er the roads we pass,
Lies in the morning sparkling
As dewdrops on the grass.
E'en so the deeds of darkness,
Which come like midnight dews,
Appear as sparkling items
Next morning in the news.

Away in Carson city,
Far in the Silver Land,
There lives one Justice Carey,
A man of head and hand;
And as upon his table
The Judge a-smoking sat
There rowdied in a rougher
Who wore a gallows hat.

He looked upon the Justice,
But Justice did not budge
Until the younger warbled,
"Say—don't you know me, Judge?"
"I think," said Carey meekly,
"Your face full well I know,—
I sent you up for stealing
A horse a year ago."

"Ay, that is just the hair-pin
I am, and that's my line;
And here is twenty dollars
I've brought to pay the fine."
"You owe no fine," said Carey,
"Your punishment is o'er."
"Not yet," replied the rover,
"I've come to have some more

“Fust-rate assault and batt’ry
I’m goin’ to commit,
And you’re the mournful victim
That I intend to hit,
And give you such a scrampin’
As never was, nohow;
And so, to save the lawin’,
I guess I’ll settle now.”

Up rose the Court in splendour;
“Young man, your start is fair,
Sail in, my son, sail over,
And we will call it square!
Go in upon your chances,—
Perhaps you may not miss;
I like to see young heroes
Ambitionin’ like this.”

The young one at the older
Went in with all his heft,
And, like a flyin’ boulder,
At once let out his left;
The Court, in haste, ducked under
Its head uncommon spry,
Then lifted the intruder
With a puncher in the eye,—

A regular right-hander;
And like a cannon-ball,
The young man, when percussioned,
Went over on the wall.
In just about a second,
The Court, with all its vim,
Like squash-vines o’er a meadow,
Went climbing over him.

Yea, as the pumpkin clambers
Above an Indian grave,
Or as the Mississippi
Inunders with its wave,
And merrily slops over
A town in happy sport,
E’en so that man was clambered
All over by the Court.

And in about a minute
That party was so raw,
He would have seemed a stranger
Unto his dearest squaw;
Till he was soft and tender,
This morsel once so tough,
And then, in sad surrender,
He moaned aloud, "Enough!"

He rose; and Justice Carey
Said to him ere he went,
"I do not think the fightin'
You did was worth a cent.
I charge for time two dollars,
As lawyers should; 'tis plain;
The balance of the twenty
I give you back again.

"I like to be obligin'
To folks with all my powers,
So when you next want fightin'
Don't come in office hours;
I only make my charges
For what's in legal time,—
Drop in, my son, this evenin',
And I'll not charge a dime."

The young man took the guerdon,
As he had ta'en the scars;
Then took himself awayward
To the 'Ginia City cars.
'Tis glorious when heroes
Go in to right their wrongs;
But if you're only hair-pins,
Oh, then beware of tongs!

CHARLES G. LELAND: *Brand-New Ballads.*

MR. AND MRS. SIMPKINS.

A DOMESTIC NARRATIVE.

MR. SIMPKINS lived at Leeds, and he had a wife beside,
Who, as she wore the breeches, had often wished to ride :
She asked him for a horse, and he yielded to her folly,
And said, "I'm always *mollified* by you, my dearest *Molly*."

This horse he had six legs, and I will prove it true,
He lifted up his *fore* legs, and yet he stood on two !
Down tumbled Mrs. Simpkins, and her frightened spouse averred
"My lamb's as 'dead as mutton'—for she doesn't say a word !"

They packed her in a coffin, and he bade them nail it fast :
In funeral array to the parish church they passed.
"Go on, my friends," said Simpkins, "I will follow at my
leisure,
For wherefore should I make a trouble of a pleasure ?"

At night a "resurrection-man" resolved the corpse to raise,
With pickaxe oped the coffin and at the fair did gaze ;
The noise awaked the lady—"Good gracious, Sir !" cried she,
"What are you with that axe about ?" "Why ax about ?"
said he.

Away he ran—she after him, and to the stable hied
Where Simpkins then caressed the horse by which herself had
died ;
When in came neighbour Horner, and said he, "I'll buy that
beast,
If you think he'll do for my wife as he did for the deceased."

"I thank you, Sir," said Simpkins, "but I cannot take your
pelf,
Nor sell a beast that promises such profit to myself.
I'd gladly do you service—but I hope you'll not be vexed,
For as I mean to wed again, I'll keep him for my next."

"You dog!" cried Mrs. Simpkins, as she seized him by the hair,

"Disown your lawful wife now, you villain, if you dare—
I was only in a *trance*, and you *entranced*—'tis true;
But though you lived to bury me, I'll live to bury you!"

The digger looked so *grave*—yet he spoke such words in season
That, though told by me in rhyme, they brought the loving pair
to reason;

Then Simpkins kissed his wife, "I'm yours till death!" he
cried,

"So, when, my dearest Molly, will you take another ride?"

ANON



THE FEMALE OPIUM-EATER.

THERE was a noble lady,
As fair as fair could be,
And when she did whate'er she pleased,
A gentle dame was she!
But when controlled, her dark eye told
Of rage within restrained,
And she ceased to be a gentle dame,
Until her point was gained.
Her lover in the city dwelt,
Full three long leagues away;
Her uncle bade her spurn the youth—
Oh! how could she obey!
She nightly wept, she never slept;
At length she thought she'd try
An opium draught, which ev'ry morn
Her page went forth to buy.

"Why daily goes thy page to town?"

Her noble uncle cries;

"To seek the doctor's shop," says she,

"Where opium draughts he buys."

“What need hast thou of opium draughts?”

“I’d fain forget the past,
And all my foolishness it now
Is fading from me fast.”
The uncle smiled, well pleased at this,
And walked away content;
And unmolested to the town
The page was daily sent;
And daily from the town he brought
A bottle of small size;
His lady snatched it from his hand
And bore away the prize.

She bore it to her secret bower,
And then she turned the key,
And there were none her words to hear,
And none her acts to see;
She daily round the bottle found
A short sweet sentence traced;
She broke the seal, and then began
Unfolding it in haste,
And then she read with throbbing heart
(Love’s ardour never stops),
Till she devoured the contents
(The writing, not the drops):
And daily from her casement high
The opium drops did flow,
Till on a shelf stood fifty
Empty bottles in a row!

Upon that grim and ghastly row
The lady’s maid did gaze;
The footman to their hollowness
A wondering glance did raise;
The page who saw them, simpering, said,
“Alas! ’tis pretty clear
If she takes so much doctor’s stuff
She will not long be here!”
Her uncle saw the bottles, too,
And saw them with affright;
He counted them—he scarcely could
Believe he counted right!

“The dose is strong—thou’lt dose too long;
 At counsel do not scoff;
 Some night, my dear, a drop too much
 May chance to take thee off.”

Next morn the page went early forth
 Along the well-known track,
 And soon with the composing draught
 Composedly rode back;
 A doctor (it was rumoured),
 Muffled up, was by his side,
 But one beneath the doctor’s cloak
 A soldier’s garb espied!
 That night (by medical advice)
 The dame tried change of air!
 This bulletin her uncle read
 Next morning in despair:
 “The dear departed owns your warning
 Words were true enough,
 By bottle number fifty-one
 Your niece was taken off!”

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.



A WELL-TANNED YARN.

He was six-foot-one this son of a gun,
 And mahogany brown was his nature;
 With a rum-bloom nose of the tint of a rose,
 And a log of some forty-eight year.
 On the Western pier he cried “What cheer!”
 As your humble servant he followed,
 And he clapt a paw to the side of his jaw,
 While with might and main he halloed:

“Ahoy! a sail! I’ll tell you a tale
 O’ the roaring, stormy sea!
 There was Capen Brown and First Luff Down,
 And Doctor Dickoree;

And me and Doe, the Holy Joe,
And Jim with the squint and stutler,
And Tom and Ike and Irish Mike
Adrift in the second cutter.

“ We sailed away on a summer’s day
Aboard o’ the Gal-a-te-a,
For as long a cruise as the Cap. should choose—
His instructions being free-a ;
And we made the shore just off Singypore,
At Pekin spent some days, oh ;
We called on the Pope at the Cape o’ Good Hope,
And we wisited Wollop-a-rayso.

“ It was off Japan as our woes began,
For we met with a hurricano,
And the poor old frigate begun to jig it
And groan as if full of pain, oh !
And Capen Brown took the big chart down—
As in dooty bound for to study—
With a pipe in his mouth, sou’west by south,
In the forrard part o’ the cuddy.

“ Now, the Galatea was a-going free,
When she struck on the rocks that day
On the larboard tack, and she broke her back,
And the devil and all to pay.
Some took to the boats with some biscuits and groats,
As she went down in fathoms five ;
And eight was the boats with the biscuits and groats,
And ninety the seamen alive.

“ First cutter went west, and she did her best
To leave all her mates behind her,
The barge went east, with the waves like yeast,
And lay well up in the wind-er ;
The jolly-boat kept herself afloat,
While the pinnace was always baling ;
And the Capen’s gig and the dingy big
Went off to the south’ard sailing.

“ The poor old launch to a rock said craunch,
And drove a hole in her bottom ;
But they made a plug o’ the purser’s rug,
And the jackets o’ them as had got ’em.
Then lay on their oars—just twice two fours
As they kep’ us astarn and nigh by,
Till a big wave came as if for a game
And rocked ’em all off to bye-bye.

“ So there we ten o’ the best o’ men
All lay alone on the sea ;
There was Capen Brown and First Luff Down,
And Doctor Dickoree ;
And me, and Doe, and Holy Joe,
And Jim with the squint and stutter,
And Tom, and Ike, and Irish Mike,
Adrift in the second cutter.

“ We set a sail in the teeth of the gale,
And away to the north did go ;
Then we tugged at the oar for a fortnit more—
When the wind refused for to blow ;
But we made no port, and the grub run short,
And the water was likewise failing ;
And the Skipper and Luff says the sitation’s rough,
As they poured the last half-pint a pail in.

“ Then Capen Brown who had hungry grown,
Unravelled a worsted stocking ;
Made a hook of a pin, and he did begin
To fish, but his luck was shocking.
So what did he do, and the First Luff too,
But feed on his upper leathers,
While upon my sole I filled up a hole,
And nibbled the Captain’s feathers.

“ ‘ Oh, there nothin’ to ate is, not even praties,’
Says Irish Mike, ‘ to our sorrow ;’
‘ Nor nothin’ to suck,’ says Ike, ‘ worse luck.’
Says Tom, ‘ and there’s nowt to-morrow.’

Says squinting Jim, as we looked at him,
‘I want my reg’lar rations.’
Says my messmate Doe, ‘I’m so hollow, oh.’
Says the Holy Joe, ‘have patience!’

“ ‘For food I iteh, but hang soap and pitch,’
Says Jim, with the squint and stutter.
Says Tom, ‘I yearn for my mother’s churn,
Soft tack, and the easy butter.’
Says Doe, ‘I ain’t satisfied with paint
As I’ve seraped all off o’ the gunwale.’
Says me, ‘For your back rope’s-end’s the tack—
But not for your inside funnel.’

“ ‘And you mustn’t go,’ then says Holy Joe,
‘And of that there ain’t no question,
To eat any more of Her Majesty’s store
On account of your indigestion.
For paint and oakum if you take and poke ’em,
And suck ’em like babes do corals,
They’ll make you sore to the very core,
And be bad for your box o’ morals.’

“ ‘Parson Wood is right,’ says our Skipper tight,
‘So we must and will wait for eargo;
For paint and rope and canvas and soap
As wittles, boys, don’t very far go.’
But First Luff Down says, ‘Capen Brown,
Afore we proceeds any further,
The thing to be done is to just eat one
Or else we shall eat one another.’

“ ‘Ho, fie! Oh, No!’ says the Holy Joe,
With his hand on his heart—or lower.
‘Ay, ay!’ says the crew, and ‘yes, that might do,’
Says the Skipper, beginning to glower;
For the Chaplain was fat as an old maid’s cat,
And beside being there no use, he
Took up much space—being full of grace,
And uncommonly round and juiey.

“ ‘ They calls it *long pig*, ’ says Tom, looking big,
 As he took out his knife to whet it,
 ‘ Whether roast or biled, if it’s kep’ it’s spiled,
 But don’t we wish we may get it ! ’
 And for nine days more with our conscience sore,
 We sat round that boat, all starving ;
 Full of brotherly love as a sucking dove,
 While our eyes were our messmates carving.

“ ‘ Avast, Luff Down, ’ says Capen Brown,
 ‘ And Chaplain, you just please listen—
 This can’t go on ’ ; and his port eye shone,
 And his starboard began for to glisten :—
 ‘ My British crew is all ready to do,
 And fight or sail every rum Jack ;
 But the British sinner allus wants his dinner,
 And can’t work on an empty stum-jack.

“ ‘ So I’m sure the Church, with us in the lurch,
 Will do at a pinch its jewty,
 And just like a martyr—the whole or the part, or——
 Why parson, you do look a beauty !
 I’d stand the rack, oh, but I’d taste of ’bacco,
 And the Luff here, of rum and powder,
 And of biscuit and junk each lad from his bunk
 With a savour of bilge and chowder.

“ ‘ While you—no guile to give us bile,
 No flavour or flaw to spoil you ;
 So smooth, so good for spirit and food,
 I only wish we could boil you.’
 Then the chaplain plump give a kind of jump,
 As he saw sharp teeth all round him,
 And our messmates all without any call,
 His snickersee he ground him.

“ ‘ You can’t spare me, ’ says the chaplain he,
 ‘ And, beside, fair play’s a jewel ;
 In a case like this the old plan is
 To be square, sir, and never cruel,

I understand who, so be, in a crew,
From skipper right down to bo'sun,
Goes into the pot, it's done by lot,
And they all eat the one as is chosen.'

" 'Ay, ay, that's fair!' says everyone there,
 'The parson's a reg'lar treasure ;'
And skipper and man and the luff began
 For to lick round his lips with pleasure.
While there quite pat, with a pencil and hat,
 And ten pieces o' pocket-book paper—
It was just like a game—Joe put down a name,
 Then shook 'em all up with a caper.

" 'Now who draws fust?' 'Oh, the skipper must ;'
 And he chose his bit like a martyr.
Then First Luff Down followed Capen Brown,
 And the Doctor he came arter ;
And me and Doe, and the Holy Joe,
 And Jim with the squint and stutter,
And Tom, and Ike, and Irish Mike,
 Aboard o' the second cutter.

" 'Then we all sat there with a curus stare,
 A-wondering who'd be eaten,
And go to pot for the rest o' the lot,
 And whether he'd have much meat on ?
For some looked rough and terrible tough,
 And some looked tall and taper ;
And we all felt a wish, for the sake o' the dish,
 That Joe's was the mourning paper.

" 'Ten-tion ! Open out !' did the skipper shout ;
 And without any noise or bustle,
Each paper in hand was slowly scanned,
 But, somehow, it would just rustle.
And blank after blank ran round the rank,
 And nobody seemed to spot it,
Till, slapping his thigh, says the chaplain, ' My !
 By Jingo ! the Doctor's got it.'

“ Old Dickoree, he grinned, you see,
And he shook his head in its socket,
As he saw each Jack haul in his slack,
And stick his hand in his pocket.
Says he, ‘ Werry well ; but it’s all a sell,
And I can’t say my pieces be with you,
For inside and out I suffer from gout,
And I’m sure that I shouldn’t agree with you.’

“ ‘ You can leave us a pill, case we should turn ill,’
Says the Capen, with hunger leering,
‘ Or make up a draught, to be freely quaffed,
On the symptomses fust appearing.’
‘ Yes, that would be best ; but the medicine chest—
It isn’t aboard the boat, sir,’
Says Doctor Dick, with a look round quick,
‘ And your lives won’t be worth a groat, sir.’

“ ‘ Well, if I’m to die,’ with a cast of the eye,
Says Ike, that was quite a-brightener,
‘ I’ll die quite game, if it’s all the same,
But after a really good tightener.’

“ ‘ Right, sirs, all here,’ says the crew with a cheer.
Says the skipper, ‘ Old lad, you hear ’em,
They’ve took your stuff till they’ve had enough,
And they’ll now take you, don’t fear ’em.’
‘ And you’ll do ’em good,’ says Chaplain Wood.
‘ It’s the way, sir, with all things nasty.’
‘ And we’ll eat you raw, so hold your jaw ;
You won’t be made in a pasty.’

“ The hungry Luff said those last words rough,
And he took Rhubarb by the shoulder ;
But the Doctor laughed, and the Fust Luff chaffed,
And grew every moment bolder.
‘ Avast, let’s hear,’ said the crew, with a sneer,
As the Doctor he looked round grinning,
And held up his hand, as the crew he scanned,
The following medicine spinning :

“ ‘For the sake of the pot, we’ll again cast lot,
But right into grief you’ll burgeon
If you interfere with this person here—
Your highly-accomplished surgeon.
This here’s my plan to save each man,
And the boat’s crew, and altogether,
And so as to row, to the first port, oh!
In rough or the calmest weather.

“ ‘Choose a man by lot, and then all hot,
I’ll take off his leg in a twinkle,
Right up to the hip, as neat as a chip—
Do you take my ingenious wrinkle?
No kill, no waste; and perhaps a taste
Would be comforting, too, to the patien’,
And so each in turn, as you’ll have to learn,
You’ll live on your regular ration.

“ ‘For, my lads, quite reg, I can take off a leg,
Say a left, and still go on healing,
Till all lefts are done, and the rights begun,
In fair right straightforward dealing.’
The skipper looked glum, then he said ’twas rum—
‘And suppose all the legs was eaten;
With a no-legged crew, what should I do,
Why, shouldn’t we still be beaten?’

“ ‘Says the Doctor, ‘Do with a no-legged crew!
Why, they’d still be alive—not kicking,
And their hunger to charm, I’d take off an arm,
It’s of no use at trifles sticking.’
‘But arms gone and legs, no false arms or pegs,
When rough-weather limbs are in limbo?’
The Doctor said ‘mum,’ but his eye was not dumb,
As he winked, and stood arms well a-kimbo.

“ ‘All hands cast lots,’ no worse than shots,
And none o’ the legs arn’t wasted,
Leave the Doctor out, did the skipper shout—
That arternoon food we tasted.

And two fortni'ts more the strong and the sore
 Lived hearty on——understanding,
 While never a ship, or of rock a rip,
 Came in sight for the cutter's landing.

“ Old Dickoree, he says, says he,
 When the last wing was finished one Friday,
 And arter our wittles we sat up like skittles,
 All neat round the boat, and tidy :
 ‘ I’ve saved all your lives by the use o’ my knives,
 And cured you with sticking plaster,
 So now, you see, that in sparing me,
 You’re saved from a great disaster.’

“ ‘ But we’re still afloat in this blessed boat,
 In spite of your carving clever,
 And here be we, nine figgerheads at sea,
 And all just as hungry as ever.’
 Says Capen Brown, and says First Luff Down,
 ‘ What next, old body mender ?’
 ‘ What next, dear boy,’ with a smile of joy,
 ‘ *The next thing’s steaks—and tender !*’

“ ‘ Avast !’ stand by !’ in words so high,
 Cried the Cap, with his features paling,
 I’d raise a hand, but I cannot stand,
 And my appetite is a-failing,
 Let’s all try restin’, by way o’ digestin’.
 But the Doctor, he stropped his razor,
 ‘ My life’s at stake, so, for everyone’s sake,
 I must cut, spite of all you say, sir.’

“ It was werry horrid, in them regions torrid,
 To see the old surgeon leerin’
 With eyes half-shut, for the tend’re rest cut,
 And him all the while half-jeerin’.
 ‘Twas a terrible sight, and we couldn’t fight,—
 You can’t when you’ve got no limbseys,
 And though you fret, you stand where you’re set,
 And your hold on the bottom flimsy ’s.

“It was just eight bells, and the Chaplain’s yells
 Rang out, as the Doctor took him,
 With hooklike claw for to use him raw,
 For the men couldn’t nowise cook him;
 And we all turned pale, when ‘A-hoy, a sail!’
 Rung out on the heaving ocean,
 And the First Luff’s nose pynted ‘There she goes!’
 For he hadn’t no hands to motion.

“That sail was a bark, and afore the dark
 She come on the ily sea, sir,
 For Capen Brown and First Luff Down,
 And Doctor Dickoree, sir;
 And me, and Doe, and the Holy Joe,
 And Jim with the squint and stutter;
 And Tom, and Ike, and Irish Mike,
 Nine hulks in the second cutter.”

“But, my long yarn-spinner of a cannibal dinner,”
 Said I, when his tale was ended,
 “For the sake of vietuals, you were human skittles,
 While now—don’t you see?—you’re mended.”
 He hauled slaek tight, kicked out his right,
 As he saw that his tale I seouted,
 Looked down at his wrists, and spat in his fists:
 “Ay, mate—they’ve grow’d—they’ve sprouted.”

G. MANVILLE FENN: *Hood’s Comic Annual*, 1836.



YE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF TOM THUMB.

THERE once lived a man, and he was a small ’un,
 And some folks would say he wasn’t a tall (at all) ’un;
 But his life and his deeds were so very “rum,”
 He was “50 O.P.” this little Tom Thumb.

’Tis said that he lived on bacon and beans;
 And sometimes he dined on salt pork and greens,
 But he thought that such feeding was rather humdrum,
 “I’ve gone the whole hog,” said little Tom Thumb.

The story books tell how the brindled cow ate him,
But that is all wrong, for a sheep first did get him;
Which is proved by his words, though 'tis doubted by some,
"I've walked into his mutton," said little Tom Thumb.

One day, as his mother was making some paste,
Tom fell into it, as he wanted to taste,
So he was mixed up, as he looked like a crumb,
"I'm off on the batter," said little Tom Thumb.

His mother then covered a pie with the crust,
Put it into the oven, when out her son burst,
He looked rather warm, but he cried out "By gum,
Done brown, I declare," said little Tom Thumb.

A pedlar came past, said the "pie is bewitched,"
Put it into his bag, then suddenly hitched
It over his shoulder, walked off with his chum,
"It's over the left," said little Tom Thumb.

As Tom once was crossing a river close by,
A salmon snapped at him, as it would a fly;
But as it was dark, Tom sang rather mum,
"I'm down in the mouth," said little Tom Thumb.

Next day a black raven poor Tom did espy,
Which carried him up in the heaven so high;
If the bird let him go, to the ground he would come,
"I'll be dashed if I do," said little Tom Thumb.

But just at the time when the bird let him go,
A cook, with a basin of broth, passed below,
Tom fell into it, straight down as a plumb,
"I'm a broth of a boy," said little Tom Thumb.

The cook got a fright, and he lost all his wits;
At least, what he had were all smashed to bits;
For he thought, in his face he'd got all the scum,
"It's all in my eye," said little Tom Thumb.

He grabbed at poor Tom, and took him to town,
And swore in a waterbutt he would him drown ;
But water was scarce, not enough for a "Tum,"
"It's all up the spout," said little Tom Thumb.

But at last a whole regiment of soldiers came round,
And from that day to this Tom's never been found ;
But I've heard said, that he lives in the drum,
"I'm bound up in parchment," said little Tom Thumb.

This tale may be long for such a short man,
And yet I've curtailed it as much as I can ;
But of poor little Tom, you've the whole total sum ;
So that's the sum total of little Tom Thumb.

JAMES A. SIDEY, M.D.: *Mistura Curiosa.*



MAN AND THE BIRDS.

WE wish to declare how the birds of the air
A high Institutions designed,
And holding in awe, art, science, and law,
Delivered the same to mankind.

To begin with : of old Man went naked and cold
Whenever it pelted or froze,
Till we showed him how feathers were proof against weathers ;
With that he bethought him of hose.

And next it was plain that he in the rain
Was forced to sit dripping and blind,
While the reed-warbler swung in a nest with her young,
Deep-sheltered and warm from the wind.

So our homes in the boughs made him think of the house ;
And the swallow, to help him invent,
Revealed the best way to economise clay,
And bricks to combine with cement.

The knowledge withal of the carpenter's awl
 Is drawn from the nuthatch's bill,
 And the sand-marten's pains in the hazel-clad lanes
 Instructed the mason to drill.

Is there one of the arts more dear to men's hearts,
 To the bird's inspiration they owe it;
 For the nightingale first sweet music rehearsed,
 Prima donna, composer, and poet.

The owl's dark retreats showed sages the sweets
 Of brooding to spin or unravel
 Fine webs in one's brain, philosophical, vain—
 The swallows the pleasures of travel;

Who chirped in such strain of Greece, Italy, Spain,
 And Egypt, that men, when they heard,
 Were mad to fly forth from their nests in the north,
 And follow the tail of the bird.

Besides, it is true to our wisdom is due
 The knowledge of sciences all,
 And chiefly those rare Metaphysics of air
 Men Meteorology call;

For, indeed, it is said a kingfisher when dead
 Has his science alive in him still;
 And, hung up, he will show how the wind means to blow,
 And turn to the point with his bill.

And men in their words acknowledge the birds'
 Erudition in weather and star;
 For they say, " 'Twill be dry—the swallow is high;"
 Or, "Rain—for the chough is afar."

'Twas the rook who taught men vast pamphlets to pen,
 Upon Social Compact and Law,
 And Parliaments hold, as themselves did of old,
 Exclaiming, "Hear, hear!" for "Caw, caw!"

When they build, if one steal, so great is their zeal
For justice, that all, at a pinch,
Without legal test will demolish his nest,
And hence is the trial by Lynch.

And whence arose love? Go ask of the dove,
Or behold how the titmouse, unresting,
Still early and late ever sings by his mate,
To lighten her labours of nesting.

Their bonds never gall, though the leaves shoot and fall,
And the seasons roll round in their course;
For their Marriage each year grows more lovely and dear,
For they know not decrees of Divorce.

That these things are truth we have learned from our youth,
For our hearts to our customs incline,
As the rivers that roll from the fount of our soul,
Immortal, unchanging, divine.

Man, simple and old, in his ages of gold,
Derived from our teaching true light,
And deemed it his praise in his ancestors' ways
To govern his footsteps aright.

But the fountain of woes, Philosophy, rose,
And what betwixt Reason and Whim,
He has splintered our rules into sections and schools,
So the world is made bitter for him.

But the birds, since on earth they discovered the worth
Of their souls, and resolved, with a vow,
No custom to change for a new or a strange,
Have attained unto Paradise now.

WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE: *The Paradise of Birds.*

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

OH, when I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blithe and kind!—
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the teardrop from my eye,
To cast a look behind!

A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
A top a joyous thing;
But now those past delights I drop,
My head, alas! is all my top,
And careful thoughts the string!

My marbles—once my bag was stored,—
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,
With Theseus for a taw!
My playful horse has slipt his string,
Forgotten all his capering,
And harnessed to the law!

My kite—how fast and far it flew!
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew
My pleasure from the sky!
'Twas papered o'er with studious themes,
The tasks I wrote—my present dreams
Will never soar so high!

My joys are wingless all and dead;
My dumps are made of more than lead;
My flights soon find a fall;
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,
Joy never cometh with a hoop,
And seldom with a call!

My football's laid upon the shelf;
I am a shuttlecock myself
The world knocks to and fro;
My archery is all unlearned,
And grief against myself has turned
My arrows and my bow!

No more in noontide sun I bask;
My authorship's an endless task,
My head's ne'er out of school:
My heart is pained with scorn and slight,
I have too many foes to fight,
And friends grown strangely cool!

The very chum that shared my cake
Holds out so cold a hand to shake,
It makes me shrink and sigh:
On this I will not dwell and hang,
The changeling would not feel a pang
Though these should meet his eye!

No skies so blue or so serene
As then;—no leaves look half so green
As clothed the playground tree!
All things I loved are altered so,
Nor does it ease my heart to know
That change resides in me!

Oh, for the garb that marked the boy,
The trousers made of corduroy,
Well inked with black and red;
The crownless hat, ne'er deemed an ill—
It only let the sunshine still
Repose upon my head!

Oh, for the riband round the neck!
The careless dog-ears apt to deck
My book and collar both!
How can this formal man be styled
Merely an Alexandrine child,
A boy of larger growth?

Oh, for that small, small beer anew!
And (heaven's own type) that mild sky-blue
That washed my sweet meals down;
The master even!—and that small Turk
That fagged me!—worse is now my work—
A fag for all the town!

Oh for the lessons learned by heart!
Ay, though the very birch's smart
Should mark those hours again;
I'd "kiss the rod," and be resigned
Beneath the stroke, and even find
Some sugar in the cane!

The Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed,
The Fairy Tales in school-time read,
By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun!
The angel form that always walked
In all my dreams, and looked and talked
Exactly like Miss Brown!

The *omne bene*—Christmas come!
The prize of merit, won for home—
Merit had prizes then!
But now I write for days and days,
For fame—a deal of empty praise,
Without the silver pen!

'Then "home, sweet home!" the crowded coach—
'The joyous shout—the loud approach—
'The winding horns like rams'!
'The meeting sweet that made me thrill,
'The sweetmeats almost sweeter still,
No "satis" to the "jams!"—

When that I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blithe and kind!—
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the teardrop from my eye,
To cast a look behind!

CHRISTMASSING À LA MODE DE SLUMOPOLIS.

I SAW a lady up a court that leads to Drury-lane,
She held her head between her hands, and seemed to be in
pain.

She'd two black eyes, a broken nose, and bruises half a score,
She sat and moaned upon a step beside an open door.

"What's up?" I said; "you seem in grief." She answered
with a sigh,

"We've been a-keepin' Christmas, sir, and Bill has blacked
my eye."

"Your nose is damaged very much—you've lost a dozen teeth,
I see your head is sadly cut, your battered hat beneath;
Your face is very wan and white, excepting where it's black,
And, by the way you twist about, it's clear you've pains that
rack."

"It's nothin', sir," she answered me, with quite an angry
frown;

"We've been a-keepin' Christmas up, and Bill has knocked me
down."

"Why don't you seek your little home, and bandage up your
head,

And bathe your face, and wash yourself, and lie upon the
bed?

You must be cold upon the step, in such a shocking state—
Come, come, poor soul, go home at once, and seek your lawful
mate."

"I can't go home," the woman growled, "the landlord's turned
us out—

We've been a-keepin' Christmas, sir,—our things is up the
spout."

“ Well, where’s your husband ? ” then I said ; “ his place is by his wife ;

He should’nt leave you in the streets to risk your precious life. He’s blacked your eye and cut your head, but still he is your spouse,

And ought at least to remedy the fruits of his carouse.”

“ My husband, sir,” the woman sobbed, “ in quod he’s got to stop,

He’s been a-keepin’ Christmas, sir, and jumpin’ on a slop.”

“ Your children, surely, where are they—you are not quite alone ?

A little boy, or little girl—come, don’t sit there and moan.

Where are your children, what of them, they can’t be drunk at least,

Or overcome, like you and Bill, with this the Church’s feast ? ”

“ I had a child,” the woman cried, “ poor little thing—it’s dead—

I’d been a-keepin’ Christmas, sir, and laid on it in bed.”

I left the woman with a coin—it went, no doubt, in gin—

And thought of how this time of joy is made a time of sin ;

How homes are ruined, limbs are maimed, and helpless children killed,

While prison cells and workhouse wards with maddened fools are filled.

I thought of Christ’s sweet carnival to heathen rites “ demeaned,”

And Christmas made the harvest-time of Drink—hell’s fiercest fiend.

G. R. SIMS : *The Lifeboat, etc.*

HANS BREITMANN'S* 'BARTY.'

[* BREITMANN, 'broad (or huge) man,' has the hint in it of a big swaggerer or burly boaster. HANS is the commonest of all Christian names in Germany, being equivalent to our JOHN.]

HANS BREITMANN gif a barty;
 Dey hat biano blayin',
 I fell'd in luf mit a 'Merican frau,†
 Her name vas Madilda Yane.
 She hat haar ash prawn ash a pretzel,‡
 Her eyes vas himmel-plue,§
 Und ven dey looket indo mine,
 Dey shplit mine heart in doo.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty,
 I vent dere, you'll be pound;
 I valtz't mit Madilda Yane,
 Und vent shpinnen' roundt und roundt.
 Der pootiest Fraulein|| in der hause,
 She vayed' pout doo hoondred poundt,
 Und efery dime she gif a shoomp
 She make der vinders sound.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty,
 I dells you, it cosht him dear;
 Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks
 Of foost-rate lager-peer.¶
 Und venefer dey knocks der shpicket** in
 Der Deuschers gifs a cheer;
 I dinks dat so vine a barty
 Nefer coom to a het†† dis year.

† 'Frau:' *Ger.* A wife.

‡ 'Brezel,' or 'Bretzel,' a cracknel or bun in the shape of a letter B (or nearer still to the figure 8), flavoured with salt.

§ 'Himmel-blau:' heavenly, or sky-blue.

|| 'Fraulein:' *Ger.* Young lady.

¶ 'Lager-bier:' the common German drink used in the United States, so named from improved quality being kept in a cellar or warehouse; from '*lagern*,' to store up.

** 'Shpicket,' *i.e.* spigot.

†† 'Come to a head,' a simile common enough in America, drawn by the vulgar from the uncertain progress of imposthumes, and used to denote the success, or non-success, that may attend any undecided affair. In England the phrase is occasionally employed, as 'the conspiracy came to a head.'

Hans Breitmann gif a barty;
 Dere all vash Souse undt Brouse,*
 Ven der sooper comed in, de gompany
 Did make demselves to house;†
 Dey ate das Brot und Gensy-broost,‡
 Der Bratwurst und Braten vine,§
 Undt vash der Abendessen || down
 Mit vour parrels ov Neckarwein. ¶

Hans Breitmann gif a barty;
 Ve all cot troonk ash bigs.
 I poot mine mout' to a parrel of peer
 Undt emptied it oop mit a schwigs;
 Und den I giss'd Madilda Yane
 Und she schlog me on der kop,**
 Und der gompany vighted mit duple-lecks
 Dill der coonshtable mate oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty—
 Where ish dat barty now?
 Where ish der lufly colden gloud
 Dat float on der moundain's prow?
 Where ish de himmelstrahlende stern††—
 De shtar of de shpirit's light?
 All gon'd afay mit der lager-peer—
 Afay in de ewigkeit! ‡‡

CHARLES G. LELAND: *Hans Breitmann's Ballads.*

Notes by J. Camden Hotten (Ward, Lock & Co.)

* 'Saus und Braus;' *Ger.* Riot and Bustle.

† 'To house;' Americanism for 'at home.'

‡ 'Das Brot und Gensy-broost;' *Ger.* 'Das Brod und Gänsebrust' (bread and white meat of the goose, the latter cut from the breast, and cured by smoking).

§ 'Der Bratwurst und Braten vine;' sausages and roast meats fine.

|| 'Abendessen;' *Ger.* Supper.

¶ 'Neckarwein;' wine grown on the Neckar.

** 'Schlog me on der kop,' for 'Schlug mich auf den Kopf;' struck me on the head.

†† 'Himmelstrahlende stern;' *Ger.* 'Heavenly-shining star.'

‡‡ 'Ewigkeit;' *Ger.* 'Eternity;' 'gone for ever.'

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the river-side,
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the tide ;
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and slim,
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,
Upon a moonlight evening, a-sitting in the shade ;
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,
“ I’m wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away.”

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,
“ I guess I’ll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks should
see ;
I read it in the story-book, that, for to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont,—and I will swim this here.”

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining
stream ;
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam ;
O there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain,—
But they have heard her father’s step, and in he leaps again !

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—“ O what was that, my
daughter ? ”
“ ’Twas nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water.”
“ And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast ? ”
“ It’s nothing but a porpoise, sir, that’s been a-swimming past.”

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—“ Now bring me my harpoon !
I’ll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow soon.”
Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white lamb,
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like seaweed on a
clam.

Alas for those two loving ones! she waked not from her swoond,
And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was
drowned;

But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe,
And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down below.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *Poetical Works.*



BRAMBLE-RISE.

WHAT changes greet my wistful eyes
In quiet little Bramble-Rise,

The pride of all the shire;
How alter'd is each pleasant nook;—
And used the dumpy church to look
So dumpy in the spire?

This Village is no longer mine;
And though the inn has changed its sign,
The beer may not be stronger;
The haunt of butterflies and bees
Is now a street, the cottages
Are cottages no longer.

The mud is brick, the thatch is slate,
The pound has tumbled out of date,
And all the trees are stunted:
Surely these thistles once grew figs,
These geese were swans, and once the pigs
More musically grunted.

Where boys and girls pursued their sports
A locomotive puffs and snorts,
And gets my malediction;
The turf is dust—the elves are fled—
The ponds have shrunk—and tastes have spread
To photograph and fiction.

Ah, there's a face I know again,
There's Patty trotting down the lane
 To fill her pail with water;
Yes, Patty! but I fear she's not
The tricky Pat that used to trot,
 But Patty,—Patty's daughter!

And has she, too, outlived the spells
Of breezy hills and silent dells
 Where childhood loved to ramble?
Then life was thornless to our ken,
And, Bramble-Rise, thy hills were then
 A rise without a bramble.

Whence comes the change? 'Twere simply told;
For some grow wise, and some grow cold,
 And all feel time and trouble:
If Life an empty bubble be,
How sad for those who cannot see
 The rainbow in the bubble!

And senseless too, for Madame Fate
Is not the fickle reprobate
 That moody folk have thought her;
My heart leaps up, and I rejoice
As falls upon my ear thy voice,
 My little friskful Daughter.

Come hither, Fairy, perch on these
Thy most unworthy father's knees,
 And tell him all about it.
Are dolls a sham? Can men be base?
When gazing on thy blessed face
 I'm half prepared to doubt it.

* * *

Though life is call'd a weary jaunt,
Though earthly joys, the wisest grant,
 Have no enduring basis;
It's pleasant, if I must be here,
To find with Puss, my Daughter dear,
 A little cool oasis!

Oh, may'st thou some day own, sweet Elf,
 A Pet just like thy winsome self,
 Her sanguine thoughts to borrow;
 Content to use her brighter eyes,
 Accept her childish ecstasies,—
 If need be share her sorrow.

The wisdom of thy prattle cheers
 My heart; and when outworn in years,—
 When homeward I am starting,
 My Darling, lead me gently down
 To life's dim strand: the skies may frown,
 —But weep not for our parting.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON: *London Lyrics*.



DEATH'S RAMBLE.

ONE day the dreary old King of Death
 Inclined for some sport with the carnal,
 So he tied a pack of darts on his back,
 And quietly stole from his charnel.

His head was bald of flesh and of hair,
 His body was lean and lank,
 His joints at each stir made a crack, and the cur
 Took a gnaw, by the way, at his shank.

And what did he do with his deadly darts,
 This goblin of grisly bone?
 He dabbled and spill'd man's blood, and he kill'd
 Like a butcher that kills his own.

'The first he slaughter'd it made him laugh
 (For the man was a coffin-maker)
 To think how the mutes, and men in black suits,
 Would mourn for an undertaker.

Death saw two Quakers sitting at church :
Quoth he, " We shall not differ."
And let them alone, like figures of stone,
For he could not make them stiffer.

He saw two duellists going to fight,
In fear they could not smother ;
And he shot one through at once—for he knew
They never would shoot each other.

He saw a watchman fast in his box,
And he gave a snore infernal ;
Said Death, " He may keep his breath, for his sleep
Can never be more eternal."

He met a coachman driving his coach
So slow, that his fare grew sick ;
So he let him stray on his tedious way,
For Death only wars on the *quick*.

Death saw a toll-man taking a toll,
In the spirit of his fraternity ;
But he knew that sort of man would extort,
Though summon'd to all eternity.

He found an author writing his life,
But he let him write no further ;
For Death, who strikes whenever he likes,
Is jealous of all self-murder !

Death saw a patient that pulled out his purse,
And a doctor that took the sum ;
But he let them be—for he knew that the " fee "
Was a prelude to " faw " and " fum."

He met a dustman ringing a bell,
And he gave him a mortal thrust ;
For himself, by law, since Adam's flaw,
Is contractor for all our dust.

He saw a sailor mixing his grog,
 And he mark'd him out for slaughter :
 For on water he scarcely had cared for Death,
 And never on rum-and-water.

Death saw two players playing at cards,
 But the game wasn't worth a dump,
 For he quickly laid them flat with a spade,
 To wait for the final trump !

THOMAS HOOD: *Poetical Works*.



CHILDISH REMINISCENCES.

PROPT on the marsh, a dwelling now, I see
 'The humble school-house of my A, B, C,
 Where well-drilled urchins, each behind his tire,
 Waited in ranks the wished command to fire,
 Then all together, when the signal came,
 Discharged their *a-b abs* against the dame.
 Daughter of Danaus, who could daily pour
 In treacherous pipkins her Pierian store,
 She, 'mid the volleyed learning firm and calm
 Patted the furloughed ferule on her palm,
 And, to our wonder, could divine at once
 Who flashed the pan, and who was downright dunce.

There young Devotion learned to climb with ease
 The gnarly limbs of Scripture family-trees,
 And he was most commended and admired
 Who soonest to the topmost twig perspired ;
 Each name was called as many various ways
 As pleased the reader's ear on different days,
 So that the weather, or the ferule's stings,
 Colds in the head, or fifty other things,
 Transformed the helpless Hebrew thrice a week
 To guttural Pequot or resounding Greek,
 The vibrant accent skipping here and there,
 Just as it pleased invention or despair ;
 No controversial Hebraist was the Dame ;
 With or without the points pleased her the same ;

If any tyro found a name too tough,
And looked at her, pride furnished skill enough ;
She nerved her larynx for the desperate thing,
And cleared the five-barred syllables at a spring.

Ah, dear old times ! there once it was my hap,
Perched on a stool, to wear the long-ear'd cap ;
From books degraded, there I sat at ease,
A drone, the envy of compulsory bees ;
Rewards of merit, too, full many a time,
Each with its woodcut and its moral rhyme,
And pierced half-dollars hung on ribbons gay
About my neck—to be restored next day,
I carried home, rewards as shining then
As those which deck the lifelong pains of men,
More solid than the redemanded praise
With which the world beribbons later days.
Ah, dear old times ! how brightly ye return !
How, rubbed afresh, your phosphor traces burn !
The ramble schoolward through dew-sparkling meads ;
The willow-wands turned Cinderella steeds ;
The impromptu pin-bent hook, the deep remorse
O'er the chance-captured minnow's inchlong corse ;
The pockets, plethoric with marbles round,
That still a space for ball and pegtop found,
Nor satiate yet could manage to confine
Horsechestnuts, flagroot, and the kite's wound twine,
And, like the prophet's carpets could take in,
Enlarging still, the popgun's magazine ;
The dinner carried in the small tin pail,
Shared with the dog, whose most beseeching tail
And dripping tongue and eager ears belied
The assumed indifference of canine pride ;
The caper homeward, shortened if the cart
Of neighbour Pomeroy, trundling from the mart,
O'ertook me,—then, translated to the seat,
I praised the steed, how staunch he was and fleet,
While the bluff farmer, with superior grin,
Explained where horses should be thick, where thin,
And warned me (joke he always had in store)
To shun a beast that four white stockings wore.

What a fine natural courtesy was his !
 His nod was pleasure, and his full bow bliss ;
 How did his well-thumbed hat, with ardour rapt,
 Its decorous curve to every rank adapt !
 How did it graduate with a courtly ease
 The whole long scale of social differences,
 Yet so gave each his measure running o'er,
 None thought his own was less, his neighbour's more,
 The squire was flattered, and the pauper knew
 Old times acknowledged 'neath the threadbare blue !
 Dropped at the corner of the embowered lane,
 Whistling I wade the knee-deep leaves again,
 While eager Argus, who has missed all day
 The sharer of his condescending play,
 Comes leaping onward with a bark elate
 And boisterous tail to greet me at the gate ;
 That I was true in absence to our love
 Let the thick dog's-ears in my primer prove."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *Biglow Papers* (Introduction).

THE LANG COORTIN.

THE ladye she stood at her lattice high,
 Wi' her doggie at her feet ;
 Through the lattice she can spy
 The passers in the street.

"There's one that standeth at the door,
 And tirlleth at the pin :
 Now speak and say, my popinjay,
 If I sall let him in."

Then up and spake the popinjay
 That flew abune her head :
 "Gae let him in that tirls the pin :
 He cometh thee to wed."

O when he cam' the parlour in,
A woeful man was he !
“ And dinna ye ken your lover agen,
Sae well that loveth thee ? ”

“ And how wad I ken ye loved me, Sir,
That have been sae lang away ?
And how wad I ken ye loved me, Sir ?
Ye never telled me sae.”

Said—“ Ladye dear,” and the salt, salt tear
Cam' rinnin' doon his cheek,
“ I have sent thee tokens of my love
This many and many a week.

“ O didna ye get the rings, Ladye,
The rings o' the gowd sae fine ?
I wot that I have sent to thee
Four score, four score and nine.”

“ They cam' to me,” said the fair ladye.
“ Wow, they were flimsie things ! ”
Said—“ that chain o' gowd, my doggie to howd,
It is made o' thae self-same rings.”

“ And didna ye get the locks, the locks,
The locks o' my ain black hair,
Whilk I sent by post, whilk I sent by box,
Whilk I sent by the carrier ? ”

“ They cam' to me,” said the fair ladye ;
“ And I prithee send nae mair ! ”
Said—“ that cushion sae red, for my doggie's head,
It is stuffed wi' thae locks o' hair.”

“ And didna ye get the letter, Ladye,
Tied wi' a silken string,
Whilk I sent to thee frae the far countrie,
A message of love to bring ? ”

“ It cam’ to me frae the far countrie
Wi’ its silken string and a’ ;
But it wasna prepaid,” said that high-born maid,
“ Sae I gar’d them tak’ it awa’.”

“ O ever alack that ye sent it back,
It was written sae clerkly and well !
Now the message it brought, and the boon that it sought,
I must even say it mysel’.”

Then up and spake the popinjay,
Sae wisely counselled he.
“ Now say it in the proper way :
Gae doon upon thy knee !”

The lover he turned baith red and pale,
Went doon upon his knee :
“ O Ladye, hear the waesome tale
That must be told to thee !

“ For five lang years, and five lang years,
I coorted thee by looks ;
By nods and winks, by smiles and tears,
As I had read in books.

“ For ten lang years, O weary hours !
I coorted thee by signs ;
By sending game, by sending flowers,
By sending Valentines.

“ For five lang years, and five lang years,
I have dwelt in the far countrie,
Till that thy mind should be inclined
Mair tenderly to me.

“ Now thirty years are gane and past,
I am come frae a foreign land :
I am come to tell thee my love at last—
O Ladye, gie me thy hand !”

The ladye she turned not pale nor red,
But she smiled a pitiful smile :
“ Sic’ a coortin’ as yours, my man,” she said,
“ Takes a lang and a weary while ! ”

And out and laughed the popinjay,
A laugh of bitter scorn :
“ A coortin’ done in sic’ a way,
It ought not to be borne ! ”

Wi’ that the doggie barked aloud,
And up and doon he ran,
And tugged and strained his chain o’ gowd,
All for to bite the man.

“ O hush thee, gentle popinjay !
O hush thee, doggie dear !
There is a word I fain wad say,
It needeth he should hear ! ”

Aye louder screamed that ladye fair
To drown her doggie’s bark :
Ever the lover shouted mair
To make that ladye hark :

Shrill and more shrill the popinjay
Upra’sed his angry squall :
I trow the doggie’s voice that day
Was louder than them all !

The serving-men and serving maids
Sat by the kitchen fire :
They heard sic’ a din the parlour within
As made them much admire.

Out spake the boy in buttons
(I ween he wasna thin),
“ Now wha will tae the parlour gae,
And stay this deadlie din ? ”

And they have taen a kerchief,
Casted their keivils in,
For wha should tae the parlour gae,
And stay that deadlie din.

When en that boy the kevil fell
To stay the fearsome noise,
“Gae in,” they cried, “whate’er betide,
Thou prince of button-boys!”

Syne, he has taen a supple cane
To swinge that dog sac fat :
The doggie yowled, the doggie howled
The louder aye for that.

Syne, he has taen a mutton-bane—
The doggie ceased his noise,
And followed doon the kitchen stair
The prince of button-boys!

Then sadly spake that ladye fair,
Wi’ a frown upon her brow :
“O dearer to me is my sma’ doggie
Than a dozen sic’ as thou!

“Nae use, nae use for sighs and tears :
Nae use at all to fret :
Sin’ ye’ve bided sae well for thirty years,
Ye may bide a wee langer yet!”

Sadly, sadly, he crossed the floor
And tirlèd at the pin :
Sadly went he through the door
Where sadly he cam’ in.

“Oh gin I had a popinjay
To fly abune my head,
To tell me what I ought to say,
I had by this been wed.

“O gin I find anither ladye,”
 He said wi’ sighs and tears,
 “I wot my coortin’ sall not be
 Anither thirty years :

“For gin I find a ladye gay,
 Exactly to my taste,
 “I’ll pop the question, aye or nay,
 In twenty years at maist.”

LEWIS CARROLL: *Rhyme? and Reason?*

AMOS DUNN’S WOOING.

BILLY has won his sweetheart,
 And Billy’s a happy man ;
 Here’s health and luck to him and his duck,
 His snug little Mary Ann.
 There’s many a smart young feller
 Would jump at a swop with Bill,
 When up in the chancel Parson stands,
 And, axing the lass, as he joins their hands,
 “Come, Mary Ann,
 Will you have this man ? ”
 She rayther believes she will.

Now, seeing we’re snug and hearty,
 A-doing our pipes and pots,
 And the thoughts, I swear, of the youngsters there,
 Is running on true-love knots,
 If any one’s *very* pressing,
 And says as he won’t take Nay,
 I’ll tell you a tale as is strictly true,
 Conveying the moral to them as woo—
 That modest and shy
 Is all my eye,
 And himperence wins the day.

There wasn't in all the parish
 A patch upon Amos Dunn ;
 Six-foot, sir, good, in his shoes he stood,
 And nearer to six-foot one—
 Lithe as a weeping willer,
 And game as the Putney Pet ;
 Hambrosial curls and an 'eavenly leg ;
 Biceps as rose like a goose's egg ;
 Eyes of the blue
 As could look you through,
 And never feared nothing yet.

And didn't the girls adore him !
 Now, didn't they just, I say !
 They set their cap at that luckless chap,
 In the most outfacing way.
 They was waving their hands from winders—
 They was peeping from ev'ry door ;
 He couldn't just nod to Jane or Grace,
 But Sally was ready to slap her face ;
 A smile from Dunn
 Was heaven to one,
 And hanging to twenty more.

There was Molly a-blowing kisses,
 And Susie—the baker's Sue—
 A-slipping a note in the tale of his coat,
 As he sat in his mother's pew.
 They met him in lanes and corners,
 They chivied him here and there ;
 He couldn't well marry the lot all through,
 And, seeing as nothing but that would do,
 He'd have swopped his soul
 For a carroty poll,
 And hoptics as warn't a pair.

Of course there was lots of fellers
 Would rather have liked the fun,
 And felt resigned, if the girls was kind—
 But it wasn't that way with Dunn.

You'd have thought as them brazen lasses
Had cured him of loutish tricks ;
But, somehow or other—I can't tell why—
The lad, to the last, was desp'ate shy ;
 And oggles and grins
 They pricked like pins,
And kisses were worse nor kicks.

He wasn't a milksop, neither—
Poor Amos was far from that ;
He could sing with the best when properly pressed ;
 He'd plenty of pleasant chat.
 On market-days at the Ploughshare
 There wasn't a chap so gay.
But set him to talk to the women-folk,
And, my ! you'd think as he meant to choke ;
 And, coax as they would,
 It was all no good—
The deuce of a word he'd say.

And now, sirs, the p'int's a-coming !
The lasses was getting low ;
They shook their head, and they sighed, and said,
 " It's clear as it's all no go.
 No nail in a pauper's coffin
 Was ever more hard and grim ;
It isn't no use to curl your hair ;
He takes no notice of what you wear ;
 He's a reggerler stock,
 And the sweetest frock
Is nothing on earth to him.

" He's no more heart nor a milestone—
I've done with the monster—there ! "
And down on their beds they'd bury their heads
A-sobbing in sheer despair.
He's no more heart nor a milestone"—
They muttered it o'er and o'er ;
But, hang it ! sure, as an egg's an egg,
The boot was quite on the other leg :
 He'd a heart and a half,
 But the stupid calf
Had give it away before !

A widder had done the bizness,
 A couple of miles away,
 Who boasted a shape like a dead-ripe grape,
 And a fut like a shower in May ;
 A voice like a buttered crumpet,
 A laugh like the chimes a-ring,
 Two sparkling eyes, so merry and brown,
 Like sunbeams frolicking up and down,
 And a chin and cheek
 Where, hide-and-go-seek,
 The dimples would peep and spring.

She wasn't not quite a chicken,
 Confessing to thirty-three ;—
 Well, lads may sigh for a school-girl shy,
 A woman full-ripe for me.
 Her husband, a general dealer,
 Through taking his glass too free,
 To a better world with a bust had gone,
 But his relic' carried the bizness on ;
 And into the shop
 Young Amos would drop
 For sugar and soap and tea.

A widder ain't ky nor timid—
 She meets you a good half-way ;
 She wants no stuff, and a wink's enough
 To tell her the time of day.
 Dunn's face was a round-hand copy,
 And needed no spelling through ;
 Why, bless you, the very first time he came,
 She was up to the drift of his little game ;
 He'd only to speak,
 " Shall it be next week ? "
 And the answer was, " Done with you ! "

She see he was deadly bashful,
 A-blushing about the shop ;
 But so was her John, and she'd twiddled him on,
 Till finally *he* went Pop.

So she wasn't at all downhearted,
And says to herself, just so,
"He wants encouraging, poor young man !
The last was as bad when he first began ;
A widder with tact
May be safely backed
To show him the road to go."

"The course of true love don't never
Run smooth," you'll have heard it said :
I tell you it ran for that young man
Like ile on a good bald head.
You never see nothing like it,
When, blushing from hair to boots,
He axed for his sugar or soap, with a grin—
The sugar and soap she threwed him in !
The smiles and the yearns
As she give by turns,
Mixed up like her candied fruits !

She might heave soft sighs at a mummy,
Or oggle the pump as well ;
The further she crept, the backer he stept,
A-shrinking inside his shell.
"It really is too provoking,"
She'd sigh, as she drank her tea,
"Such terrible waste of time as this !
It's all very well with a gawky miss,
But practical folk
Don't relish the joke,
And it isn't the style for me."

At last, after months of waiting,
She thought as the ile was struck.
He was doing his best to empty his breast
Of summat as kind o' stuck.
"It's coming," she says, "it's coming,"
And modestly drops her eyes ;
At last he stammers, a-plucking up cheek,
"My mother is killing a pig next week,
And I hope as a friend
Might ventur' to send
A couple of nice pork-pies."

There come not very long arter
 The busiest time o' year ;
 'Twas a month or more ere he crossed her door,
 Or ever beheld his dear.
 But the very first off-night sees him
 A-tramping it through the dust.
 He sighs to himself, "It's awful weak !
 Each time as I start I means to speak,
 But the moment I tries,
 I catches her eyes,
 And the elegant speech goes bust."

When Amos had reached the widder's,
 He didn't slap-off go in ;
 He kind o' stopped, for his heart flip-flopped,
 Till he thought as she'd hear the din.
 Well, pausing agen the doorstep,
 A minute or two at most,
 A sound there come as struck with a chill,
 And made that floppiting heart stand still :
 He stared agape,
 The moral and shape,
 Of a party as sees a ghost.

The sound of a pair of voices
 Come clear from the room inside ;
 To the meller tones of the Widder Jones
 The bass of a man replied.
 Then, glancing up at the winder,
 He got a more bitterer dose,
 For, gracious ! over the lighted glass,
 He see two shadders waver and pass ;
 Their hands were j'ined
 Most terrible kind,
 And their heads tremenjous close.

"My darling," the chap perceeded,
 "My darling, my duck, my dove !
 All words is weak, when I tries to speak
 Of such very pertickler love.

I wish as my soul had a winder,
 Wherein you could gaze, my pet !
 I love you hot and I love you strong,
 And, oh ! my life, I have loved you long ! ”

“ Now, come, ” says she,
 “ That never can be—
 It was only to-day we met. ”

“ No matter, ” says he, “ no matter—
 I’ve known you in dreams, I swear.
 Oh, say you respond to a love so fond. ”
 (The kisses came in just there.)
 “ My own little lamb, my wife ! ”—
 He never got through no more,
 For just at that p’int—it was rayther rough—
 Five fingers like vices gript his scruff,
 And there followed a kick,
 As pretty and slick
 Persuaded him through the door.

The Widder, she thought of fainting,
 But ere she could do it right,
 She was sitting, you see, on Amos’s knee,
 Exceedingly snug and tight.
 “ My darling, ” he whispers fondly,
 A-drawing her closer to,
 “ You’ve had my heart for a year and more,
 But I never could find my tongue before ;
 At last I speak,
 And ” (he kisses her cheek)
 “ You know as my words is true.

“ When feelings is all on the top, like,
 Then words comes easy and cheap ;
 It’s different quite if you’d drag to light
 The love in your bo-som’s deep.
 It lies down there in its caverns,
 Where never no words can touch ;
 The tenderest thing as a man can say
 Won’t reach to them depths of his heart half-way ;
 And why I was mum,
 And nothing would come,
 Was—just that I loved so much. ”

Now that wasn't bad for Amos —
 It wasn't at all amiss ;—
 The trick was done, and the prize was won ;
 Thenceforth it was kiss and bliss.
 And when through the door the stranger
 Glared in on the pair so gay,
 The Widder exclaimed, with a blushing cheek,
 "The wedding is fixed for Thursday week :
 Now, say you'll attend
 And oblige a friend
 By giving the bride away."

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE: *Sent Back by the Angels.*



THE RAPE OF THE LOCK;

OR,

CAPTAIN JONES'S MISADVENTURE.

To follow the line of Captain Jones
 Back to the old ancestral bones
 Were surely an idle endeavour ;
 For all that is known of the family feats
 Is that his sire, as a paver of streets,
 Had paved his way in a manner that meets
 The appellation of clever.

'Twere pleasant enough more fully to trace
 The various steps in the Captain's race,
 If the records of heraldry had 'em ;
 But History leaps at a single span
 From the primitive pair to the pavior-man,
 From Adam down to Mac Adam.

'Twas rumoured indeed, but nobody knows
What credit to give to such rumours as those,
His grandpapa was a cooper ;
But getting fatigued with this roundabout mode
Of staving through life, he took to the Road,
As a kind of irregular trooper.

But soon, although a fellow of pluck,
By a singular turn in the wheel of luck,
He met with a mortal miscarriage,
By means of a cord that was dangling loose,
And fell over his head in a dangerous noose
That wasn't at all like Marriage.

A tale invented by foes, no doubt,
Which idle people had helped about,
Till it went alone, it got so stout ;
For, as to the truth of the story,
I scarcely ought to have named it here,
It seems to me so exceedingly clear,
The fable is Newgate-ory.

And that's the pith of the pedigree
Of Captain Jones, whose family tree
Was a little shrub, 'tis plain to see ;
But what the toppers mention
Respecting wine, is true of blood :
It "needs no bush if it's only good,"
Much less a tree of the oldest wood,
To warrant the world's attention.

Now Captain Jones was a five-feet ten
(The height of Chesterfield's gentlemen),
With a manly breadth of shoulder ;
And Captain Jones was straight and trim,
With nothing about him anywise slim,
And had for a leg as perfect a limb
As ever astonished beholder !

With a calf of such a notable size,
 'Twould surely have taken the highest prize
 At any fair Fair in creation ;
 'Twas just the leg for a prince to sport
 Who wished to stand at a Royal Court,
 At the head of Foreign Leg-ation.

And Captain Jones had an elegant foot,
 'Twas just the thing for his patent boot,
 And could so prettily shove it,
 'Twas a genuine pleasure to see it repeat
 In the public walks the Milonian feat
 Of bearing the calf above it !

But the Captain's prominent personal charm
 Was neither his foot, nor leg, nor arm,
 Nor his very *distingué* air ;
 Nor was it, although you're thinking upon 't,
 The front of his head, but his head and front
 Of beautiful coal-black hair !

So very bright was the gloss they had,
 'Twould have made a rival raving mad
 To look at his raven curls ;
 Wherever he went, the Captain's hair
 Was certain to fix the public stare,
 And the constant cry was, " I declare !"
 And " Did you ever !" and " Just look there !"
 Among the dazzled girls.

Now Captain Jones was a master bold
 Of a merchant-ship some dozen years old,
 And every name could have easily told
 (And never confound the " hull " and the " hold "),
 Throughout her inventory ;
 And he had travelled in foreign parts,
 And learned a number of foreign arts,
 And played the deuce with foreign hearts,
 As the Captain told the story.

He had learned to chatter the French and Spanish,
To splutter the Dutch, and mutter the Danish,
In a way that sounded oracular ;
Had gabbled among the Portuguese,
And caught the Tartar, or rather a piece
Of "broken China," it wasn't Chinese,
Any more than his own vernacular !

Now Captain Jones was wont to shine
In the line of ships (not ships of the line) !
How he'd brag of the water over his wine,
And of woman over the water !
And then, if you credit the Captain's phrase,
He was more expert in such queer ways
As "doubling capes" and "putting in stays,"
Than any milliner's daughter.

Now the Captain kept in constant pay
A single Mate, as a Captain may
(In a nautical, not in a naughty way,
As "mates" are sometimes carried) ;
But to hear him prose of the squalls that arose
In the dead of the night to break his repose,
Of white caps and cradles and such things as those,
And of breezes that ended in regular blows,
You'd have sworn the Captain was married.

The Captain's morals were fair enough,
Though a sailor's life is rather rough,
By dint of the ocean's force ;
And that one who makes so many, in ships,
Should make, upon shore, occasional "trips,"
Seems quite a matter of course.

And Captain Jones was stiff as a post
To the vulgar fry, but among the most
Genteel and polished ruled the roast,
As no professional cook could boast
That ever you set your eye on ;
Indeed, 'twas enough to make him vain,
For the pretty and proud confessed his reign,
And Captain Jones, in manners and mane,
Was deemed a genuine lion.

And the Captain revelled early and late,
 At the balls and routs of the rich and great,
 And seemed the veriest child of *fêtes*,
 Though merely a minion of pleasure ;
 And he laughed with the girls in merry sport,
 And paid the mammas the civillest court,
 And drank their wine, whatever the sort,
 By the nautical rule of " Any port——"
 You may add the rest at leisure.

Miss Susan Brown was a dashing girl
 As ever revolved in the waltz's whirl,
 Or twinkled a foot in the polka's twirl,
 By the glare of spermaceti ;
 And Susan's form was trim and slight,
 And her beautiful skin, as if in spite
 Of her dingy name, was exceedingly white,
 And her azure eyes were " sparkling and bright,"
 And so was her favourite ditty.

And Susan Brown had a score of names,
 Like the very voluminous Mr. James
 (Who got at the Font his strongest claims
 To be reckoned a Man of Letters) ;
 But thinking the task will hardly please
 Scholars who've taken the higher degrees,
 To be set repeating their A, B, C's,
 I choose to reject such fetters as these,
 Though merely nominal fetters.

The patronymical name of the maid
 Was so completely overlaid
 With a long prænominial cover,
 That if each additional proper noun
 Was laid with additional emphasis down,
 Miss Susan was done uncommonly Brown,
 The moment her christ'ning was over !

And Susan was versed in modern romance,
 In the Modes of Murray and Modes of France,
 And had learned to sing and learned to dance,
 In a style decidedly pretty ;

And Susan was versed in classical lore,
In the works of Horace, and several more
Whose *opera* now would be voted a bore
By the lovers of Donizetti.

And Susan was rich. Her provident sire
Had piled the dollars up higher and higher,
By dint of his personal labours,
Till he reckoned at last a sufficient amount
To be counted himself a man of account
Among his affluent neighbours.

By force of careful culture alone
Old Brown's estates had rapidly grown
A plum for his only daughter ;
And, after all the fanciful dreams
Of golden fountains and golden streams,
The sweat of patient labour seems
The true Pactolian water.

And while your theorist worries his mind
In hopes "the magical stone" to find
By some alchemical gammon,
Practical people, by regular knocks,
Are filling their "pockets full of rocks"
From the golden mountain of Mammon.

With charms like these, you may well suppose
Miss Susan Brown had plenty of beaux,
Breathing nothing but passion ;
And twenty sought her hand to gain,
And twenty sought her hand in vain,
Were "cut," and didn't "come again,"
In the Ordinary fashion.

Captain Jones, by the common voice,
At length was voted the man of her choice,
And she his favourite fair ;
It wasn't the Captain's manly face,
His native sense, nor foreign grace,
That took her heart from its proper place
And put it into a tenderer case,
But his beautiful coal-black hair !

How it is, *why* it is, none can tell,
 But all philosophers know full well,
 Though puzzled about the action,
 That of all the forces under the sun
 You can hardly find a stronger one
 Than capillary attraction.

The locks of canals are strong as rocks ;
 And wedlock is strong as a banker's box ;
 And there's strength in the locks a Cockney cocks
 At innocent birds, to give himself knocks ;
 In the locks of safes, and those safety locks
 They call the Permutation ;
 But of all the locks that ever were made
 In Nature's shops, or the shops of trade,
 The subtlest combination
 Of beauty and strength is found in those
 Which grace the heads of belles and beaux
 In every civilized nation.

The gossips whispered it through the town,
 That " Captain Jones loved Susan Brown ;"
 But, speaking with due precision,
 The gossips' tattle was out of joint,
 For the lady's " blunt " was the only point
 That dazzled the lover's vision.

And the Captain begged, in his smoothest tones,
 Miss Susan Brown to be Mistress Jones,—
 Flesh of his flesh and bone of his bones,
 Till death the union should sever ;
 For these are the words employed, of course,
 Though Death is cheated sometimes by Divorce,
 A fact which gives an equivocal force
 To that beautiful phrase, " for ever ! "

And Susan sighed the conventional " Nay "
 In such a bewitching, affirmative way,
 The Captain perceived 'twas the feminine " Ay,"
 And sealed it in such commotion,
 That no " lip-service " that ever was paid
 To the ear of a god, or the cheek of a maid,
 Looked more like real devotion.

And Susan's Mamma made an elegant *fête*,
And exhibited all the family plate
 In honour of Susan's lover ;
For now 'twas settled—another trip
Over the sea in his merchant-ship,
 And his bachelor-ship was over.

There was an Alderman, well to do,
Who was fond of talking about *vertù*,
And, had, besides, the genuine *goût*,
 If one might credit his telling ;
And the boast was true beyond a doubt,
If he had only pronounced it "gout,"
 According to English spelling !

A crockery-merchant of great parade,
Always boasting of having made
His large estate in the China trade ;
 Several affluent tanners ;
A lawyer, whose most important "case"
Was that which kept his books in place ;
His wife, a lady of matchless grace,
Who bought her form, and made her face,
 Who plainly borrowed her manners ;

A druggist; an undevout divine ;
A banker, who'd got as rich as a mine
"In the cotton trade and sugar line,"
 Along the Atlantic border ;
A doctor, fumbling his golden seals ;
And an undertaker close at his heels,
 Quite in the natural order.

People of rank, and people of wealth,
Plethoric people in delicate health,
(Who fast in public, and feast by stealth,)
 And people slender and hearty,
Flocked in so fast, 'twas plain to the eye
Of any observer standing by,
That party-spirit was running high,
 And this was the popular party.

To tell what griefs and woes betide
The hapless world, from female pride,
 Were a long and dismal story ;
Alas for Susan and womankind !
A sudden ambition seized her mind,
 In the height of her party-glory.

To pique a group of laughing girls
Who stood admiring the Captain's curls,
 She formed the resolution
To get a lock of her lover's hair,
In the gaze of the guests assembled there,
By some expedient, foul or fair,
 Before the party's conclusion.

"Only a lock, dear Captain,—no more,
'A lock for memory,' I implore !"
 But Jones, the gayest of quizzers,
Replied, as he gave his eye a cock,
" 'Tis a treacherous memory needs a lock,"
 And dodged the envious scissors.

Alas, that Susan couldn't refrain,
In her zeal the precious lock to gain,
From laying her hand on the lion's mane !
 To see the cruel mocking,
And hear the short, affected cough,
The general titter, and chuckle, and scoff,
When the Captain's Patent Wig came off,
 Was really dreadfully shocking.

Of Susan's swoon, the tale is told,
That long before her earthly mould
 Regained its ghostly tenant,
Her luckless, wigless, loveless lover,
Was on the sea, and "half-seas-over,"
Dreaming that some piratical rover
 Had carried away his Pennant !

JOHN GODFREY SAXE: *Poems.*



SKATES AND LIFE.

THE frost was hard, the sky was clear,
The ground like iron plates;
I got my tin on Saturday,
And bought a pair of skates.

I bought a pair of patent skates,
The "Art of Skating" too;
Which took a pretty tidy lump
From off my weekly screw.

I took them home, and in my boots
I drill'd a pair of holes;
And tried the little spikes upon
My gutta-percha soles.

Into my nobby walking stick
I stuck an iron nail,
And practised walking with a chair
By holding on the rail.

I sat up late to read the "Art,"
It was'nt very long;
And when I'd learnt it off, I vowed
Next morn to come out strong.

I went to bed, but told them first
To call me up at six;
I dreamt all night of flying round
Upon the ice like bricks.

I dreamt of joining in quadrilles,
Of cutting Figure Eight,—
I dreamt I cut all others out,
I went at such a rate.

But when I came to Figure Eight,
A knock came at my door;
I found that Figure Six was come,
And I must sleep no more.

I started up and donned my clothes,
 I comb'd and brush'd my hair ;
 I didn't stop to shave myself,
 But bolted down the stair.

I bolted down my breakfast, next—
 The coffee burnt my throat—
 I didn't mind—I took my hat,
 And button'd on my coat.

I seized my skates—unlock'd the door,
 Undid the heavy chain,
 Drew back the bolt—and found myself—
 Where? *Standing in the rain!*

The frost was done—and so was I—
 The air no more was raw ;
 But all around was damp, and slush,
 And mist, and fog, and thaw.

The milkman paddled through the streets,
 A sack was o'er his head !
 I wish'd I hadn't bought my skates,
 And went upstairs to bed.

MORAL.

How often in this troubled world
 Of sorrow and of sin,
 Short-sighted Man will buy his skates
 Just as the thaw sets in.

ROBERT B. BROUGH: *A Cracker Bon-bon.*

BILL AND JOE.

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
 Will steal an hour from days gone by,
 The shining days when life was new,
 And all was bright with morning dew,
 The lusty days of long ago,
 When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare ;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes.
With H O N. and L L. D.
In big brave letters, fair to see,—
Your fist, old fellow ! off they go !—
How are you, Bill ? How are you, Joe ?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe ;
You've taught your name to half the globe ;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain ;
You've made the dead past live again :
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say, '
" See those old buffers, bent and gray,—
They talk like fellows in their teens !
Mad, poor old boys ! That's what it means,"—
And shake their heads ; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe !—

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side ;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes,—
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame ?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame ;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust ;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe ?

The weary idol takes his stand,
 Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
 While gaping thousands come and go,—
 How vain it seems, this empty show!
 Till all at once his pulses thrill;—
 'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
 The names that pleased our mortal ears;
 In some sweet lull of harp and song
 For earth-born spirits none too long,
 Just whispering of the world below
 Where this was Bill and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here
 No sounding name is half so dear;
 When fades at length our lingering day,
 Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
 Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *Poetical Works.*

A SONG OF GEOLOGY.

I'LL sing you a ditty that needs no apology—
 Attend, and keep watch in the gates of your ears!—
 Of the famous new science which men call Geology,
 And gods call the story of millions of years.
 Millions, millions—did I say millions?
 Billions and trillions are more like the fact!
 Millions, billions, trillions, quadrillions,
 Make the long sum of creation exact!

Confusion and Chaos, with wavering pinion,
 First swayed o'er the weltering ferment of things,
 When all over all held alternate dominion,
 And the slaves of to-day were to-morrow the kings.

Chaos, Chaos, infinite wonder !
Wheeling and reeling on wavering wings ;
Whence issued the world, which some think a blunder,
A rumble and tumble and jumble of things !

The minim of being, the dot of creation,
The germ of Sire Adam, of you and of me,
In the folds of the gneiss in Laurentian station,
Far west from the roots of Cape Wrath you may see.
Minims of being, budding and bursting,
All on the floor of the measureless sea !
Small, but for mighty development thirsting,
With throbs of the future, like you, Sir, and me !

The waters, now big with a novel sensation,
Brought corals and buckies and bivalves to view,
Who dwell in shell houses, a soft-bodied nation ;
But fishes with fins were yet none in the blue.
Buckies and bivalves, a numberless nation !
Buckies, and bivalves, and trilobites too !
These you will find in Silurian station,
When Ramsay and Murchison sharpen your view.

Then fins were invented ; when Queen Amphitrite
Stirred up her force from Devonian beds,
The race of the fishes in ocean grew mighty,
Queer-looking fishes with bucklers for heads.
Fishes, fishes—small greedy fishes !
With wings on their shoulders and horns on their
heads,
With scales bright and shiny, that shoot through the
briny
Cerulean halls on Devonian beds !

God bless the fishes !—but now on the dry land,
In days when the sun shone benign on the poles,
Forests of ferns in the low and the high land
Spread their huge fans, soon to change into coals !
Forests of ferns—a wonderful verity !
Rising like palm-trees beneath the North Pole ;
And all to prepare for the golden prosperity
Of John Bull reposing on iron and coal,

Now Nature the eye of the gazer entrances
 With wonder on wonder from teeming abodes ;
 From the gills of the fish to true lungs she advances,
 And bursts into blossoms of tadpoles and toads.
 Strange Batrachian people, Triassic all,
 Like hippopotamus huge on the roads !
 You may call them ungainly, uncouth, and unclassical,
 But great in the reign of the Trias were Toads !

Behold, a strange monster our wonder engages,
 If dolphin or lizard your wit may defy,
 Some thirty feet long on the shore of Lyme-Regis,
 With a saw for a jaw, and a big staring eye.
 A fish or a lizard ? an ichthyosaurus,
 With a big goggle eye, and a very small brain,
 And paddles like mill-wheels in clattering chorus,
 Smiting tremendous the dread-sounding main !

And here comes another ! can shape more absurd be,
 The strangest and oddest of vertebrate things ?
 Who knows if this creature a beast or a bird be,
 A fowl without feathers, a serpent with wings ?
 A beast or a bird—an equivocal monster !
 A crow or a crocodile, who can declare ?
 A greedy, voracious, long-necked monster,
 Skimming the billow, and ploughing the air.

Next rises to view the great four-footed nation,
 Hyenas and tapirs, a singular race,
 You may pick up their wreck from the great Paris basin,
 At the word of command every bone finds its place.
 Palæothere, very singular creature !
 A horse or a tapir, or both can you say ?
 Showing his grave pachydermatous feature,
 Just where the Frenchman now sips his café.

And now the life-temple grows vaster and vaster,
 Only the pediment fails to the plan ;
 The winged and the wingless are waiting their master,
 The Mammoth is howling a welcome to Man.

Mammoth, Mammoth ! mighty old Mammoth !
 Strike with your hatchet and cut a good slice ;
 The bones you will find, and the hide of the mammoth,
 Packed in stiff cakes of Siberian ice.

At last the great biped, the crown of the mammals,
 Sire Adam, majestic, comes treading the sod,
 A measureless animal, free without trammels
 To swing all the space from an ape to a god.
 Wonderful biped, erect and featherless !
 Sport of two destinies, treading the sod,
 With the perilous license, unbridled and tetherless,
 To sink to a devil or rise to a god.

And thus was completed—miraculous wonder !
 The world, this mighty mysterious thing ;
 I believe it is more than a beautiful blunder,
 And worship, and pray, and adore, while I sing.
 Wonder and miracle !—God made the wonder ;
 Come, happy creatures, and worship with me !
 I know it is more than a beautiful blunder,
 And I hope Tait, and Tyndall, and Huxley agree.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE: *Musa Burschicosa*.

THE SPECTRE PIG.

A BALLAD.

It was the stalwart butcher man,
 That knit his swarthy brow,
 And said the gentle Pig must die,
 And sealed it with a vow.

And oh ! it was the gentle Pig
 Lay stretched upon the ground,
 And ah ! it was the cruel knife
 His little heart that found.

They took him then, those wicked men,
They trailed him all along;
They put a stick between his lips,
And through his heels a thong;

And round and round an oaken beam
A hempen cord they flung,
And, like a mighty pendulum,
All solemnly he swung!

Now say thy prayers, thou sinful man,
And think what thou hast done,
And read thy catechism well,
Thou bloody-minded one;

For if his sprite should walk by night,
It better were for thee,
That thou wert mouldering in the ground,
Or bleaching in the sea.

It was the savage butcher then,
That made a mock of sin,
And swore a very wicked oath,
He did not care a pin.

It was the butcher's youngest son,—
His voice was broke with sighs,
And with his pocket-handkerchief
He wiped his little eyes;

All young and ignorant was he,
But innocent and mild,
And, in his soft simplicity,
Out spoke the tender child:—

“O father, father, list to me;
The Pig is deadly sick.
And men have hung him by his heels,
And fed him with a stick.”

It was the bloody butcher then,
That laughed as he would die,
Yet did he soothe the sorrowing child,
And bid him not to cry ;—

“ O Nathan, Nathan, what’s a Pig,
That thou shouldst weep and wail ?
Come, bear thee like a butcher’s child,
And thou shalt have his tail ! ”

It was the butcher’s daughter then,
So slender and so fair,
That sobbed as if her heart would break,
And tore her yellow hair ;

And thus she spoke in thrilling tone,—
Fast fell the tear-drops big ;—
“ Ah ! woe is me ! Alas ! Alas !
The Pig ! The Pig ! The Pig ! ”

Then did her wicked father’s lips
Make merry with her woe,
And call her many a naughty name,
Because she whimpered so.

Ye need not weep, ye gentle ones,
In vain your tears are shed,
Ye cannot wash his crimson hand,
Ye cannot soothe the dead.

The bright sun folded on his breast
His robes of rosy flame,
And softly over all the west
The shades of evening came.

He slept, and troops of murdered Pigs
Were busy with his dreams ;
Loud rang their wild, unearthly shrieks,
Wide yawned their mortal seams.

The clock struck twelve; the Dead bath heard;
He opened both his eyes,
And sullenly he shook his tail
To lash the feeding flies.

One quiver of the hempen cord,—
One struggle and one bound,—
With stiffened limb and leaden eye,
The Pig was on the ground!

And straight towards the sleeper's house
His fearful way he wended;
And hooting owl, and hovering bat,
On midnight wing attended.

Back flew the bolt, up rose the latch,
And open swung the door,
And little mincing feet were heard
Pat, pat along the floor.

Two hoofs upon the sanded floor,
And two upon the bed;
And they are breathing side by side,
The living and the dead!

“Now wake, now wake, thou butcher man!
What makes thy cheek so pale?
Take hold! take hold! thou dost not fear
To clasp a spectre's tail?”

Untwisted every winding coil;
The shuddering wretch took hold,
All like an icicle it seemed,
So tapering and so cold.

“Thou com'st with me, thou butcher man!”—
He strives to loose his grasp,
But, faster than the clinging vine,
Those twining spirals clasp.

And open,-open swung the door,
And, fleetier than the wind,
The shadowy spectre swept before,
The butcher trailed behind.

Fast fled the darkness of the night,
And morn rose faint and dim;
They called full loud, they knocked full long,
They did not waken him.

Straight, straight towards that oaken beam,
A trampled pathway ran;
A ghastly shape was swinging there,—
It was the butcher man.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: *Poetical Works.*



THE TWINS.

IN form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother
That folks got taking me for him
And each for one another.
It puzzled all our kith and kin,
It reach'd an awful pitch;
For one of us was born a twin
And not a soul knew which.

One day (to make the matter worse),
Before our names were fix'd,
As we were being wash'd by nurse,
We got completely mix'd.
And thus, you see, by Fate's decree,
(Or rather nurse's whim),
My brother John got christen'd *me*,
And I got christen'd *him*.

This fatal likeness even dogg'd
My footsteps when at school,
And I was always getting flogg'd—
For John turn'd out a fool.
I put this question hopelessly
To every one I knew,—
What *would* you do, if you were me,
To prove that you were *you*?

Our close resemblance turn'd the tide
Of my domestic life;
For somehow my intended bride
Became my brother's wife.
In short, year after year the same
Absurd mistakes went on;
And when I died—the neighbours came
And buried brother John!

HENRY S. LEIGH: *Carols of Cockayne.*

IN NEVADA.

LIKE an awful alligator
Breathing fire and screeching hell-some,
With a pack of hounds behind him,
As if hunted by the devil,
Came the smoking locomotive,
Followed by the cars and tender,
Down among the mountain gorges,
Till it stopped before a village
As the starry night came on.

Just before a mountain village,
Where there was a howling shindy,
Just around a bran-new gallows,
With a roaring blazing bonfire,
Casting a red light upon it,

While a crowd of roughest rowdies
Shouted, "Cuss him! darn his vitals!
Bust him! sink him! burn him! skin him!"
Evidently much excited
As the starry night came on.

On the gallows stood a culprit
Shrieking painfully for mercy.
As the train and engine halted,
Louder yelled the gasping victim.
Then out cried the grim conductor,
"What in thunder is the matter?
What's ye doin' with that feller?
Why've ye got both fire and gallows?"
And unto him some one answered,
As the starry night came on:—

"This all-fired, skunk-eyed villain,
Whom you see upon the gallows,
Lately stole the loveliest mewel*
That you ever sot your peeps on,
For a hundred shiny dollars,
Went and sold it to the Greasers.
But, as you perceive, we've nailed him,
And at present we're debatin'
Whether we had better hang him,
Or else roast him like an Injun,
Ere the starry night comes on.

"And I think ez ther ar' ladies
Here to grace this gay occasion,
In the train, and quite convenient,
We had better take an' burn him.
'Twould be kinder interestin',
Or, as folks might say, romantic,
To behold an execution,
As we do 'em here in Hell Town,
In the real frontier fashion,
Ere the starry night comes on."

* Mule.

Up from all the assembled ladies,
 And from all the passengeros,
 Went a scream of protestation,—
 “What! for nothing but a mewel!
 Only for a hundred dollars
 Roast alive a fine young fellow!
 Never, never, never, ne—ver!”
 Falling on her knees, a damsel
 Begged the maddened crowd to spare him.
 And to her replied the spokesman,
 As the starry night came on:—

“Since a lady begs it of us,
 And as we ar’ galian’ fellers,
 We will smash the tail of Jestis,
 And will spare this orful misrint,
 Ef you’ll raise a hundred dollars
 To replace the vanished mewel.
 Then this fiend, unwhipped, undamaged,
 May go wanderin’ to thunder,
 Soon as he darnation pleases,
 Ere the starry night comes on.”

Straight among the pitying ladies,
 And the other passengeros,
 Went the hat around in circle.
 Dollars, quarters, halves, and greenbacks
 Rained into it till the hundred
 Was accomplished, and the ransom
 Paid unto Judge Lynch in person,
 Who received it very gracious,
 And at once released the prisoner,
 Sternly bidding him to squaddle,
 Just as fast as he could make it,
 Ere the starry night came on.

And the lady who by kneeling
 Had destroyed the path of justice,
 Seized upon the fine young fellow,
 He who had the mulomania,
 Or who was a kleptomuliac;

And she led him by the halter,
While the reckless population
Made atrocious puns upon it;
And she stowed him in the Pullman
As the safest sanctuary,
As the starry night came on.

It was over. Loud the whistle
Blew a signal of departure;
Still the dying bonfire flickering
Showed on high the ghastly gallows,
Seeming like some hungry monster
Disappointed of a victim,
Gasping as in fitful anger,
Pouring out unto the gallows
Or the sympathetic scaffold
All the story of its sorrow,
As the clouds passed o'er the moon-face,
As the starry night came on.

Soon the train and those within it
Reached and passed a second station,
And was speeding ever onward,
When at once a shriek came ringing—
'Twas an utterance from the lady
Who by tears had baffled justice;
Loud she cried, "Where is my hero?
Where, oh, where's the handsome prisoner?"
And the affable conductor
Searched the train from clue to ear-ring,
But they could not find the captive.
He had clearly just evaded
At the station just behind them,
As the starry night came on.

Then outspoke a man unnoted
Hitherto: "I heard the fellow
Say just now to the conductor,
Ere we reached the second teapot,
That he reckoned he must hook it
This here time a little sooner,

If he hoped to get his portion
Of the hundred, since the last time
He came awful nigh to lose it;
For it might be anted off all
'Fore he got a chance to strike it,
Ere the starry night came on.

And the Unknown thus continued:
"They hev hed that gallows standin'
All the summer, and the people
Mostly git ther livin' from it,
For they take ther turns in bein'
Mournful victims who hev stolen
Every one a lovely mewel;
And they always every evenin'
Hev the awful death-fire kindled,
And the ghastly captive ready.
It's the fourth time I hev seen it,
Comin' through and never missed it,
Only for a variation
Now and then they hire a nigger
For the people from New England,
As the starry night comes on.

"And they find that fire and gallows
Just as good as a bonanza,
For they got the Legislater
Lately to incopperate it;
And I hear the stock is risin'
Up like prairie smoke in autumn.
Yes, in this world men diskiver
Cur'ous ways to make a livin',
Ez you'll find when you hev tried it
For a year or so about here."
And the passengers in silence
Mused upon this new experience,
Most of all the fine young lady,
As the dragon darted onward,
And the starry night came on.

CHARLES G. LELAND: *Brand-New Ballads.*

THE DEVOTEE AND THE JAR OF HONEY.

“ONCE on a time” in some Eastern clime,
There lived a Devotee
Who cared for nought save heavenly thought
And the hopes of eternity.

He seldom slept, but often wept
And passed the day in prayer,
And at eve would stray along the way
To breathe the cooler air.

Hard by a Merchant dwelt, possessed
Of hives and linden trees,
From which would come the constant hum
Of never-tiring bees.

The Merchant marked that holy man,
How sad his face and brow,
Like a yew that waves o’er many graves
When the winds of winter blow.

He heard how poor he was and lone,
How pure and kind his soul,
How in hunger and thirst he still prayed on,
Nor borrowed, begged, or stole.

“I have meat and bread,” the Merchant said,
“And honey and oil also,
Sure some I can spare for my brother there
Who liveth in want and woe!”

“For strength and health, and lands and wealth,
To men, I ween, were given
That their souls they might lift by dole and gift
To the treasure-house of heaven.”

So day by day the Merchant sent
From his abundant store
A portion meet of his honey sweet
To be left at the poor man's door.

The holy man with thanks and prayers
And tears the present took,
A little he ate and the rest he set
Aside in a secret nook.

In that secret nook an earthen jar
High on a shelf he placed,
And his daily store in it would pour,
And never a drop would waste.

Bright dreams of wealth and thoughts of pelf
In his mind began to rise,
And oft he would think of the jar on the shelf
When his heart should have been in the skies.

In that jar to peep was food and sleep
And balm for sorrow and sin;
And himself he would pinch to add an inch
To the golden flood within.

Beneath the shelf he sat one day
In that quiet corner cool,
He felt too gay to go and pray
For the jar was almost full.

He said to himself, "The times of woe
For me are nearly past,
Though the wind of trouble strongly blow,
Thank God, it lulls at last.

"And now 'twere well my store to sell,
Good honey's a precious thing;
Now, let me see—It well may be
That dirams* ten 'twill bring.

* A diram is worth about twopence sterling.

“Ten dirams is a goodly sum;
I trow I shall not lose,
If with them I from a shepherd buy
Five young and likely ewes.

“For twice a year those ewes will bear
Two healthy lambs apiece—
There'll be twenty head ere a year be sped
And many a goodly fleece.

“'Tis well, 'tis well—and how to tell
Their number in *ten* years?
So vast a flock doth my reckoning mock—
What work for knife and shears!

“Search through the land on every hand,
Whose substance will match mine?
I will court some dame of noble name,
Perhaps of royal line.

“A palace high and wide I'll build
To bring my bride unto,
The spacious floor with gold I'll gild,
And the ceiling shall be blue.

“With many a coloured lamp the walls
At night shall shine like day,
And fountains fresh and waterfalls
Shall dash their sparkling spray.

“And when the long-expected hour
And wished-for moment come,
A darling son, a princely flower
In beauty there shall bloom.

“No bud beside the Ganges wide
Shall blush so fair as he;
His face shall be bright as the foam-flake white
Where the river meets the sea.

“And when his years of life attain
The lucky time of four,*
I will instil in heart and brain
The rudiments of lore.

“From height to height of learning’s hill
His little feet shall rise;
With various tongues his mind I’ll fill
And deep philosophies.

“And should the headlong tide of youth
In disobedience swell,
I’ll bid him turn towards the truth
And shun the pains of hell.

“And should my teaching not prevail
His erring soul upon,
With this stout staff I will assail
The tempting Evil One!”

The holy man, thus wrapped in thought,
Raised up his staff to smite,
Alas! the blow to ruin brought
That jar of honey quite!

Down through the board like rain it poured
O’er hair and face and beard,
No insect drunk in treacle sunk
Was ever so besmeared!

Bitter his tears, for schemes of years
At once dissolved away;
But soon he rose, and washed his clothes;
Resolved to fast and pray.

MAJOR NORTON POWLETT: *Eastern Legends and Stories*.

* The age at which Mussulman children commence their studies.



THE TWO GUNNERS.

A FABLE.

Two fellers, Isrel named and Joe,
One Sundy mornin' 'greed to go
Agunnin' soon's the bells wuz done
And meetin' finally begun,
So'st no one wouldn't be about
Ther Sabbath-breakin' to spy out.

Joe didn't want to go a mite;
He felt ez though 'twarnt skeercely right,
But, when his doubts he went to speak on,
Isrel he up and called him Deacon,
An' kep' apokin' fun like sin,
An' then arubbin' on it in,
Till Joe, less skeered o' doin' wrong
Than bein' laughed at, went along.

Past noontime they went trampin' round
An' nary thing to pop at found,
Till, fairly tired o' their spree,
They leaned their guns agin a tree,
An' jest ez they wuz settin' down
To take their noonin', Joe looked roun'
And see (across lots in a pond
That warn't more'n twenty rod beyond),
A goose that on the water sot
Ez ef awaitin' to be shot.

Isrel he ups and grabs his gun;
Sez he, "By ginger, here's some fun!"
"Don't fire," sez Joe, "it aint no use,
That's Deacon Peleg's tame wild-geese;"
Sez Isrel, "I don't care a cent,
I've sighted an' I'll let her went;"
Bang! went queen's-arm, ole gander flopped
His wings a spell, an' quorked, an' dropped.

Sez Joe, "I wouldn't ha' been hired
At that poor critter to ha' fired,
But, sence it's clean gin up the ghost,
We'll hev the tallest kind o' roast;
I guess our waistbands 'll be tight
'Fore it comes ten o'clock ternight."

"I won't agree to no such bender,"
Sez Isrel; "keep it till it's tender;
'Taint wuth a snap afore it's ripe."
Sez Joe, "I'd jest ez lives eat tripe;
You *air* a buster ter suppose
I'd eat what makes me hole my nose!"

So they disputed to an' fro
Till cunnin' Isrel sez to Joe,
"Don't less stay here an' play the fool,
Less wait till both on us git cool;
Jest for a day or two less hide it,
An' then toss up and so decide it."
"Agreed!" sez Joe, an' so they did,
An' the ole goose wuz safely hid.

Now 'twuz the hottest kind o' weather,
An' when at last they come together,
It didn't signify which won,
Fer all the mischief hed ben done:
The goose wuz there, but, fer his soul,
Joe wouldn't ha' tetched it with a pole;
But Isrel kind o' liked the smell on't,
An' made *his* dinner very well on't.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: *Biglow Papers*. First Series.



BOSWELL'S JOHNSON.

(AN UNPUBLISHED PAGE OF BIOGRAPHY.)

“ Bid the ruddy nectar flow ! ”
I say, old fellow, don't you go.
You know *me*—BOSWELL—and you know
 I wrote a life of Johnson.
Punch they've here a splendid brew ;
Let's order up a bowl for two,
And then I'll tell you something new
 Concerning Doctor Johnson.

Great man that, and no mistake,
To ev'ry subject wide awake ;
A toughish job you'd have to make
 A fool of Doctor Johnson.
But everybody worth a straw
Has got some little kind of flaw ;
My own's a tendency to jaw
 About my poor friend Johnson.

And even that immortal man,
When he to speechify began—
No greater nuisance could be than
 The late lamented Johnson.
Enough he was to drive you mad,
Such endless length of tongue he had ;
Which caused in me a habit bad
 Of cursing Doctor Johnson.

We once were at the famous Gate
In Clerkenwell—'twas getting late ;—
Between ourselves I ought to state
 That Doctor Samuel Johnson
Had stowed away six pints of port—
The strong, full-bodied, fruity sort—
And I had had my whack,—in short
 As much as Doctor Johnson.

Just as I'd made a brilliant joke
 The doctor gave a grunt and woke;
 He looked all round, and then he spoke
 These words, did Doctor Johnson:
 "The man who'd make a pun," said he,
 "Would perpetrate a larcency,
 And punished equally should be,
 Or my name isn't Johnson!"

I on the instant did reply
 To that old humbug—by the by,
 You'll understand of course that I
 Refer to Doctor Johnson—
 "You've made the same remark before.
 It's perfect bosh; and, what is more,
 I look on you, sir, as a bore!"
 Says I to Doctor Johnson.

My much-respected friend, alas!
 Was only flesh; and flesh is grass.
 At certain times the greatest ass
 Alive was Doctor Johnson.
 I shan't go home until I choose,
 Let's all lie down and take a snooze.
 I always sleep best in my shoes.—
 All right! I'm—Doctor Johnson!

GODFREY TURNER: *Mirth.*

TO A THRUSH.

A WOODLAND REVERIE.

AH, brother singer, piping there
 In a glad hush of golden air,
 As though to care unknown;
 Oh, would I were a thrush to wing
 The leafy world of woods and sing,
 Like you, for joy alone!

Of all, ah me ! that plagues us so ;
Of days of work you nothing know,
 Of nights of thought, not rest.
Oh, would I were a bird, and knew
Unclouded singing hours with you,
 Unworked, undriven, and blest !

That little bill—to you 'tis sweet
A little bill to have to meet,
 Which men can seldom say.
You well may sing ; men moil and toil
But thrushes have no pot to boil,
 No small accounts to pay.

“ Black care,” so sings our Horace, “ sits
Behind us still,” and all our wits
 Are tasked, its weight to bear ;
Your children give you not a thought ;
Within the nest they're clothed and taught ;
 You've not for that to care.

And then those songs of yours, you trill
And chirp and warble when you will ;
 Oh, happy, happy lot !
While we must chirrup at all times
And, sad or glad, must grind out rhymes,
 Whether we like or not.

Then critical Reviews we read ;
To all their scoffs you pay no heed :
 You mind them not a rush.
Nor lose in peace of mind or cash
Though they should growl your songs are trash :
 Oh, would I were a thrush !

And yet, my jovial singer there,
You too, perhaps, may have your care,
 And trill with anxious mind ;
Your thrushship, perhaps, may be hen pecked
If slugs to bring home you neglect ;
 Worms may be hard to find.

There may be feathered cares and woes
Unnesting nature never knows;
 We judge but as we can;
And you there, jolly as you sing,
May think your lot not quite the thing,
 And long to be a man.

WILLIAM COX BENNETT: *The Lark.*

HIAWATHA'S PHOTOGRAPHING.

FROM his shoulder Hiawatha
Took the camera of rosewood,
Made of sliding, folding rosewood;
Neatly put it all together.
In its case it lay compactly,
Folded into nearly nothing;
But he opened out the hinges,
Pushed and pulled the joints and hinges,
Till it looked all squares and oblongs,
Like a complicated figure
In the Second Book of Euclid.

 This he perched upon a tripod—
Crouched beneath its dusky cover—
Stretched his hand, enforcing silence—
Said "Be motionless, I beg you!"
Mystic, awful was the process.

 All the family in order
Sat before him for their pictures:
Each in turn, as he was taken,
Volunteered his own suggestions,
His ingenious suggestions.

 First the Governor, the Father:
He suggested velvet curtains
Looped about a massy pillar;
And the corner of a table,
Of a rosewood dining-table.
He would hold a scroll of something,
Hold it firmly in his left-hand;
He would keep his right-hand buried

(Like Napoleon) in his waistcoat ;
He would contemplate the distance
With a look of pensive meaning,
As of ducks that die in tempests.

Grand, heroic was the notion :
Yet the picture failed entirely :
Failed, because he moved a little ;
Moved, because he couldn't help it.

Next, his better half took courage ;
She would have her picture taken.
She came dressed beyond description,
Dressed in jewels and in satin
Far too gorgeous for an empress.
Gracefully she sat down sideways,
With a simper scarcely human,
Holding in her hand a bouquet
Rather larger than a cabbage.
All the while that she was sitting,
Still the lady chattered, chattered,
Like a monkey in the forest.

"Am I sitting still?" she asked him.
"Is my face enough in profile?
Shall I hold the bouquet higher?
Will it come into the picture?"
And the picture failed completely.

Next the son, the Stunning-Cantab :
He suggested curves of beauty,
Curves pervading all his figure,
Which the eye might follow onward,
Till they centred in the breast-pin,
Centred in the golden breast-pin.
He had learnt it all from Ruskin
(Author of "The Stones of Venice,"
"Seven Lamps of Architecture,"
"Modern Painters," and some others) ;
And perhaps he had not fully
Understood his author's meaning.
But, whatever was the reason,
All was fruitless, as the picture
Ended in an utter failure.

Next to him the eldest daughter :
She suggested very little,

Only asked if he would take her
With her look of "passive beauty."

Her idea of passive beauty
Was a squinting of the left eye,
Was a drooping of the right eye,
Was a smile that went up sideways
To the corner of the nostrils.

Hiawatha, when she asked him,
Took no notice of the question,
Looked as if he hadn't heard it;
But, when pointedly appealed to,
Smiled in his peculiar manner,
Coughed, and said it "didn't matter,"
Bit his lip, and changed the subject.

Nor in this was he mistaken,
As the picture failed completely.
So in turn the other sisters.

Last, the youngest son was taken:
Very rough and thick his hair was,
Very round and red his face was,
Very dusty was his jacket,
Very fidgety his manner.
And his overbearing sisters
Called him names he disapproved of—
Called him "Johnny," "Daddy's darling,"
Called him "Jacky," "Scrubby school-boy."
And, so awful was the picture,
In comparison the others
Seemed, to one's bewildered fancy,
To have partially succeeded.

Finally my Hiawatha
Tumbled all the tribe together,
("Grouped" is not the right expression),
And, as happy chance would have it,
Did at last obtain a picture
Where the faces all succeeded:
Each came out a perfect likeness.

Then they joined and all abused it,
Unrestrainedly abused it,
As the worst and ugliest picture
They could possibly have dreamed of.
"Giving one such strange expressions—

Sullen, stupid, pert expressions.
Really any one would take us
(Any one that did not know us)
For the most unpleasant people!"
(Hiawatha seemed to think so,
Seemed to think it not unlikely).
All together rang their voices,
Angry, loud, discordant voices,
As of dogs that howl in concert,
As of cats that wail in chorus.

But my Hiawatha's patience,
His politeness and his patience,
Unaccountably had vanished,
And he left that happy party.
Neither did he leave them slowly,
With the calm deliberation,
The intense deliberation
Of a photographic artist:
But he left them in a hurry,
Left them in a mighty hurry,
Stating that he would not stand it,
Stating in emphatic language
What he'd be before he'd stand it.
Hurriedly he packed his boxes,
Hurriedly the porter trundled
On a barrow all his boxes:
Hurriedly he took his ticket:
Hurriedly the train received him:
Thus departed Hiawatha.

LEWIS CARROLL: *Rhyme? and Reason?*



THE TREATY.

NEVER tell me of loving by measure and weight,
As one's merits may lack or abound;
As if love could be carried to market like skate,
And cheapened for so much a pound.

If it can—if *yours* can, let them have it who care—
 You and I, friend! shall never agree—
 Pack up and to market be off with your ware;
 It's a great deal too common for me.

D'ye linger?—d'ye laugh?—I'm in earnest, I swear—
 Though perhaps over-hasty a thought;
 If you're thinking to close with my terms as they are,
 Well and good—but I won't bate a jot.

You must love me—we'll note the chief articles now,
 To preclude all mistakes in our pact—
 And I'll pledge you, unasked and beforehand, my vow,
 To give double for all I exact.

You must love me—not only through “evil report,”
 When its falsehood you more than divine;
 But when upon earth I can only resort
 To your heart as a voucher for mine.

You must love—*not my faults*—but in *spite* of them—*me*,
 For the very caprices that vex you:
 Nay, the more, should you chance (as it's likely) to see
 'Tis my special delight to perplex you.

You must love me, albeit the world I offend
 By impertinence, whimsies, conceit;
 While assured (if you are not, all treaty must end)
 That I never can stoop to deceit.

While assured (as you must be, or there too we part)
 That were all the world leagued against you,
 To loosen one hair of your hold on my heart
 Would be more than “life's labours” could do.

You must love me, howe'er I may take things amiss,
 Whereof you in all conscience stand clear;
 And although, when you'd fain make it up with a kiss,
 Your reward be a box on the ear.

You must love me—not only when smiling and gay,
Complying, sweet-tempered, and civil ;
But when moping, and frowning, and forward—or say
The thing plain out—as cross as the devil.

You must love me in all moods—in seriousness, sport ;
Under all change of circumstance too :
Apart, or together, in crowds, or—in short,
You must love me—*because I love you.*

CAROLINE BOWLES: *Poems.*



JOPKINS'S GHOST.

AN IRREGULAR BALLAD.

(*From "Fun."*)

YOUNG Jopkins was a waiter,
A waiter good was he !
One greater—or sedater
You never sure did see.
He wore a suit of sable—
From Berlin came his glove ;
But he was quite unable
To overcome his love.

He loved a maid called Betty—
A pleasing damsel too !
So pretty—but coquette-y !
He knew not what to do !
But she to be his love
Declared she would not stoop,
So he dropt a tear—and a Berlin glove—
In the Mulligatawny soup.

He pined and grew so thin, he
Was scarce fit for his post ;
Like a ninny, he got skinny,
And as pale as any ghost.

His reckoning death was summing,
 And that reckoning was his last;
 For though he still said, "Coming,"
 He was going very fast.

Till one day on the table,
 Dead suddenly he drops!
 They were able from a label
 To identify his *copse*:
 For observing he was growing
 Much too thin for folks to see,
 He affixed a label, showing—
 ('Twasn't grammar)—"This is me!"

But soon there was a talking
 That his ghost was seen at night,
 A-walking and a-stalking,
 An attenuated sprite!
 But when the cock doth crow,
 It answers, "Coming—coming!"
 Adding, "Youths, be warned, and know
 The inconstancy of Wumming!"

THOMAS HOOD THE YOUNGER: *Poems, Humorous and Pathetic.*



THE NIGHTINGALE.

It was the love-lorn Philomel—
 The sweetest bird that sings;
 And o'er my spirit came the spell
 That all sad music flings.
 Then—fashioning to tender words
 That wordless fairy-tale—
 "Sing on," I cried, "oh, bird of birds,
 Melodious Nightingale!"

Her sorrow pierced me through and through;
 And, though the village-chime
 A while ago had stricken two,
 I took no note of time.

But somehow, ere the clock told three,
I felt my ardour fail;
For sleep came fighting hard in me
Against the Nightingale.

An hour I lay and listen'd still
To that ecstatic voice,
(Not working out my own sweet will,
But Mr. HOBSON'S choice.)
"This melancholy strain," said I,
"Is very like a wail!"
Eftsoons I raised a bitter cry
Of "Hang the Nightingale!"

The village-clock had sped its round,
The village-clock struck five,
And still I found my sense of sound
Remorselessly alive.
I knew my efforts at repose
Would be of small avail,
Unless I rose and donn'd my hose,
And slew the Nightingale.

No way but one. I had a gun
With which, in former years,
Great execution I had done
Amongst the Volunteers;
And, while a friendly moonbeam came
And lighted hill and dale,
I loaded—took a deadly aim—
And—*exit* Nightingale!

HENRY S. LEIGH: *Carols of Cockayne.*

—◆—

THE LEGEND OF LURLEY.

"Every traveller hashes up the tradition of the Lurleyberg in a way that he supposes will be most palatable to his readers."—*A Family Tour, &c.*

THE bell for the compline, with echoing roar,
 Had called to their mass the young monks of St. Goar,
 And their banquet they left, and its bacchanal strains,
 With a little too much Rhenish wine in their brains;
 For in ages of yore,
 The young monks of St. Goar,
 Were wilder than any monks since or before;
 You'd have thought that each merry-eyed shaven young
 spark
 Had come up the Rhine from the Convent of Lark.
 At last it was over, the prayers were said,
 And the monks swarm'd giddily off to bed,
 Like a cluster of tipsy bees.
 Within 'twas all snug; but the north wind without
 Was indulging itself in a terrible rout,
 As chimneys and gables it blew in and out,
 And rattled the vanes and the casements about;
 Now mimicking laughter, shriek, whistle, and shout;
 Sometimes whirling off a loose pantile or spout
 To the cloisters below, with a deuce of a clout,
 Or stripping a branch from the trees.

At length in the corridors old was no step heard,
 But all was as still as the night when Jack Sheppard
 With footstep as stealthy as panther or leopard,
 Escaped from his dread doom
 By leaving the "red room,"
 Exclaiming, as if all upbraiding to smother,
 "Each brick I take out brings me nearer my mother!"
 (If you ask for the last rhyme to whom I'm in debt,
 I confess that it comes from the song of "We met,"
 In which some young lady, much given to languish,
 Abuses her mother for causing her anguish).

But young Father Winkle *he* went not to sleep,
 For he had that night an appointment to keep,
 So stealthily down the back stairs he did creep,
 And crossing the cloister, whilst sounded the hour,
 He reached the old gate of the almoner's tower,
 Where, coaxing the lock with a huge gothic key,
 He let in the guest he expected to see.
 It was not a penitent come to confess,
 Nor a foot-weary pilgrim in want or distress,
 But—*O pudor! O mores!*—a beautiful girl!
 Who enter'd the room with a bound and a twirl,
 Which the “*omnibus*” heads would have set in a whirl;
 Though pretty Cerito most jealous might feel,
 With Planquet, and Sheffer, and little Camille,
 In a very short dress of the loveliest green,
 More fine and transparent than ever was seen
Bouffée'd by a *jupe* of the best *crinoline*.

By what chance *she*

First came to be

Within St. Goar's proud monast'ry,

We know not well;

But the chronicles tell

Qu'elle avoit une gorge extrêmement belle.

Young Father Winkle fondly gazed upon this lovely form,
 Through whose fair skin the vivid blood was blushing young
 and warm,

And felt how beauty's presence proved a “comfort in a storm.”
 He look'd upon her flowing hair, so glossy, dark, and long,
 Her eyes so bright, whose magic might cannot be told in song,
 And then his conscience whisper'd he was doing very wrong,
 Although he thought in such a case the fault might be excused;
 For when, by some fair creature's guiles, poor mortals are
 amused,

Their just ideas of right and wrong are terribly confused:
 However firm our self-command, all resolution trips
 Beneath the mesmerising thrill of woman's ruby lips.

But 'tis an adage known full well,

That folks should never kiss and tell,

Or else we might have shown

That the first meeting of the two,

And greeting eke which did ensue,

Was not of words alone.

"Now come with me," the fair one cried,
 "In these dull cells no longer bide;
 I will become thy river bride,
 And o'er my realms thou shalt preside.
 Away—the dawn is near;
 The wind is hush'd—the storm has pass'd—
 The sky no longer is o'ercast;
 And see, the moon begins to shine
 Upon the mountains of the Rhine
 In radiance bright and clear.
 Then come with me, and we will go
 Where the rocks of coral grow,"—
 (I've heard those lines before, I know).

Father Winkle cried, "Stay,
 I've a trifle to say
 Ere thus from my duties you draw me astray.
 My beautiful Lurley, one instant delay—
 Each wish that you utter I burn to obey;
 But, in truth, love, I don't very well see my way;
 For though many people I've met heretofore
 Find keeping their heads above water a bore,
 Yet keeping mine under would puzzle me more.
 With your own pretty self, as my sentiments prove,
 I'm over my head and my ears now in love,
 And I cannot well see what we gain by the move."
 Replied Lurline, "My dear,
 You have nothing to fear;
 You would sleep just as well in the Rhine's bed as here."

Said Winkle, said he,
 "That bed won't do for me,
 For its bedding would nothing but winding sheets be,
 And I can't bear wet blankets in any degree.
 In accepting your offer, to me it seems clear,
 That I only should get in so novel a sphere,
 Not my bed and my board, but my bed and my bier."
 "My Winkle," said Lurline, repressing a frown,
 "The bed of the Rhine is of costliest down."
 "Yes, down at the bottom, my own one, I know,
 But I'm downy, too: no—I don't think I'll go."

Then Lurline looked mournfully up in his eye,
 With a face at once impudent, tearful, and sly,
 And a sweet *petite mine*, as if going to cry,
 As she said, "Can it be? would you leave me to die?
 Farewell, cruel Winkle; from hence I shall fly.
 Think of Lurline—sometimes—I am going—good-bye!"
 Thus speaking, the nymph waved her hand in adieu,
 And ere he could answer, dissolved like a view.

But fair Lurline knew

What was sure to accrue,

When from Winkle's fond eyes she so quickly withdrew.
 And she said to herself, as she slipp'd through the wall,
 "I was never yet foil'd—you'll be mine after all."

There's a boat

That's afloat

On the edge of the Rhine:

With a sail

When a gale

Should blow on the right line;

And Winkle had heard of a jolly young waterman,

Who at St. Goarshausen used for to ply,

So he stay'd not a second; you would not have thought
 a man

Not over lean could so rapidly fly.

And down to the river he ran like a shot;

But when he arrived there the boatman was not:

For, during the night-time all traffic was dull,

And the waterman, taking his rest in the lull,

With an eider-down pillow had feather'd his skull.

But there lay the barky, sail, rudder, and oar,

All properly stamp'd with the cross of St. Goar.

As order'd to be by the Burgraves of yore;

For the Burgraves of yore were a powerful *clique*:

If they wish'd a thing done, they had only to speak,

And none dared to show, at their visits, his pique:

Although Victor Hugo, they tell us, was grieved

To find that *his* Burgraves were coldly received.

But, though there was no waterman the fragile boat to guide,
 The fever'd monk push'd off from shore, and launch'd it on
 the tide;

The wind was right, the bark was light, the father's arm was strong,
 And, darting through the foaming waves, they swiftly flew along.
 High on the right the Rheinfels' keep slept in the moon's cold gleam,
 Whilst opposite the lofty Katz was frowning on the stream;
 And round the huge basaltic rocks one on the other piled,
 The roaring waters leapt and chafed, in whirlpools swift and wild,
 Until, beneath the Lurleyberg, half-hidden by the foam,
 The monk and boat at last drew near fair Lurline's echoing home,
 Where every grim basaltic cliff sings to the lashing spray,
 The only rock harmonicon that's heard both night and day.

And fast unto a mighty stone
 The monk his vessel made.
 At other times in spot so lone
 He had been sore afraid;
 But, ere he'd any time to think,
 Or from his venture wild to shrink,
 Uprising from the whirlpool's brink,
 Lurline her form betray'd,
 And with a voice of magic tone
 Thus sang she, to an air well known:

"I'm the fairest of Rhine's fairy daughters,
Lurley-ety!

Though I ought not to say so myself;
 Each peri that dwells 'neath its waters—

Lurley-ety!

I rule; and my slave is each elf.
 Then come, love; oh, come, love, with me,
 I thy own peri, Winkle, will be.
 Haste, haste to my home I implore, *Lurley-ety!*
 And give up the cells of St. Goar.

Lurley-ety! lurley-ety!—now make up your mind,
Lurley-ety! lurley-ety!—or else stay behind.

Lurley-ety-y-y y-y-y!"

The song had concluded, and hush'd was the strain,
 Except what the echoes sang over again,
 As the notes died away
 In the noise of the spray,
 When Winkle, o'ercome, shouted "Lurline!—oh! stay,
 Believe me, yours truly—yours only—for aye!"
 He said, and plunged in
 'Midst the clash and the din
 Of the eddies ne'er ceasing to bubble and spin,
 And the rock of the Lurleyberg tried to make fast to,
 Like the mates of Æneas *in gurgite vasto*;
 But soon through the tide
 Came Lurline to his side,
 And into the vortex her lover did guide.
 One shriek of despair
 From the monk rent the air
 As he whirl'd round and round, like a thing at a fair,
 Whilst Lurline, enraptured a priest to ensnare,
 Plunged after her victim, to meet him elsewhere.
 The waters closed over his head with a roar,
 And young Father Winkle was heard of no more—
 At least that I know of. My legend is o'er.

MORAL.

Mistrust all short dresses, and *jupes crinolines*,
 Whether sported by Alma, Giselle, or Ondine;
 Once caught by some bright-eyed Terpsichore's daughter,
 You won't very long *keep your head above water*!

ALBERT SMITH: *Adventures of Mr. Ledbury.*



THE DIRTY OLD MAN.

In a dirty old house lived a Dirty Old Man;
 Soap, towels, or brushes were not in his plan.
 For forty long years, as the neighbours declared,
 His house never once had been clean'd or repair'd.

'Twas a scandal and shame to the business-like street,
One terrible blot in a ledger so neat ;
The shop full of hardware, but black as a hearse,
And the rest of the mansion a thousand times worse.

Outside, the old plaster, all spatter and stain,
Looked spotty in sunshine, and streaky in rain ;
The window-sills sprouted with mildewy grass,
And the panes from being broken were known to be glass.

On the rickety signboard no learning could spell
The merchant who sold, or the goods he'd to sell ;
But for house and for man a new title took growth,
Like a fungus,—the Dirt gave a name to them both.

Within, there were carpets and cushions of dust,
The wood was half rot, and the metal half rust ;
Old curtains, half cobwebs, hung grimly aloof ;
'Twas a Spiders' Elysium from cellar to roof.

There, king of the spiders, the Dirty Old Man
Lives busy and dirty as ever he can ;
With dirt on his fingers and dirt on his face,
For the Dirty Old Man thinks the dirt no disgrace.

From his wig to his shoes, from his coat to his shirt,
His clothes are a proverb, a marvel of dirt ;
The dirt is pervading, unfading, exceeding,—
Yet the Dirty Old Man has both learning and breeding.

Fine dames from their carriages, noble and fair,
Have entered his shop—less to buy than to stare ;
And afterwards said, though the dirt was so frightful,
The Dirty Man's manners were truly delightful.

Upstairs they don't venture, in dirt and in gloom,—
May'nt peep at the door of the wonderful room
Such stories are told of, not half of them true ;
Its keyhole no mortal has ever seen through.

That room—forty years since, folk settled and deck'd it,
The luncheon's prepared, and the guests are expected.
The handsome young Host he is gallant and gay,
For his Love and her friends will be with him to-day.

With solid and dainty the table is drest,
The wine beams its brightest, the flowers bloom their best ;
Yet the host need not smile, and no guests will appear,
For his Sweetheart is dead, as he shortly shall hear.

Full forty years since, turn'd the key in that door.
'Tis a room deaf and dumb 'mid the city's uproar.
The guests, for whose joyance that table was spread,
May now enter as ghosts, for they're every one dead.

Through a chink in the shutter dim lights come and go ;
The seats are in order, the dishes a-row ;
But the luncheon was wealth to the rat and the mouse,
Whose descendants have long left the Dirty Old House.

Cup and platter are mask'd in thick layers of dust,
The flowers fall'n to powder, the wine swathed in crust ;
A nosegay was laid before one special chair,
And the faded blue ribbon that bound it lies there.

The old man has play'd out his parts in the scene.
Wherever he now is, I hope he's more clean.
Yet give we a thought free of scoffing or ban,
To that Dirty Old House and that Dirty Old Man.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.



ARRIVALS AT A WATERING-PLACE.

“I PLAY a spade.—Such strange new faces
Are flocking in from near and far;
Such frights!—(Miss Dobbs holds all the aces)—
One can’t imagine who they are:
The lodgings at enormous prices,—
New donkeys, and another fly;
And Madame Bonbon out of ices,
Although we’re scarcely in July:
We’re quite as sociable as any,
But one old horse can scarcely crawl;
And really, where there are so many,
We can’t tell where we ought to call.

“Pray who has seen the odd old fellow
Who took the Doctor’s house last week?—
A pretty chariot,—livery yellow,
Almost as yellow as his cheek;
A widower, sixty-five, and surly,
And stiffer than a poplar-tree;
Drinks rum and water, gets up early
To dip his carcase in the sea;
He’s always in a monstrous hurry,
And always talking of Bengal;
They say his cook makes noble curry;—
I think, Louisa, we should call.

“And so Miss Jones, the mantua-maker,
Has let her cottage on the hill!
The drollest man,—a sugar-baker
Last year imported from the till;
Prates of his *’orses* and his *’oney*,
Is quite in love with fields and farms;
A horrid Vandal,—but his money
Will buy a glorious coat of arms;

Old Clyster makes him take the waters;
Some say he means to give a ball;
And after all, with thirteen daughters,
I think, Sir Thomas, you might call.

"That poor young man!—I'm sure and certain
Despair is making up his shroud;
He walks all night beneath the curtain
Of the dim sky and murky cloud;
Draws landscapes,—throws such mournful glances;
Writes verses,—has such splendid eyes;
An ugly name,—but Laura fancies
He's some great person in disguise!—
And since his dress is all the fashion,
And since he's very dark and tall,
I think that out of pure compassion,
I'll get Papa to go and call.

"So Lord St. Ives is occupying
The whole of Mr. Ford's hotel!
Last Saturday his man was trying
A little nag I want to sell.
He brought a lady in the carriage;
Blue eyes,—eighteen, or thereabouts;—
Of course, you know, we *hope* it's marriage,
But yet the *femme de chambre* doubts.
She looked so pensive when we met her,
Poor thing!—and such a charming shawl!—
Well! till we understand it better,
It's quite impossible to call!

"Old Mr. Fund, the London Banker,
Arrived to-day at Premium Court;
I would not, for the world, cast anchor
In such a horrid dangerous port;
Such dust and rubbish, lath and plaster,—
(Contractors play the meanest tricks)—
The roof's as crazy as its master,
And he was born in fifty-six;
Stairs creaking—cracks in every landing,—
The colonnade is sure to fall;
We shan't find post or pillar standing,
Unless we make great haste to call.

“Who was that sweetest of sweet creatures
Last Sunday in the Rector’s seat?
The finest shape,—the loveliest features,—
I never saw such tiny feet!
My brother,—(this is quite between us)
Poor Arthur,—’twas a sad affair;
Love at first sight!—she’s quite a Venus,
But then she’s poorer far than fair;
And so my father and my mother
Agreed it would not do at all;
And so,—I’m sorry for my brother!—
It’s settled that we’re not to call.

“And there’s an author, full of knowledge;
And there’s a captain on half-pay;
And there’s a baronet from college,
Who keeps a boy and rides a bay;
And sweet Sir Marcus from the Shannon,
Fine specimen of brogue and bone;
And Doctor Calipee, the canon,
Who weighs, I fancy, twenty stone:
A maiden lady is adorning
The faded front of Lily Hall:—
Upon my word, the first fine morning,
We’ll make a round, my dear, and call.”

Alas! disturb not, maid and matron,
The swallow in my humble thatch;
Your son may find a better patron,
Your niece may meet a richer match:
I can’t afford to give a dinner,
I never was on Almack’s list;
And, since I seldom rise a winner,
I never like to play at whist:
Unknown to me the stocks are falling,
Unwatched by me the glass may fall:
Let all the world pursue its calling,—
I’m not at home if people call.



THE RUINS OF DUNRETTY.

THE Ruins of Dunretty bar,
'Tis mighty illigant they are;
But sweeter far its whiskey still,
Where slily you may take your fill;
The Ruin of Dunretty.

The mountain dews come trickling down—
That's when the 'ciseman's gone to town;
The river foam comes churning in;
They turn it into London gin,
The Ruin of Dunretty.

Faith! what with mists and wintry rains,
That bring the sharp rheumatic pains;
Bedad! from such a flush of water,
They brew the famous Dublin porter,
The Ruin of Dunretty.

Pat coming home one stormy night,
Got fixed in such an awful fright!
A lurid glare shot up the crags,
Where witches danced—he saw the hags,
The Ruin of Dunretty.

His spirits, though they'd oozed away—
He'd ta'en enough for two that day,—
Just left him wit to turn and flee,
And bid his neighbours go and see
The Ruin of Dunretty.

The 'ciseman coming home from town,
Made answer, that he'd venture down;
He went, of trade to do his fill—
He bagged the far-famed whiskey still,
The Ruin of Dunretty.

WALTER BAXENDALE.



MOTHER'S ADVICE.

LAST night when home was tidied up
And all the work was done,
I thought I'd saunter out awhile
To watch the setting sun.
For Robin often comes that way,
Though always 'tis by chance,
And then he almost always
Passes by with just a glance.
But yesternight he stopped and stay'd
And then, after a while,
He begged I'd walk along the lane
With him, just to the stile.
And mother says we girls were meant
In all things to obey,
So when he bade me go with him
How could I say him nay?

The lane is very short you know,
Yet Oh! 'twas such a while
Before we reached the end of it
And rested at the stile.
And then he took my hand in his
And begged me for a kiss—
You'll say you never heard before,
Of daring such as this.
And yet 'twas done so modestly
And in so sweet a way,
I could not find it in my heart
To answer shortly, nay.
For men must be obeyed, and so
What could I do or say—
But tell him it was very wrong,
And let him have his way?

I know not half the words he said,
How many kisses stole,
I only know I pledged myself
To him with heart and soul.
And ne'er before in all my life,
Had moonlight shone so bright;
And mother says he's good and true,
And mother's always right.
Then when I said 'twas growing late,
I could not longer stay,
He answered, I should only go
When I had named the day.
And men must be obeyed, and so
What could I do or say—
But tell him it was very wrong,
And let him have his way?

SYDNEY LEVER: *Fireflies.*

AUNT PRUE.

As the hammers of Fate strike life's dulcimer strings,
How often a harmony suddenly springs,
Surprising the singer, who seems out of tune
With the beautiful world on a bright afternoon;
But my heart thought it discord one day in the Zoo,
When Fate from the strings brought the name of Aunt Prue?

Though pretty Miss Capulet said that a rose
Without its good title was sweet to the nose,
I hold that god-parents are always to blame
To burden a babe with a perfumeless name.
There is much in a name,—now I put it to you,
Could you dream of a kiss from the lips of Aunt Prue?

A wrinkled old maiden, all cap-strings and bows,
With tortoiseshell spectacles over her nose,
With a ghostly moustache and a hook to her chin,
And cheeks bound in parchment or cinnamon skin;
Such the figure that rose in my fanciful view,
When a little boy asked, had I seen his Aunt Prue?

I mentioned the pleasure was one I had lost,
His ancient relation my path had not crossed,
But if the old fossil should come in my way,
A message from him I would gladly convey,—
But the youngster had evidently spotted the shrew,
For he whistled and shouted, “Oh, there is Aunt Prue.”

I turned and beheld (how that urchin could laugh !)
A party surveying the stately giraffe ;
Not a fossilized female more dead than alive,
But a jolly round party—a party of five :
Papa and mamma, and two brothers in blue,
And a sweet little rogue they addressed as Aunt Prue.

Though bashful by nature, I felt myself bound
To see that the truant returned safe and sound ;
Papa was all thanks, and mamma sweetly smiled,
And said I was kind to take care of the child ;
While his aunt hugged and kissed him—she scolded, ’tis true,—
I should like to be scolded like that by Aunt Prue.

Her years were eighteen, and her pert little face
Was a picture of love in a framework of lace ;
She had bright hazel eyes which would wink if they dared ;
She’s a regular Tom-boy, her nephews declared.
How I wished that those boys were my relatives too !
I think I should make a good uncle, Aunt Prue.

As the hammers of Fate strike life’s dulcimer strings,
How often a harmony suddenly springs,
That gladdens the singer whose heart is in tune
With a beautiful girl’s on a bright afternoon !
Who knows ? before Christmas a lucky old shoe
May be thrown after me and my darling Aunt Prue.

HORACE LENNARD: *Chirrup.*



A TALE OF A NOSE.

'Twas a hard case, that which happened in Lynn.
Haven't heard of it, eh? Well then, to begin,
There's a Jew down there whom they call "Old Mose,"
Who travels about, and buys old clothes.

Now Mose—which the same is short for Moses—
Had one of the biggest kind of noses :
It had a sort of an instep in it,
And he fed it with snuff about once a minute.

One day he got in a bit of a row
With a German chap who had kissed his *frau*,
And, trying to punch him *à la* Mace,
Had his nose cut off close up to his face.

He picked it up from off the ground,
And quickly back in its place 'twas bound,
Keeping the bandage upon his face
Until it had fairly healed in place.

Alas for Mose ! 'Twas a sad mistake
Which he in his haste that day did make ;
For, to add still more to his bitter cup,
He found he had placed it *wrong side up*.

"There's no great loss without some gain ;"
And Moses says, in a jocular vein,
He arranged it so for taking snuff,
As he never before could get enough.

One thing, by the way, he forgets to add,
Which makes the arrangement rather bad :
Although he can take his snuff with ease,
He has to stand on his head to sneeze !

CHARLES F. ADAMS: *Leedle Yawcob Stravss*.



A COSMOPOLITAN WOMAN.

SHE went round and asked subscriptions
For the heathen black Egyptians
And the Terra del Fuegians,

She did ;

For the tribes round Athabasca,
And the men of Madagascar,
And the poor souls of Alaska,

So she did ;

She longed, she said, to buy
Jelly, cake, and jam, and pie,
For the Anthropophagi,

So she did.

Her heart ached for the Australians
And the Borriobooli-Ghaliens,
And the poor dear Amahagger,

Yes, it did ;

And she loved the black Numidian,
And the ebon Abyssinian,
And the charcoal-coloured Guinean,

Oh, she did !

And she said she'd cross the seas
With a ship of bread and cheese
For those starving Chimpanzees,

So she did.

How she loved the cold Norwegian
And the poor half-melted Feejeean,
And the dear Molucca Islander,

She did :

She sent tins of red tomato
To the tribes beyond the Equator,
But her husband ate potato,

So he did ;

The poor helpless, homeless thing
 (My voice falters as I sing)
 Tied his clothes up with a string,
 Yes, he did.

ANON.

THE WEDDING OF SHON MACLEAN.

A BAGPIPE MELODY.

To the wedding of Shon Maclean,
 Twenty Pipers together
 Came in the wind and the rain
 Playing across the heather;
 Backward their ribbons flew,
 Blast upon blast they blew,
 Each clad in tartan new,
 Bonnet, and blackcock feather:
 And every Piper was fou,*
 Twenty Pipers together! . . .

He's but a Sassenach blind and vain
 Who never heard of Shon Maclean—
 The Duke's own Piper, called "Shon the Fair,"
 From his freckled skin and his fiery hair.
 Father and son, since the world's creation,
 The Macleans had followed this occupation,
 And played the pibroch to fire the Clan
 Since the first Duke came and the Earth began.
 Like the whistling of birds, like the humming of bees,
 Like the sough of the south-wind in the trees,
 Like the singing of angels, the playing of shawms,
 Like Ocean itself with its storms and its calms,
 Were the strains of Shon, when with cheeks aflame
 He blew a blast thro' the pipes of fame.
 At last, in the prime of his playing life,
 The spirit moved him to take a wife—

* Pronounce *fou*—i.e., "half seas over," intoxicated.

A lassie with eyes of Highland blue,
Who loved the pipes and the Piper too,
And danced to the sound, with a foot and a leg
White as a lily and smooth as an egg.
So, twenty Pipers were coming together
O'er the moor and across the heather,
 All in the wind and the rain :
Twenty Pipers so brawly dressed
Were flocking in from the east and the west,
To bless the bedding and blow their best
 At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

At the wedding of Shon Maclean
 'Twas wet and windy weather !
Yet, thro' the wind and the rain
 Came twenty Pipers together !
Earach and Dougal Dhu,
Sandy of Isla too,
Each with the bonnet o' blue,
 Tartan, and blackcock feather :
And every Piper was fou,
 Twenty Pipers together !

The knot was tied, the blessing said,
Shon was married, the feast was spread.
At the head of the table sat, huge and hoar,
Strong Sandy of Isla, age fourscore,
Whisker'd, grey as a Haskeir seal,
And clad in crimson from head to heel.
Beneath and round him in their degree
Gathered the men of minstrelsie,
With keepers, gillies, and lads and lasses,
Mingling voices, and jingling glasses.
At soup and haggis, at roast and boil'd,
Awhile the happy gathering toil'd,—
While Shon and Jean at the table ends
Shook hands with a hundred of their friends.—
Then came a hush. Thro' the open door
A wee bright form flash'd on the floor,—
The Duke himself, in the kilt and plaid,
With slim soft knees, like the knees of a maid.

And he took a glass, and he cried out plain
“ I drink to the health of Shon Maclean !
To Shon the Piper and Jean his wife,
A clean fireside and a merry life ! ”
Then out he slipt, and each man sprang
To his feet, and with “ hooch ” the chamber rang !
“ Clear the tables ! ” shriek’d out one—
A leap, a scramble,—and it was done !
And then the Pipers all in a row
Tuned their pipes and began to blow,
While all to dance stood fain :
Sandy of Isla and Earach More,
Dougal Dhu from Kilflannan shore,
Played up the company on the floor
At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

At the wedding of Shon Maclean,
Twenty Pipers together
Stood up, while all their train
Ceased to clatter and blether.
Full of the mountain-dew,
First in their pipes they blew,
Mighty of bone and thew,
Red-cheek’d, with lungs of leather :
And every Piper was fou,
Twenty Pipers together !

Who led the dance ? In pomp and pride
The Duke himself led out the Bride !
Great was the joy of each beholder,
For the wee Duke only reach’d her shoulder ;
And they danced, and turned, when the reel began,
Like a giantess and a fairie man !
But like an earthquake was the din
When Shon himself led the Duchess in !
And she took her place before him there,
Like a white mouse dancing with a bear !
So trim and tiny, so slim and sweet,
Her blue eyes watching Shon’s great feet,
With a smile that could not be resisted,
She jigged, and jumped, and twirl’d, and twisted !
Sandy of Isla led off the reel,
The Duke began it with toe and heel,

Then all join'd in amain ;
Twenty Pipers ranged in a row,
From squinting Shamus to lame Kilcroe,
Their cheeks like crimson, began to blow,
At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

At the wedding of Shon Maclean
They blew with lungs of leather,
And blithesome was the strain
Those Pipers played together !
Moist with the mountain dew,
Mighty of bone and thew,
Each with the bonnet o' blue,
Tartan, and blackcock feather :
And every Piper was fou,
Twenty Pipers together !

Oh for a wizard's tongue to tell
Of all the wonders that befell !
Of how the Duke, when the first stave died,
Reached up on tiptoe to kiss the Bride,
While Sandy's pipes, as their mouths were meeting,
Skirl'd, and set every heart a-beating !
Then Shon took the pipes ! and all was still,
As silently he the bags did fill,
With flaming cheeks and round bright eyes,
Till the first faint music began to rise.
Like a thousand laverocks singing in tune,
Like countless corn-craiks under the moon,
Like the smack of kisses, like sweet bells ringing,
Like a mermaid's harp, or a kelpie singing,
Blew the pipes of Shon ; and the witching strain
Was the gathering song of the Clan Maclean !
Then slowly, softly, at his side,
All the Pipers around replied,
And swelled the solemn strain :
The hearts of all were proud and light,
To hear the music, to see the sight,
And the Duke's own eyes were dim that night,
At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

So to honour the Clan Maclean
 Straight they began to gather,
 Blowing the wild refrain,
 "Blue bonnets across the heather!"
 They stamp'd, they strutted, they blew;
 They shriek'd; like cocks they crew;
 Blowing the notes out true,
 With wonderful lungs of leather:
 And every Piper was fou,
 Twenty Pipers together!

When the Duke and Duchess went away
 The dance grew mad and the guests grew gay;
 Man and maiden, face to face,
 Leapt and footed and scream'd apace!
 Round and round the dancers whirl'd,
 Shriller, louder, the Pipers skirl'd,
 Till the soul seem'd swooning into sound,
 And all creation was whirling round!
 Then, in a pause of the dance and glee,
 The Pipers, ceasing their minstrelsie,
 Draining the glass in groups did stand,
 And passed the sneesh-box* fram hand to hand.
 Sandy of Isla, with locks of snow,
 Squinting Shamus, blind Kilmahoe,
 Finlay Beg, and Earach More,
 Dougal Dhu of Kilflannan shore—
 All the Pipers, black, yellow, and green,
 All the colours that ever were seen,
 All the Pipers of all the Macs.
 Gather'd together and took their cracks.†
Then (no man knows how the thing befel,
 For none was sober enough to tell)
 These heavenly Pipers from twenty places
 Began disputing with crimson faces;
 Each asserting, like one demented,
 The claims of the Clan he represented.
 In vain grey Sandy of Isla strove
 To soothe their struggle with words of love,

* Snuff-box.

† Conversed sociably.

Asserting there, like a gentleman,
 The superior claims of his own great Clan ;
 Then, finding to reason is despair,
 He seizes his pipes and he plays an air—
 The gathering tune of his Clan—and tries
 To drown in music the shrieks and cries !
 Heavens ! Every Piper, grown mad with ire,
 Seizes *his* pipes with a fierce desire,
 And blowing madly, with skirl and squeak,
 Begins *his* particular tune to shriek !
 Up and down the gamut they go,
 Twenty Pipers, all in a row,
 Each with a different strain !
 Each tries hard to drown the first,
 Each blows louder till like to burst.
 Thus were the tunes of the Clans rehearsed
 At the wedding of Shon Maclean !

At the wedding of Shon Maclean,
 Twenty Pipers together,
 Blowing with might and main,
 Thro' wonderful lungs of leather !
 Wild was the hullabaloo !
 They stamp'd, they scream'd, they crew !
 Twenty strong blasts they blew,
 Holding the heart in tether :
 And every Piper was fou,
 Twenty Pipers together !

A storm of music ! Like wild sleuth-hounds
 Contending together, were the sounds !
 At last a bevy of Eve's bright daughters
 Pour'd oil—that's whisky—upon the waters ;
 And after another dram went down
 The Pipers chuckled and ceased to frown,
 Embraced like brothers and kindred spirits,
 And fully admitted each other's merits.
 All bliss must end ! For now the Bride
 Was looking weary and heavy-eyed,
 And soon she stole from the drinking chorus,
 While the company settled to *deoch-an-dorus*.*

* The parting glass ; lit. the cup at the door.

One hour—another—took its flight—
The clock struck twelve—the dead of night—
And still the Bride like a rose so red
Lay lonely up in the bridal bed.
At half-past two the Bridegroom, Shon,
Dropt on the table as heavy as stone,
But four strong Pipers across the floor
Carried him up to the bridal door,
Push'd him in at the open portal,
And left him snoring, serene and mortal !
The small stars twinkled over the heather,
As the Pipers wandered away together,
But one by one on the journey dropt,
Clutching his pipes, and there he stopt !
One by one on the dark hillside
Each faint blast of the bagpipes died,
Amid the wind and the rain !
And the twenty Pipers at break of day
In twenty different bogholes lay,
Serenely sleeping upon their way
From the wedding of Shon Maclean !

ROBERT BUCHANAN : *Ballads of Life, Love, and Humour.*

LARRIE O'DEE.

Now the widow McGee,
And Larrie O'Dee,
Had two little cottages out on the green,
With just room enough for two pig-pens between.
The widow was young and the widow was fair,
With the brightest of eyes and the brownest of hair ;
And it frequently chanced, when she came in the morn
With the swill for her pig, Larrie came with the corn.
And some of the ears that he tossed from his hand,
In the pen of the widow were certain to land.

One morning said he :

“Och ! Misthress McGee,

It's a waste of good 'lumber, this runnin' two rigs,
Wid a fancy purtition betwane our two pigs !”

“Indade, sur, it is !” answered Widow McGee,
With the sweetest of smiles upon Larrie O'Dee.

“And thin, it looks kind o' hard-hearted and mane,
Kapin' two friendly pigs so exsайдenly near
That whiniver one grunts the other can hear,
And yit kape a cruel purtition betwane.”

“Shwate Widow McGee,”

Answered Larrie O'Dee,

“If ye fale in your heart we are mane to the pigs,
Ain't we mane to ourselves to be runnin' two rigs?
Och ! it made me heart ache whin I paped through the cracks
Of me shanty, lasht March, at yez shwingin' yer axe ;
An' a bobbin' yer head an' a shtompin' yer fate,
Wid yer purty white hands jisht as red as a bate,
A-sphlittin' yer kindlin'-wood out in the shtorm,
When one little shtove it would kape us both warm !”

“Now, piggy,” said she ;

“Larrie's courtin' o' me,

Wid his dilicate tinder allusions to you ;
So now yez must tell me jisht what I must do :
For, if I'm to say yes, shtir the swill wid yer snout ;
But if I'm to say no, ye must kape your nose out.
Now Larrie, for shame ! to be bribin' a pig
By a-tossin' a handful of corn in its shwig !”
“Me darlint, the piggy says yes,” answered he.
And that was the courtship of Larrie O'Dee.

W. W. FINK: *The Independent*.



BURNHAM BEECHES.

O, FOR a picnic here's a place,
When the hot noon of summer kindles !
Down by express to Taplow race ;
Refresh yourself where once was Skindle's ;
Or row from Maidenhead, if you will,
Along the river's loveliest reaches ;
Then take the road, and drink your fill
Of coolness 'neath the giant Beeches.

Quoth Pet to me—she's mistress now,
I mean to be her lord and master—
“Just corrugate your manly brow,
And prove yourself a poetaster.”
Luttrel was told to do the same ;
A lesson his example teaches ;
To an untimely end he came,
Wanting another rhyme for “beeches.”

“Pet,” I replied, “some lobster first—
This fellow's the true Norway crimson ;
A goblet then to quench your thirst—
See, the bright wine the bubble swims on.
Now, would you like a slice of pine,
Or one of those voluptuous peaches,
Touch'd with a colour half divine,
Like sunset seen through Burnham Beeches ?”

Ah, what a wicked witch is Pet !
Although so carefully I fed her ;
And then, as far as we could get
From her mamma, I briskly led her ;
Although we criticise the trees,
And wonder what the tale of each is,
Yet she returns to—“Charlie, please,
Do write some verse on Burnham Beeches.

“Do quiz dear Amy, getting spoons
 Upon that gawky little cornet;
 And Mary, with big eyes like moons,
 Fainting because she saw a hornet;
 And grim old Sophonisba Snooks,
 Who tries to flirt, but only preaches
 Sermons on woman’s rights, and looks
 A fungus upon Burnham Beeches.”

“Pet,” I replied, “your rosy lips
 Were never meant for words satiric,
 From graceful head to finger-tips
 Your every look’s a living lyric:
 I’ll punish you for naughtiness.”
 “O don’t, dear Charlie!” she beseeches;
 Her penalty you’ll have to guess:
 Secrets they keep, those grave old Beeches.

A strange magnificence of gloom
 Falls o’er the trees with falling twilight,
 While hayfield’s scent and lime perfume
 Delight us, driving through the shy light.
 Lo, as a mighty beech we pass,
 Close at our ears a brown owl screeches,
 And wicked Pet exclaims, “Alas,
 That’s the true bard of Burnham Beeches!”

MORTIMER COLLINS: *A Selection from the Poetical Works of Mortimer Collins.*

A SEA DIRGE.

THERE are certain things—as, a spider, a ghost,
 The income-tax, gout, an umbrella for three—
 That I hate, but the thing that I hate the most
 Is a thing they call the Sea.

Pour some salt water over the floor—
 Ugly I’m sure you’ll allow it to be:
 Suppose it extended a mile or more,
 That’s very like the Sea.

Beat a dog till it howls outright—
Cruel, but all very well for a spree :
Suppose that he did so day and night,
 That would be like the Sea.

I had a vision of nursery-maids ;
Tens of thousands passed by me—
All leading children with wooden spades,
 And this was by the Sea.

Who invented those spades of wood ?
Who was it cut them out of the tree ?
None, I think, but an idiot could,
 Or one that loved the Sea.

It is pleasant and dreamy, no doubt, to float,
With "thoughts as boundless, and souls as free ;"
But, suppose you are very unwell in the boat,
 How do you like the Sea ?

There is an insect that people avoid
(Whence is derived the verb "to flee").
Where have you been by it most annoyed ?
 In lodgings by the Sea.

If you like your coffee with sand for dregs,
A decided hint of salt in your tea,
And a fishy taste in the very eggs—
 By all means choose the Sea.

And if, with these dainties to drink and eat,
You prefer not a vestige of grass or tree,
And a chronic state of wet in your feet,
 Then—I recommend the Sea.

For *I* have friends who dwell by the coast—
Pleasant friends they are to me !
It is when I am with them I wonder most
 That any one likes the Sea.

They take me a walk : though tired and stiff,
 To climb the heights I madly agree ;
 And, after a tumble or so from the cliff,
 They kindly suggest the Sea.

I try the rocks, and I think it cool
 That they laugh with such an excess of glee,
 As I heavily slip into every pool
 That skirts the cold cold Sea.

LEWIS CARROLL: *Rhyme? and Reason?*



COUNTRY SLEIGHING.

In January, when down the dairy
 The cream and clabber freeze,
 When snow-drifts cover the fences over,
 We farmers take our ease.
 At night we rig the team,
 And bring the cutter out—
 Then fill it, fill it, fill it, fill it,
 And heap the furs about.

Here friends and cousins dash up by dozens,
 With sleighs at least a score ;
 There John and Molly, behind, are jolly,
 Nell rides with me before.
 All down the village street
 We range us in a row—
 Then jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle,
 Over the crispy snow.

The windows glisten, the old folks listen
 To hear the sleigh-bells pass ;
 The fields grow whiter, the stars are brighter ;
 The road is smooth as glass.
 Our muffled faces burn,
 The clear north wind blows cold,
 The girls all nestle, nestle, nestle,
 Each in her lover's hold.

Thro' bridge and gateway we're shooting straightway—
That toll-man was too slow!
He'll listen after our song and laughter
As over the hill we go—
The girls cry, "Fie! for shame!"
Their cheeks and lips are red,
And so with kisses, kisses, kisses,
We take the toll instead.

So follow, follow! Across the hollow
The tavern fronts the road.
Whoa, now! All steady! The host is ready,
He knows the country mode.
Push back the tables, and from the stables
Bring Tom, the fiddler, in;
All take your places, and make your graces,
And let the dance begin.

The girls are beating time
To hear the music sound;
Now foot it, foot it, foot it, foot it,
And swing your partner 'round.
Last couple toward the left—all forward!
Then take the long "chassé,"
While in to supper, supper, supper,
The landlord leads the way.

The bells are ringing, the hostlers bringing
The cutters up anew—
The beasts are neighing, too long we're staying—
The night is half way through.
Wrap close the buffalo robes,
We're "all aboard" once more;
Now jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle,
Away from the tavern door.

Still follow, follow, by hill and hollow,
And swiftly homeward glide.
What midnight splendor! How warm and tender
The maiden at your side!

The sleighs drop far apart,
Her words are soft and low ;
Now if you love her, love her, love her,
'Tis safe to tell her so.

E. C. STEPMAN.

TROUBLE IN THE CHOIR.

THERE was something so unusual in the singing of the choir
That the elder looked up mildly from the tenth of Jeremiah,
And with readjusted eyeglass glanced along the foremost row,
While a hundred necks were twisted in a stare from all below.

As before the rolling thunder comes a distant, wailing moan,
There was presage of disturbance in the very organ's tone ;
Just the popping of the pickets, ere the battle's awful din,
Or the tuning of the fiddles ere the orchestra begin.

An unprejudiced observer might have seen with half an eye
There was waiting an explosion that would blow them all sky-
high ;
Or spontaneous combustion, to accept a modern name,
That was waiting just a motion to burst forth into a flame.

The soprano sat in grandeur, with her book before her face,
With her back-comb turned in anger on the alto and the bass ;
While the tenor stood beside her with an elevated nose,
And the organist pawed madly at the pedals with her toes.

How could any one but angels sing when they were feeling so ?
Though the hymn was "Song of Gladness," they would make
it "Sounds of Woe."

When we sing about devotion, some devotion we must feel,
Or our plaintive tones of worship will partake somewhat of
squeal.

But the alto sung her solo, and then left it to the bass,
Who was gnawing at his moustache, and was looking for the
place ;
While the organist, in anger, sung the leading part alone,
And the tenor tried to follow, but it ended in a groan.

As the horror-stricken people heard the discord rising higher,
It was patent to the simplest there was trouble in the choir,
And the organist, in fury, closed the organ with a crash,
And the alto sobbed in anguish, and the choir had gone to
smash.

When the elder went among them, with a view to reconcile,
The soprano told her story with a sanguinary smile ;
It appeared the wretched organist had introduced a girl
With a brand-new style of singing, and a most distracting curl.

But, to cap the bitter climax, this usurper wore a hat,
Just a duck, a gem, a beauty, and it made the rest look flat ;
And—the straw that broke the camel's back and made the wreck
complete—
She came early Sunday morning, and usurped the leading seat.

When the elder asked the tenor why he left, he said " Because
The soprano said his chest-tones sounded just like filing saws ;
And he overheard the alto, one night, whisper to the bass,
That a man with such a moustache was a palpable disgrace."

And the bass informed the elder that he sacrificed his views
When he came and joined the elder's choir, to help fill up his
pews ;
An Episcopalian, he was, and if they thought he'd take
Any nonsense from a Baptist, they had made a great mistake.

Then the organist and alto both put on an injured look,
Saying something in an undertone about a change of book ;
And the elder overheard them as he gently closed the door,
Use the words, " A poor old fogey," and " A sentimental bore."

And he scratched his poor old noddle, as he ambled down the street,
 With his spectacles on forehead and his slippers on his feet;
 And I really think the elder has a hope of pouring oil
 On the troubled sea of music, to allay the sad turmoil.

In the meantime service opens with old "China" or "Bethune,"
 And the deacon with his tune-fork give the people all the tune;
 And the organ gathers cobwebs, and the people gather grace,
 While they roar out "Coronation" to the deacon's hoarsest bass.

A. T. WORDEN : *One Hundred Choice Selections.* No. 26.

HALF HOURS WITH THE CLASSICS.

By a young lady who has been reading "Classics for English Readers."

AH, those hours when by-gone sages
 Led our thoughts through Learning's ways,
 When the wit of sunnier ages,
 Called once more to Earth the days
 When rang through Athens' vine-hung lanes
 Thy wild laugh, Aristophanes!

Pensive through the land of Lotus,
 Sauntered we by Nilus' side;
 Garrulous old Herodotus
 Still our mentor, still our guide,
 Prating of the mystic bliss
 Of Isis and of Osiris.

All the learn'd ones trooped before us,
 All the wise of Hellas' land,
 Down from mythic Pythagoras,
 To the hemlock drinker grand.
 Dark the hour that closed the gates
 Of gloomy Dis on thee, Socrates.

Ah, those hours of tend'rest study,
 When Electra's poet told
 Of Love's cheek once warm and ruddy,
 Pale with grief, with death chill cold!
 Sobbing low like summer tides
 Flow thy verses, Euripides!

High our hearts beat when Cicero
 Shook the Capitolian dome;
 How we shuddered, watching Nero
 'Mid the glare of blazing Rome!
 How those records still affright us
 On thy gloomy page, Tacitus!

Back to youth I seem to glide, as
 I recall those by-gone scenes,
 When we conned o'er Thucydides,
 Or recited Demosthenes.

L'ENVOI.

*Ancient sages, pardon these
 Somewhat doubtful quantities.*

H. J. DEBURGH: *Kottabos*.



THE LEGEND OF S. JUST.

S. JUST was weary, S. Just was sad,
 He was not ill but was Just as bad,
 And sadder and wearier still he grew
 With the old complaint of "nothing to do."

Again and again had he told his beads,
 Had pattered his Paters and muttered his creeds,
 Thrown stones in the sea as he lay on the shore,
 Had slept so long he could sleep no more.

He'd gathered his herbs and eaten his dinner,
 (Which all must do whether saint or sinner),
 Had spun it out with a lengthy grace,
 And to fill up the time—e'en washed his face.

But all was done, and in vain sought he
For a plan to get rid of his great *ennui* :
At last he exclaimed, as he took up his hat,
“ I’ll go see Keverne and have a long chat.”

So he tightened his belt and fastened his sandal,
And took up his stick with the cruciform handle ;
He filled his bottle and took one sip,
And put a few biscuits into his srip.

He turned his back on Lafronda’s tower,
And away he went ten miles in the hour ;
Over the hills and across the heath,
And down the lane to the shore beneath.

At such a pace did the saint advance,
That in less than an hour he’d passed Penzance ;
At Marazion he gave good day
To the monks at the top of the Mount in the Bay ;

And so along past Breage town,
Across Goonhilly and Crouza down,
Till he came to the small but cozÿ cell
Where his holy brother S. Keverne did dwell.

Saint Keverne brought out his very best cheer,
He gave him the choice of cider or beer,
Sausages, pilchard, pollack, and hake,
Or anything else that he chose to take.

And when they had dined in a brotherly manner,
S. Keverne produced his best Havana,
And winked as he said, “ You’ll find it a beauty,
And none the worse that it’s paid no duty.”

They talked the scandal, as saints will do,
And eagerly listened to anything new ;
They smoked and chatted, and joked and laughed,
And from a black bottle drank many a draught.

When weary at length of these sorts of pleasures,
 S. Keverne brought out his relics and treasures,
 Which Just—though a saint should have been above it—
 I'm sorry to say, began to covet.

Some palpable dark ;
 A bit of the Ark,
 With a primitive form of the Plimsoll mark ;
 A piece of the cable ;
 The stick that killed Abel ;
 And (privately printed) a capital table
 Of irregular verbs in the language of Babel ;
 The identical nail
 Once used by Jael ;
 A badly-stuffed skin of a Wilderness quail ;
 A two-shekel stamp for the Tarshish mail ;
 And two or three lumps of Egyptian hail ;
 Then, fossilized quite,
 A dead Ammonite ;
 King David's repeater—a watch of the night—
 Which wanted no winding, and always went right ;
 The King's fine arrangement for harp and for groans
 Of the Psalter as set to Gregorian tones ;
 Job's comforters, torn
 And very much worn ;
 A staff that was made of a unicorn's horn ;
 And (extracted complete) Joseph's favourite corn ;
 And a great many more—
 Three or four score—
 All very holy, you may be sure.

You will sometimes find when dinner you take,
 It is not very easy to keep awake ;
 And Keverne's drowsiness grew so deep
 He forgot his guest and he fell asleep.

* * * * *

"'Tis opportunity makes the thief"—
 But isn't it almost past belief
 That Satan should find some mischief still
 The hands of a saint like S. Just to fill ?

But in fact as soon, or indeed before,
Just heard S. Keverne begin to snore
Came into his head the horrible thought
That he could take what he didn't ought,
And in all probability wouldn't be caught.

So he turned and examined each holy relic,
And of the most portable took the best pick ;
He filled his hood and he filled his srip,
And was ready to start on his homeward trip.

"Good bye, S. Keverne," he cried, "old chap ;
Don't let me disturb your afternoon's nap ;
But I must be off, for I've far to go,
And ought to be back before primes, you know."

S. Keverne started when Just so spoke,
And muttered a word, but he scarcely woke,
And while he still was rubbing his eyes,
Just opens the door and away he hies.

* * * * *

S. Keverne was drowsy, again he slept—
S. Just was guilty, and fast he stept.
If, in coming, ten miles in the hour he went, he
Upon the road home must have made it quite twenty.

S. Keverne soon woke and began put away
His relics all, each in its case or its tray ;
Which as he was doing, with mighty surprise,
That many were missing he plainly descries.

He scratched his head and considered awhile
If S. Just could be guilty of conduct so vile ;
Then he cried out "It must be that blackguard S. Just.
But I'm blowed if I don't have 'em back if I bust."

He stayed not for hat and he stayed not for stick,
But upon Crouza down he just halted to pick
Up some very hard stones of a very hard kind ;
And hard on S. Just he followed behind,

By Helston, S. Just had proceeded, and near
To Penzance had arrived, when there fell on his ear
The voice of S. Keverne hallooing like mad,
“Hi! Just—here! my relics! hold hard there, you cad.”

“’Tis the voice of the sluggard, I hear him complain,”
Said S. Just, and he hurried him forward again;
While the breeze bore along most unsaintly language
From the tongue of S. K. in a towering rage.

The relics were heavy, S. Just he was tired;
S. Keverne with just indignation was fired,
He ran and he gained on the robber so fast,
It was plain that for long such a race couldn’t last.

“Hand over the relics, you thief, you have got,”
Cried Keverne, as running up, panting and hot,
He caught up S. Just, who, with injured surprise,
Said, “What, I took your relics! O, Keverne, what lies!”

“Who else could have took ’em, you blackguard, but you?”
Said Keverne, and, speaking, so truly he threw
At the peccant S. Just such a large piece of stone
That if it had hit it had broken a bone.

“Oh, Keverne! dear Keverne! don’t do that again,
To see you so angry it gives me much pain.
I’d give you your relics, my boy, if I could—”
“You liar! there’s one sticking out of your hood.”

At this good S. Just opened widely his eyes,
And exclaimed in a tone of the greatest surprise,
“Well! well! now I never! Just think!—I declare!
I wonder whoever has put ’em in there!”

S. Keverne was not taken in by his tone,
But heaved at the culprit a very big stone
(Which hit him), and said, “Come, you just drop the lot,
On my all that is precious I’ll give it you hot.”

S. Just was so sure that he meant what he said,
 As another great rock flew by close to his head,
 That he emptied his scrip, and he emptied his hood,
 And took to his heels as fast as he could.

And Keverne with laughter—the laughter that mocks—
 Kept pelting him still with the ironstone rocks;
 Then picked up his relics and homeward went he
 P'raps not altogether displeased with his spree.

Now if you don't think that a saint like S. Just
 Could yield, as you've heard, to his covetous lust,
 The best of all witness my story will bear,
 The rocks—you may see them—are still lying there.

MORAL.

If you've a collection—of relics or things—
 A possession which often anxiety brings,
 Put them all in a case and be careful to lock it,
 And when a saint calls keep the key in your pocket.

FRFD. W. LUCAS.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY LASSITUDE.

THERE was a painter of weird renown,
 His works were the talk of London town.
 There were some who flouted, and some who mocked,
 And some whose convictions were terribly shocked;
 Some who grumbled, and some who groaned,
 Others there were who mumbled and moaned!
 Some who coughed, and some who cried,
 Others there were who laughed till they died;
 And there was an esoteric band
 Who sat and wept at 'em head on hand,
 And cried, "He has caught with a skill so shrewd
 The nineteenth century lassitude!
 There are men who act, there are men who write;
 To gaze and to gabble is our delight;

Activity is antique and rude,
 We live in the loveliest lassitude.
 Most painters' piping is raw and rank,
 We love the lord of the lean and lank;
 'The bone' is a better thing than 'the nude'
 For the nineteenth century lassitude!
 Most poets' paint-words are sad to hear,
 Their meaning is fulsomely free and clear;
 Savagely sound their songs and crude
 To the nineteenth century lassitude!
 We who have found this signal grace
 Are well content in our carapace;
 True joy is this—to be well imbued
 With the nineteenth century lassitude."

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK: *Verse of Two Tongues.*



HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

*SCENE.—A Railway Platform. Policemen assembled.
 To them an Inspector: they exchange greetings. He
 sings, accompanying himself softly on the rattle.*

INSPECTOR.

HEED not, comrades, though they taunt us
 With the Frenchman's subtler art;
 'Tis a prouder boast to vaunt us
 In the wisdom of the heart.

Be it ours—we much prefer it—
 To survey men's works and ways
 In a nobler, kindlier spirit,
 With a franker, freer gaze.

Higher heights of moral stature
 Presuppose a wider glance;
 Let us trust in human nature,
 "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

Ha! a watch-chain! I declare, it
 Seems a funny place to—eh?
 What? “The way you always wear it?”
 Say no more! forgive me, pray!

True born Britons never heed 'em,
 Casual trifles such as these;
 Heirs to centuries of freedom
 Wear their watch-chains how they please.

ALL [proudly].

True! Away then, vile suspicion!
 Spurn we thoughts that wrong mankind!
 Base it were in our position
 To indulge a cynic mind.

INSPECTOR.

Now farewell! the word may grieve us;
 Yet at last we must dismiss
 Dearest friends; but ere you leave us,
 Gentle stranger, tell me this:

Since we may your kind assistance
 Need to trace this dreadful crime—
 Are you going any distance?
 Or for any length of time?

“Just a week of foreign travel?”
 Thanks! Then we may count on you
 After that to help unravel
 This dark mystery! Adieu!

(Stranger embraces the police, beginning with the Inspector; then enters a Continental train. They watch it moving from the station until it is lost to view.)

INSPECTOR and CHORUS.

Speed thee, speed thee, o'er the billow!

I }
 We } will not believe thee vile.

Smooth, O smooth is strewn the pillow
 Under heads that know no guile.

Doubt { ^I
 { we } feel is from the devil ;

 I will }
Let us } thrust its lures aside.

Constables that think no evil
Ever have been England's pride.

H. D. TRAILL: *Recaptured Rhymes.*



THE ABSENCE OF SUMMER.

After Swinburne's "Ballad of Burdens."
A *World* "Parody Prize" Poem.

THE burden of strange seasons. Rain all night,
Blown-rain and wind co-mingling all the day ;
Perchance we say the morrow will be bright ;
But lo, the morrow is as yesterday,
With sullen skies and sunsets cold and gray ;
With lights reverse the heavy hours retire,
And so the strange sad season slips away—
I pray thee put fresh coals upon the fire.

The burden of rheumatics. This is sore
Damp, and east wind maketh it past bearing
When thy life's span has stretched to three score.
No rest hast thou at dawn or evening,
The shivering in thy bones, the shivering
In all thy marrows through this season dire
Makes summer seem a shameful wretched thing—
For God's love put fresh coals upon the fire.

The burden of dead apples. Lo their doom,
Decay and blight upon the tender trees,
All fruit made fruitless, blossom bloomless bloom.
An eastern wind of many miseries
Naught has survived save pale-green gooseberries,
The food in fools of fools who such desire ;
God wot no lack have we of fooleries—
I prythee put fresh coals upon the fire.

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 Naught has survived save pale-green gooseberries,
 The food in fools of fools who such desire ;
 God wot no lack have we of fooleries—
 I prythee put fresh coals upon the fire.

The burden of bad harvests. For the gods
 Who change the springing corn from green to red,
 Have scourged us for our sins with many rods,
 And left our grain and oil ungarnerèd.
 The market men heap ashes on their head
 And cry aloud and rend their best attire,
 The gods are just, prayers are unanswered—
 I pray thee put fresh coals upon the fire.

The burden of lost peaches. Ah, my Sweet,
 This year I seek them in the sunny south
 To press them to thy sharp white tooth to eat,
 To kiss thy amorous hair and curled-up mouth :
 Lust and desire are dust and deadly drouth,
 For lust is dust, and deadly drouth, desire,
 And time creeps over all with wingèd feet—
 For love's sake put fresh coals upon the fire.

The burden of dull colours. Thou shalt see
 Strange harmonies in brown and olive-green
 In curious costumes fashioned cunningly,
 And all unlike the things in summer seen,
 And thou shalt say of summer—it hath been.
 Or if unconsciously thou wouldst enquire
 What these my mournful music-measures mean ?
 I bid thee heap fresh coals upon the fire.

L'ENVOI.

Tourists and ye whom Cook accompanies
 Heed well before from him ye tickets hire,
 This season is a mist of miseries,
 So once more heap fresh coals upon the fire.

J. M. LOWRY; *A Book of Jousts.*



A BAD DEBT.

It is all very well to be healthy :
And the blessings of riches are great :
But the healthiest die, and the wealthy
Are often the bankrupts of fate.
That the best in the world have to borrow,
Is the patent of age and of youth :
But to say you will pay it to-morrow,
Is—pardon me—hardly the truth.

A friend of mine lent me a shilling,
And he badgered me, day after day :
To pay him, I always was willing,
But I never had money to pay.
Whatever I borrow, I owe it,
For I have not a fluke in my fob :
But hanged if I pay, if I know it,
The fellow that lent me the bob.

To be bored by a friend, like a ferret,
(When a shilling is all he has lent)
Is an act, which a young man of spirit
Is, in dignity, bound to resent.
He shall pay for his insolence dearly,
For, even supposing I could,
I shall never repay him, if merely
To prove that my credit is good.

In fact I may say—if I had one—
I would wager a crown in a bet,
That the shilling I owe is a bad one—
When viewed in the light of a debt.
For I fancy it nobler to flay him,
And skin the flint out of it all,
Than—borrow from others, and pay him,
And bring someone else to the wall.

So I pacified conscience, and kist her,
 And lulled her to sleep in my breast :
 For she, like a good little sister,
 Has a mind that is always at rest.
 Her pets, and her frets, and her sly ways,
 I treat, as occasion occurs :
 For she is acquainted with my ways,
 And I am acquainted with hers.

Men's minds are a mass of confusion :
 For folks, of sane senses, agree
 In asserting a sort of collusion
 Has been formed by my conscience and me !
 In fact there are people who bluster,
 (From the trial, they say, they have had)
 'That my conscience, if anyone trust her,
 Is a debt that is hopelessly bad !

'The world is a billiard-table,
 And man is the player that plays :
 'The luck of the game is unstable,
 And the person who loses it, pays.
 I learnt it by years of appliance :
 But altho' I may play, like a book,
 'The advantage I gain by my science,
 Some fool overscores, by a fluke !

'The ball of good luck is a round one,
 But the ball of bad fortune is chipped.
 'The cue of good luck is a sound one,
 But the other is crookedly tipped.
 You may strike with the strictest precision,
 And with science, the length of your cue,
 But the tip and the chip, in derision,
 Will send your ball always askew.

I borrow a shilling—to use it :
 We enter the green-lighted halls :
 We toss for the break, and I lose it :
 And he has the choice of the balls.

He gives me the ball with the chip off,
Then breaks with a miss into baulk :
Then hands me the cue with the tip off,
And facetiously swallows the chalk.

For safety I played (and I got it)
For there was a shilling at stake :
But he, in attempting to pot it,
Runs out in a century break !
Low churl, with no lowness below him !
I curse, in contemptuous wrath ;
And pay him his shilling, but owe him
A guinea for cutting the cloth !

That man is an ignorant ninny,
And his knowledge of character, crude,
Who, knowing me, thinks that the guinea
Is a debt, which is probably good.
He may keep it, aye, every fraction,
If his brains be so powerfully made
As to prove—to my own satisfaction—
That the guinea will ever be paid.

Dame Fortune, the horrid old spinster,
Has treated me worse than a cat !
She would laugh me to scorn in a minster,
With the plume of my hearse in her hat !
She flirts with my fortunate brothers,
With her cap set a-jaunt for a spree :
It is trimmed with gay ribbons for others,
But is always in mourning for me !

To my loves, too, she sets her objections :
If on marriage my appetite leans,
She is certain to fix my affections
On a lady of limited means.
I may make it all right with her mother :
But when we have fixed on the day,
I have borrowed so much from her brother,
That I have to keep out of the way !

So here, by ill-fortune attended,
 I am ousted of love and of pelf,
 My credit for ever is ended,
 And my prospects are laid on the shelf.
 Dame Fortune may fancy it funny :
 But I hardly believe she could prove
 So cruel—not speaking of money—
 And to oust me of credit—for love.

My warrant of death in her pocket,
 And her hat with my funeral sash !
 I would give a whole shilling to block it,
 If anyone lent me the cash.
 I would drive the old dame from her senses ;
 And the fellow who came to my aid,
 And advanced me her funeral expenses,
 Would be promptly and cheerfully paid !

Earth's splendours and shadows fleet by us :
 But this, like a prophet, I know—
 That the day of all-reckoning is nigh us,
 Whenever I pay what I owe !
 And when on some far-off to-morrow,
 The rumour is truthfully spread
 That I have desisted to borrow,
 You may safely conclude—I am dead !

SAMUEL K. COWAN: *A Book of Jousts*.

A RHYME OF THE WEATHER.

“ Unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.”—MILTON.

SING the Weather, good Muse—be the theme of my rhymes
 That theme of all tempers, that theme of all times !
 'Tis the first thought awaking, our last snug abed
 (With a twinge in one's toe, or a cold in one's head) ;
 'Tis the speech of the dumb, and the windy scape-grace
 All the winds of all weathers he'll blow in your face ;

'Tis the password of friendship, wherever we meet :

'Tis the grasp of the right hand, whenever we greet :—

“ December ! ” “ 'Tis June ! ” “ How sultry ! ” “ A breeze ! ”

“ How wet ! ” or “ How dry ! ” “ We shall melt ! ” “ We shall freeze ! ”

The excuse of the young, the retreat of the old—

For the Weather's so hot, or the Weather's so cold !

All deeds of all days, good and bad ones together,

Believe me—no doubt—they were born of the Weather.

What wars, wasteful, woeful, earth-burdening things,

Have been freaks of the Weather on peoples and kings,

(Those ten years at Troy to a sun-myth are gone,

And Helen herself proved a frail mist of dawn ! *)

Mere wars of the Weather, the Weather deciding ;

And their history's record the Weather's still guiding :—

'Though the blood of the truth, and the diamond we think,

'Tis the Weather's the pen, and the Weather's the ink !

Ah, the Beautiful Weather !—within it is done

Whatever shall open a door for the sun :

The deeds of the heroes whose heraldry lies

In the hearts whose warm prayers write them—up in the
skies.

What good gifts are given, what kind words are spoken,

When the blue, through the mist, of Fair Weather gives token !

. . . Lo, a black host arises, a gloom closes round,

Like the Pit's darkness visible breathed above ground ;

Fierce homicides, wehr-wolves, babe-smotherers, (hark,

What sighs, shrieks, and groans eddy by in the dark !)

With all doers of deeds without name, all together,

Pell-mell, worthy hell, troop the fiends of Foul Weather !

From Homer to Whitman—a fall, or a slide,

Of three thousand years (yes, if nothing beside !)—

What poet, who rose like a lark singing loud,

But soared on the sunbeam that conquered the cloud ?

If the feet seem a dancer's in flowers and in dew,

All the earth laughed with May-day, whose heavens were blue ;

* See “Myths and Myth-Makers,” by Professor John Fiske, of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

If the verses drip honey and murmur of ease,
 In the sunshine the poet went home with the bees ;
 If the song's a funereal procession of woe,
 It came from his heart when the weather was—Oh !

“How hot?” or “How cold?” “It will freeze us?” “’Twill
 bake us?”

Still the Weather's, for ever, whatever we make us ;—
 Barometers, weathercocks, each of us keeps
 In his bosom, wherever he wakes or he sleeps :
 Rain, hail, sleet, or snow, whatever is blown,
 The weather-guides differ—true Prophet's our own !
 To the cheerful, whose heart goes aloft like a feather,
 He could rainbow the Deluge with Beautiful Weather ;
 (He can butt at the wind with his hat as he goes,
 And follow it, flying, wherever it blows !)
 To the doleful forever Bad Weather is won,
 Though he stand till he die in the gates of the sun :—
 Wherever he turns, and whatever the place,
 Throws Providence snow-balls or dust in his face :
 If he shiver, the Weather's at zero the while ;
 If he sweat, how the mercury boils—in his bile !

Ah, the Weather, the Weather !—the theme of my rhymes,
 Fresh theme of all tempers, fresh theme of all times !
 'Tis the atmosphere clasping our living, our moving,
 Our dreaming, our doing, our loathing, our loving ;
 To bed with us going—awaking, arisen,
 The Weather is with us, our open air-prison :
 We cannot escape it. (I question if whether
 When out of the world we'll be out of the weather.)
 —But, look up ! o'er the tempest the heavens are blue ;
 Through the cloud round your head let the sunlight stream
 through,
 And if, grumbler, an east-wind your spleen has impaled,
 Beware—lest your weathercock's rusty or nailed ! *

* Dr. Parr, who had a mental abhorrence of an east wind, is said (*see* Samuel Rogers' “Table Talk”) to have been imprisoned at home for several days because of a neighbouring weathercock, on whose indications he relied. Some of his pupils, who were troubled by his company on their rambles, held the doctor in-doors and the weathercock out-of-doors by a judicious nail.

THE CURÉ'S PROGRESS.

MONSIEUR the Curé down the street
Comes with his kind old face,—
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
And his green umbrella-case.

You may see him pass by the little "*Grande Place*,"
And the tiny "*Hôtel-de-Ville*";
He smiles as he goes, to the *fleuriste* Rose,
And the *pompier* Théophile.

He turns, as a rule, through the "*Marché*" cool,
Where the noisy fish-wives call;
And his compliment pays to the "*belle Thérèse*,"
As she knits in her dusky stall.

There's a letter to drop at the locksmith's shop,
And Toto, the locksmith's niece,
Has jubilant hopes, for the Curé gropes
In his tails for a *pain d'épice*.

There's a little dispute with a merchant of fruit,
Who is said to be heterodox,
That will ended be with a "*Ma foi, oui!*"
And a pinch from the Curé's box.

There is also a word that no one heard
To the furrier's daughter Lou. ;
And a pale cheek fed with a flickering red,
And a "*Bon Dieu garde M'sieu!*"

But a grander way for the *Sous-Préfet*,
And a bow for Ma'am'selle Anne ;
And a mock "off-hat" to the Notary's cat,
And a nod to the Sacristan :—

For ever through life the Curé goes
 With a smile on his kind old face—
 With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
 And his green umbrella-case.

AUSTIN DOBSON: *At the Sign of the Lyre.*

THE MODERATE MAN.

I AM known to my friends as "The Moderate Man,
 Who keeps within limits as well as he can;"
 And can claim with excusable pride
 That although, when at school, I was always a dunce,
 I never received castigation—but once—
 Or twice at the very outside.

When I read for the Army, the Church, and the Bar,
 I was better than most undergraduates are,
 But my study appeared misapplied;
 For, somehow or other, I never got through,
 Though every examiner passed me—but two—
 Or three at the very outside.

Though money appeared little better than dross,
 There's a line to be drawn between profit and loss,
 And the loss may be suffered to slide;
 Of the many dear friends who lent money to me,
 I meant to pay all but a couple—or three—
 Or four at the very outside.

When I met any lady who pleased me, and who
 Had the name of possessing resources for two,
 I booked her at once as my bride;
 But was never engaged at one period to more
 Than two—or three possibly—certainly four—
 Or five at the very outside.

I'm a temperance man as a matter of course,
And am seldom or never seen home by "the force,"
For the following rule is my guide :—
As soon as the daylight begins to arrive
I seldom touch more than four glasses—or five—
Or six at the very outside.

When my card-playing friends have induced me to play,
I have won, as a rule, just as often as they,
Just as often, in fact, as I tried ;
But although I get fully my share of the tricks,
I rarely bring with me more aces than six—
Or seven at the very outside.

Though forty, I've taken up cricket again,
And endeavour to score a leg-bye now and then,
And can bowl a no-ball or a wide ;
But, although I make bets on the rival eleven,
I don't miss, on purpose, more catches than seven—
Or eight at the very outside.

MORAL NO. I.

Be a moderate man, like the writer of this,
For, too much of a good thing is often amiss ;
Let the fiend of excess be defied.
Don't drink, flirt, nor swindle, and don't sit up late ;
Be in bed every morning by seven—or eight—
Or nine at the very outside.

MORAL NO. II.

If you happen to find your exchequer is low,
You should write for the papers (provided that no
Further friend can be found to provide) ;
And they're easily pleased, for this poem of mine
Has not been refused by more papers than nine—
Or ten at the very outside.

EDWIN HAMILTON ; *The Moderate Man: and Other Verses.*

HOME THEY BROUGHT.

(WITH ABJECT APOLOGIES TO MR. TENNYSON, MISS DANCE,
AND MISS DOLBY.)

HOME they brought her lap-dog dead,
Just run over by a fly;
Jeames to Buttons winking, said,
“Won’t there be a row, Oh my!”
Then they called the flyman low,
Said his baseness could be proved,
How she to the Beak should go—
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.
Said her maid (and risked her place)
“In the ’ouse it should have kept,
Flymen drives at such a pace—”
Still the lady’s anger slept.
Rose her husband, best of dears,
Laid a bracelet on her knee,
Like a playful child she boxed his ears—
“Sweet old pet!—let’s have some tea.”

SHIRLEY BROOKS: *Wit and Humour.*



THE JESTER.

TOM JONES was a jester, who jested for bread,
In a jocular column that most people read;
From the time he was twenty he joked for the throng,
Now he quipped them a quip, now he carolled a song.
His brow was unfurrowed, for never a care
Had left the deep dent of its tooseynag there;
In the vigour of youth he would chirrup and say,
“I’m just in the vein to be funny to-day.”

The people who dwelt in these brave British isles
At his humour broke out into rapturous smiles,
And the monarchs of Europe had fits on their thrones
As their chamberlains read them the jokelets of Jones.
So the years sped along, but the quips and the jest
Flagged never, for Thomas was e'er at his best ;
And the peer and the peasant, conversing, would say,
" Ah ! Jones was exceedingly funny to-day."

But Thomas at last, though his jokes brought him wealth,
Had worries and troubles, and suffered in health ;
He had sorrows that brought the salt tear to his eye,
For even a jester has dear ones who die.
Yet, wearied or worried, or tortured or tried,
His trade as a jester he steadily plied ;
But sometimes a king to his coachman would say,
" I don't think old Jones was so funny to-day."

His house was burnt down with his family in ;
His bank went to smash, and he lost all his tin ;
His father was hanged and his mother was drowned,
But to keep up his character still he was bound.
His spirits were low and his heart had grown old,
The brokers came in and his bedstead was sold ;
If the world knew his troubles I fancy 'twould say,
" No wonder old Jones isn't funny to-day."

O, clown, with the side-splitting merry grimace,
Who heeds the grey grief 'neath the paint on your face ?
O, jester, whose lips e'er a merry stave troll,
Who cares for the dirge in your innermost soul ?
Jest, joke, and be merry whatever betide,
Thrust sickness and sorrow and suff'ring aside :
In your last mortal throes let the bystanders say,
" How funny Jones was on his death-bed to-day !"

GEORGE R. SIMS : *The Land of Gold.*



TRICKSEY WEE!

(A LAY OF SOUTHSEA).

CECILIA Wiles was a Southsea miss
As smart as you'd wish to see.
She'd a sweet little mouth just made to kiss,
And was known as Tricksey Wee.

She'd a sweet little form, and a sweet little waist,
Such sweet little feet! oh loves!
She'd sweet little gowns in perfect taste,
And sweet little hands and gloves.

She'd a sweet little head of golden hair,
And a sweet little angel's chin.
Of shell-like ears she'd a sweet little pair,
And a sweet little creamy skin.

She'd a sweet little dimple in either cheek,
And a sweet little earnest gaze,
A sweet little voice, to sing or speak,
And sweet little artless ways.

She'd a sweet little Ma, whose sweet little spouse
In a sweet little grave abode—
And she lived with her Ma in a sweet little house,
In a sweet little villa road.

As touching hubs, she had sweet little aims—
Some sweet little lord, no less—
But alas, she played some sweet little games,
Which led to a sweet little mess.

And these sweet little games she loved to play—
'Mid subalterns talking free—
Procured for her soon the sobriquet
Of sweet little Tricksey Wee.

When hubby hunting she first began,
She'd a passion blind for subs;
But in time her views far loftier ran,
And they all came in for snubs.

At Southsea balls she had programmes twain,
One real, and the other false,
And you sometimes wrote your name in vain.
On the latter, and lost your valse.

For a likelier man had asked meanwhile
For a dance, the very same;
And she'd give him the genuine card, with a smile,
And . . . there was the fellow's name.

You could only bow, and stammer, and think
Much more than you liked to say.
And a jeering comrade would ask, with a wink,
"Old chap, what's the matter? eh?"

Then, next, she'd suitors three at a time,
And she'd make believe to all—
And she'd name to each, with aplomb sublime,
A different time to call.

And they'd come with their rosy buttonholes,
And drivel, in proper course;
And say to themselves, deluded souls,
Each, "*I* am the winning horse."

One day, though, she made a terrible slip.
That *she* should the hours forget!
The paymaster bold of a royal ship
At the door his captain met.

"Hulloa!" said the latter, with angry frown,
"Pray what are you doing here?
You asked me for leave, sir, to *go to town*!
You've told me a lie, I fear."

"I'm going to town, sir. I've only tacked
Just out of my course some miles.
But, Captain, I'll tell you the honest fact,
I adore Cecilia Wiles.

"And she fixed an hour for myself to call,
And the hour she fixed was three."
Then the Captain roared, "Confound it all,
It's the hour she fixed for *me*!"

"I venture to hope, sir," the other replied,
"It's joking you are, sir, now.
She's as good as promised to be my bride—
You're too late, sir, anyhow!"

Yelled the Captain, "Late? why she said the same
To me but the other night!
By George, sir, she's played us a pretty game,
And, by George, it serves us right.

"So, now, sir, to make a needless fuss,
I am sure, like me, you're loth.
Cecilia has made two fools of us—
So we'll go to London, *both*.

"And you'll dine with me at my club, the Rag,
And forget the hussy's glance;
And we'll keep it dark, lest tongues should wag,
And injure the hussy's chance."

But Tricksey Wee, not always played
With victims so kind and true;
Betraying herself, she was once betrayed,
And there rose a fine ado.

And now for a time the offers dropped
To a curate's or two in the year,
And after awhile e'en curates stopped,
They got such fleas in the ear.

For Tricksey Wee no secret made
That she couldn't abide the Church,
And the Royal Services, I'm afraid,
Had left her quite in the lurch.

From ship to ship tips speedily fly,
And from marching corps to corps.
The men stand off, and you wonder why—
Camaraderie. Nothing more.

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On Southsea Pier you will often see
An old maid reading a book ;
She is all that is left of Tricksey Wee,
And she hasn't a sweet little look.

She has sharp little eyes and a sharp little nose—
And sharp little pointed chin.
On either cheek a false little rose—
And dry little powdered skin.

She's a shrunk little form, and a hard little waist,
And her thin little ears are red.
In a black little gown her form is cased,
For her sweet little Ma is dead.

When the band strikes up, you may see her roam,
Sad, to and fro on the Pier,
And when it breaks into "Home, Sweet Home,"
You may half detect a tear.

Now, maidens all, if you wish to shun
Poor Tricksey Wee's sad fate,
In a love affair, when once begun,
Whatever you do, *run straight*.

ALIPH CHEEM : *Lays of the Sea-Side.*



TOM WAS GOIN' FOR A POET.

THE FARMER DISCOURSES OF HIS SON.

'Tom was goin' for a poet, an' said he'd a poet be ;
 One of these long-haired fellers a feller hates to see ;
 One of these chaps for ever fixin' things cute and clever ;
 Makin' the world in gen'ral step 'long to tune an' time,
 An' cuttin' the earth into slices an' saltin' it down into rhyme.

Poets are good for somethin', so long as they stand at the head ;
 But poetry's worth whatever it fetches in butter an' bread.
 An' many a time I've said it : it don't do a fellow credit,
 'To starve with a hole in his elbow, an' be considered a fool,
 So after he's dead, the young ones 'll speak his pieces in school.

An' Tom, he had an opinion that Shakspeare an' all the rest,
 With all their winter clothin', couldn't make *him* a decent vest ;
 But that didn't ease my labours, or help him among the neigh-
 bours,
 'Who watched him from a distance, an' held his mind in doubt,
 An' wondered if Tom wasn't shaky, or knew what he was about.

Tom he went a-sowin', to sow a field of grain ;
 But half of that 'ere sowin' was altogether in vain.
 For he was al'ays a-stoppin', and gems of poetry droppin' ;
 And metaphors, they be pleasant, but much too thin to eat ;
 And germs of thought be handy, but never grow up to wheat.

Tom he went a-mowin', one broilin' summer's day,
 And spoke quite sweet concernin' the smell of the new-mowed
 hay.
 But all o' his useless chatter didn't go to help the matter,
 Or make the grief less searchin' or the pain less hard to feel,
 When he made a clip too suddent, an' sliced his brother's heel.

Tom he went a-drivin' the hills an' dales across ;
But, scannin' the lines of his poetry, he dropped the lines of his
hoss.
The nag ran fleet and fleeter, in quite irregular metre ;
An' when we got Tom's leg set, an' had fixed him so he could
speak,
He muttered that that adventur' would keep him a-writin' a
week.

Tom he went a-ploughin', and couldn't have done it worse ;
He sat down on the handles, an' went to spinnin' verse.
He wrote it nice and pretty—an agricultural ditty ;
But all o' his pesky measures didn't measure an acre more,
Nor his p'int's didn't turn a furrow that wasn't turned before.

Tom he went a-courtin' ;—she liked him, I suppose ;
But certain parts of courtin' a feller must do in prose.
He rhymed her each day a letter, but that didn't serve to get
her ;
He waited so long, she married another man from spite,
An' sent him word she'd done it, an' not to forget to write.

Tom at last got married ; his wife was smart and stout,
And she shoved up the window and slung his poetry out.
An' at each new poem's creation she gave it circulation ;
An' fast as he could write 'em, she seen to their puttin' forth,
An' sent 'em east an' westward, an' also south an' north.

Till Tom he struck the opinion that poetry didn't pay,
An' turned the guns of his genius, an' fired 'em another way.
He settled himself down steady, an' is quite well off already ;
An' all of his life is verses, with his wife the first an' best,
An' ten or a dozen childr'n to constitute the rest.

WILL CARLETON: *Farm Ballads.*

IN FOR IT.

I ROSE betimes, and donned a suit
Of clothes, whose fit immaculate
Was not a question for dispute,
Whose cut was far above debate.
I breakfasted, or rather tried,
But strange my appetite behaving,
A *B* and *S* alone supplied
My feeble craving.

I fidgeted about the place,
I smoothed my hat some twenty times,
I almost cursed the clock's slow pace
And listened for the neighb'ring chimes—
I stretched my gloves—they were a pair
Of lemon kids, extremely "*fetching*";
And so I used peculiar care
About the stretching.

'Twas past eleven when my friend
Arrived, and took me 'neath his wing,
For he had promised to attend
Upon me kindly, and "to bring
Me smiling to the scratch," as he
Was pleased to term it, being merry,
'Twas quite another thing with me;
'Twas diff'rent, very.

We drove to church, and there I found
Myself the object of each gaze;
I hardly dared to look around,
I felt completely in a maze—
We had to wait, I dropped my hat,
Then split a glove in very flurry,
Grew hot, and wished devoutly that
The rest would hurry.

When all was o'er, we had to face
A grinning crowd's rude gaping stare,
I strove to don unconscious grace,
And look as if I didn't care—
We braved it out, got home, and then
There came a plethora of kissin':
Of course I took good care the men
Did not join this in.

We next were victims of a meal,
A melancholy sad pretence,
And I thereat was made to feel
How hard it is to utter sense:
The carriage came at last, and we
For not a single moment tarried,
And driving off, it dawned on me
That I was married.

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY: *Tinsleys' Magazine*.



THE FULL-BOTTOM'D WIG.

In the primitive Georgian time to ease a rich man of his load
Was scarcely accounted a crime, and to rob was the rule of the
road,
And (although to the measure averse) was alternative none, but
obey,
When ask'd to deliver your purse in a gentlemanly kind of a
way.
They manage things now by attorney, compounding for theft
by black mail,
Which you pay on *commencing* your journey (that is, if you
travel by rail);
And although of such things we complain when westward we
travel from Bristol,
Better suffer by second-class train than be robb'd at the mouth
of a pistol;

For though, like the highwayman's bold, their charge with
 extortion is rife,
One thing in their favour is told, 'tis your *money* they take,
 not your *life*;
 Which is more than we always can say of robbers by road or
 by rail.
 So forgive my digression, I pray, and forthwith I'll proceed
 with my tale.

In the good old days, of which I sing,
 Of George, the Hanoverian King,
 A gentleman of ancient race,
 Blue blood conspicuous in his face;
 Of noble herd the noblest buck,
 Though somewhat *blasé* and out of luck;
 A "sporting man" who, sooth to say,
 Had "made a book" which did not pay—
 Though "hedged" in any case to win,
 He somehow failed to pouch the tin—
 A climax oft experienced since
 By peer and publican, 'prentice and prince.
 From "the turf" to "the road" the wind to raise
 Was but a step in this gentleman's days,
 And he argued thus the case upon
 Blackleg or highwayman? pro and con—
 "If I rob on the turf by tricks delectable
 I may not have to cope
 With pistol or rope,
 But—danger be blow'd!—
 If I rob on the road
 'Tis the simplest plan—and the most respectable."

So he dressed himself up as a highwayman should,
 In a hat with a mask and a cloak with a hood,
 Exposing his nose which was blue and big,
 And he wore a handsome full-bottom'd wig
 Which, over his shoulders, brawny and wide,
 Flow'd a rippling cascade on either side.
 A fashion it was which you best might know by
 The well-known picture of Uncle Toby.
 Now the very first victim he happen'd to find
 Was a grazier stout, with a purse well lined

With a hundred guineas in sterling gold,
The price of twenty fat bullocks he'd sold
(Five guineas apiece!! I hear somebody say,
They'd fetch *twenty-five* in the present day),
Who surrendered the cash without any strife,
When met with alternative, "Money or life!"
'Tis an argument strong, though rather uncivil,
And oft from unwilling one forces a prize
When a highwayman, drest in priestly disguise,
Says, "Shell out the needful or go to the devil."

The blue-nosed robber, grown suddenly rich,
Threw the full-bottom'd wig in the nearest ditch,
Whilst the grazier (then there were no police)
Went off to the nearest justice of peace
With a terrible tale of a terrible prig,
Who wore a black mask and a full-bottom'd wig,
"A remarkable wig," which he readily swore
He could swear to amongst a thousand or more;
And the parish constables, low and high,
Went off at once with a hue and cry.
But whilst for the robber they hunted about,
The wig was pick'd up by a country lout—
A harmless fellow, though tall and stout,
Who took all his earnings home to his wife,
And never had "made a book" in his life.
And thinking no evil, but just to look big,
He foolishly put on the full-bottom'd wig,
Which, over his shoulders, brawny and wide,
Fell like a cascade on either side.

But the wig was known
In the country town
Where he called for a pot at the Rose and Crown,
And the constables seized and the people mobb'd him,
And the grazier swore 'twas the countryman robb'd him.
'Twas true—and therefore the greater his sin—he
Had not in his pocket a single guinea;
Nor had he a cloak, or a mask to his hat.

Of no avail
Was the countryman's tale,
That the wig he had found
On public ground.

How came he to find *such a wig* as that !
 A wig which he'd just the shoulders to wear to—
 A wig which the grazier truly could swear to—
 Because in one place it was mangey and bare,
 Where the moth (or something) had nibbled the hair.

'Twas enough to shock

The heart of a rock

When the countryman stood in the felon's dock
 With no Kenealey to defend him,
 No Whalley or Onslow to befriend him.
 (What eloquent pleader ever was known
 To make an *innocent* cause his own ?)
 So he fell, to the grazier's oath a martyr ;

For twelve true men, without loss of time,

Found him guilty of capital crime,

In spite of the law and the Magna Charta.

And the judge awoke from judicial nap,

And drew on the sable, terrible cap,

And with much emotion (so 'twas said)

Condemned him to be

Tied up to a tree

And thence to hang until dead—dead—dead.

And he wept (without suspicion of onion),

Which gave effect to this sentence Draconian.

Now the real robber, to see the sport,

Had come in his gown and wig to court

(I forgot to mention in proper place

He'd been bred to the bar in his younger days),

And having the will, he had found the way,

Among the big wigs to force an *entrée*,

For sometimes, alas ! in this world we find it,

One comes as a star

To the *front* of the bar

Whom justice and reason would place *behind* it.

So finding the judge had finished the case,

And an innocent man was condemned in his place,

By which he was cleared (at least for a time)

From the onus of that particular crime.

And having a shred of a conscience left him—

Of which the tricks of the turf and the road,

And the "dangerous" game which he said might be
 blow'd,

And the booty he won had not wholly bereft him—
He straightway hit on an artifice clever
By which to save the man he'd endeavour,
For he felt that it must be now or never.
So the robber put on the full-bottom'd wig,
And a three-cornered hat,
And a mask under that,
Exposing his nose, which was blue and big.
Then boldly turn'd himself round in his place,
And looked at the grazier straight in the face.

“O mercy me !
That must be he,”
The grazier said, beginning to quake,
“My lord ! my lord !
Upon my word
I fear we have made a little mistake,
For *that* is the robber—not only his wig,
But his nose also, which is blue and big.”

“Eh ! what ?” said the judge,
“Pooh—nonsense—fudge !
My friend, you will get yourself into a bother—
The mischief is done,
And you've sworn to one,
Then how the deuce can you swear to the other ?”
“My lord,” said the robber, unveiling his face,
“This seems to my mind a most singular case.
The witness accuses *me* now of the crime—
No doubt that, if robb'd, he was drunk at the time,
And therefore his evidence not worth a fig.
He *would* swear, I suppose,
To a man with a nose,
But has already sworn to a man with a wig.
If a nose and a wig of an oath be the text,
Your Lordship, perhaps, may be sworn to next.”

“Tut ! tut !” said the Judge, then turned in a fury,
And long and soundly he rated the Jury ;
It may not have been judicial quite,
But you'll own, I think, that it served them right ;
For the Judge, at whom we allow no sneering,
Was an upright man, though hard of hearing,

And had misunderstood the evidence—hence
 He had trusted the Jury's *common sense*,
 Which it is not at all times safe to do,
 Although they be twelve good men and true.
 Then he turned to the robber, and said, "You are
 An ornament, sir, to the English bar ;
 And much I admire the excellent plan
 By which you have saved an innocent man.
 For though his sentence I cannot reverse, I
 Will recommend your client to mercy."

This story (which does not profess to be new)
 Will prove, supposing the incident true,
 That a man may distinguish himself at the bar
 Whose private life is not up to par ;
 That excellent Judges, like other men,
 May be caught napping now and then ;
 That Juries are not at all times infallible,
 Although to read and write they are *all* able ;
 That we sometimes judge by the wig and the clothes,
 When 'tis safer, perhaps, to be led by the nose—
 For a nose is not chang'd like a hat or a wig,
 Whether small and "tip-tilted" or blue and big.

AGRIKLER: *Poems, Humorous and Philosophical.*



A LAY OF KILCOCK.

PAT DUNN
 Was admittedly one
 Who came of a very old stock,
 From where,
 In the County Kildare,
 Stands the famous old town of Kilcock.

A place
 So devoid of all grace,
 And wholly addicted to evil,
 It was said,
 Of the living and dead,
 All save he had gone straight to the Devil.

But he
Never went on the spree,
And in virtue stood firm as a rock,
Alone
He preserved a pure tone
In that wicked old town of Kilcock.

At last
To eternity passed
From the troubles and sorrows of life
Poor Pat,
Who left, just think of that,
Twelve children and only one wife!

Well, well,
They tolled out his death-knell,
And things went on the same as before,
While he,
With all speed that might be,
Presented himself at Heaven's door.

A knock
Brought a turn of the lock,
And the Prince of Apostles came out;
"Pray who,"
Said Saint Peter, "are you?"
And what business have you come about?"

"In troth,"
For Saint Peter looked wroth,
Said poor Pat, like a prisoner in dock,
"I came
Wid a pass, and my name
Is Pat Dunn from the town of Kilcock."

"Kilcock!"
Said the saint, takin' stock,
And he shook his head, doubting the story.
Poor Dunn
Too soon thought he had won
His reward in the kingdom of glory.

"Kilcock!!"

Said the sturdy old Rock,
 "There's a town of that name in no nation."
 Says Pat,
 "Sir, be aisy in that,
 'Tis a Midland Great Western station."

"I'll look,"

Said the saint, "in my book,"
 And he turned back the key in the lock;
 But there,
 In the County Kildare,
 Sure enough he discovered Kilcock.

"I see

You've the better of me,
 Tho' I thought you were trying to mock;
 Come in,"
 Said the saint with a grin,
 "You're the first that's come here from Kilcock."

J. M. LOWRY: *The Keys* "At Home."

GOING TO PROPOSE.

THERE is something in his air
 To disclose
 That he's going forth to dare
 Future woes.
 Half resigned and half despairing,
 Sighing softly, softly swearing,
 On his lonely way he's faring
 To propose.

Winter's tempests haven't shed
 Any snows
 On that curly auburn head
 Of our beau's;

Yet his steps appear to falter,
As from swift to slow they alter,
Like the minstrel's whom Sir Walter
To us shows.

On all men he glares as if
They were foes;
Stops and sternly eyes his stiff
Patent toes.
Though the way's not long nor hilly
From the Strand to Piccadilly,
You would say it knocked him silly
From his pose.

Though in poetry 'tis sweet
To propose,
Yet 'twould scarcely seem a treat
Done in prose,
If we judge by the forlorn—full
Of foreboding, meek and mournful—
Face of him we knew so scornful
Of Fate's blows.

How his purpose to explain,
How compose
All the thoughts wherewith his brain
Overflows,
Now he ponders. Ah! those speeches,
Mellow, soft, as ripest peaches,
Will unlovely as owl's screeches
Sound, he knows.

Number forty—forty-four,
Very slow's
He in coming to that door
Of Miss Flo's:
Counts the figures like a Cocker;
Handles gingerly the knocker—
Can it be he dreads to shock her
In repose?

Though he'd placed a pound on each
 One of those
 Steps, so might he never reach
 The top rows,
 Yet in hasty trepidation,
 Just as if a poor relation
 Were behind, on this occasion
 Up he goes.

What's the cause of all these fierce
 Mental throes
 That his bosom rack and pierce,
 D' you suppose?
 Why, a winsome little fairy,
 Who, in attitude unwary,
 Shows a glimpse, 'neath laces airy,
 Of silk hose!

Doffed her Lenten suit, in hue
 Like a crow's,
 She appears in fresh and new
 Furbelows;
 And above the frock's completeness—
 Negligence combined with neatness—
 Smiles a face, with bloom and sweetness
 Of a rose.

Now that face from throat to hair
 Brightly glows:
 Well she wots he's waiting there
 To propose.
 "Ayes" will have it, need we mention?
 Ne'er would feminine convention
 Throw out any man's intention
 By the "noes."

C. C. R.: *Minora Carmina* (*Swan Sonnenschein*).



BY PARCELS POST.

A DOMESTIC IDYLL.

I SENT my love a pareel
In the days when we were young,
Or e'er by care and trouble
Our heart-strings had been wrung.
By parcels post I sent it—
What 'twas I do not know—
In the days when we were courting,
A long time ago.

The spring-time waxed to summer,
Then autumn leaves grew red,
And in the sweet September
My love and I were wed.
But though the Church had blessed us,
My little wife looked glum;
I'd posted her a parcel,
And the parcel hadn't come.

Ah, many moons came after,
And then there was a voice,
A little voice whose music
Would make our hearts rejoice.
And, singing to her baby,
My dear one oft would say,
"I wonder, baby darling,
Will that pareel come to-day?"

The gold had changed to silver
Upon her matron brow;
The years were eight-and-twenty
Since we breathed our marriage vow,
And our grandchildren were playing
Hunt-the-slipper on the floor,
When they saw the postman standing
By our open cottage door.

Then they ran with joy to greet him,
 For they knew he'd come at last;
 They had heard me tell the story
 Very often in the past.
 He handed them a parcel,
 And they brought it in to show—
 'Twas the parcel I had posted
 Eight-and-twenty years ago.

GEORGE R. SIMS: *The Land of Gold.*



LEASES FOR WIVES;

OR,

WHAT WE'RE COMING TO.

A PARTNERSHIP for life—absurd!
 How droll—a wedding ring!
 Somehow we don't perceive the fun;
 "For seven, fourteen, or twenty-one,"
 Is now the style of thing.

We meet our charmer in the Row;
 One glance!—'tis love at sight—
 We meet again at rout or hop,
 A valse, two ices, and then pop,—
 Boulogne to-morrow night.

No trousseau cumbers up the fair
 With heaps of costly trash;
 No wedding breakfast makes her ill,
 Nor speeches, that won't pay the bill,
 Nor "settlements" of cash.

We register no fees on earth,
 No vows record in heaven:
 A sheet of cream-laid note—'tis done!
 For seven, fourteen, or twenty-one . . .
 Suppose we try for *seven*?

H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL: *Pegasus Re-saddled.*

THE OLD SEDAN CHAIR.

*"What's not destroy'd by Time's devouring hand?
Where's Troy, and where's the May-Pole in the Strand?"*
BRAMSTON'S "ART OF POLITICKS."

It stands in the stable-yard, under the eaves,
Propped up by a broom-stick and covered with leaves :
It once was the pride of the gay and the fair,
But now 'tis a ruin,—that old Sedan chair !

It is battered and tattered,—it little avails
That once it was lacquered, and glistened with nails ;
For its leather is cracked into lozenge and square,
Like a canvas by Wilkie,—that old Sedan chair !

See,—here came the bearing-straps ; here were the holes
For the poles of the bearers—when once there were poles ;
It was cushioned with silk, it was wadded with hair,
As the birds have discovered,—that old Sedan chair !

"Where's Troy?" says the poet ! Look,—under the seat,
Is a nest with four eggs,—'tis the favoured retreat
Of the Muscovy hen, who has hatched, I dare swear,
Quite an army of chicks in that old Sedan chair !

And yet—Can't you fancy a face in the frame
Of the window,—some high-headed damsel or dame,
Be-patched and be-powdered, just set by the stair,
While they raise up the lid of that old Sedan chair ?

Can't you fancy Sir Plume, as beside her he stands,
With his ruffles a-droop on his delicate hands,
With his cinnamon coat, with his laced solitaire,
As he lifts her out light from that old Sedan chair ?

Then it swings away slowly. Ah, many a league
It has trotted 'twixt sturdy-legged Terence and Teague;
Stout fellows!—but prone, on a question of fare,
To brandish the poles of that old Sedan chair!

It has waited by portals where Garrick has played;
It has waited by Heidegger's "Grand Masquerade;"
For my Lady Codille, for my Lady Bellair,
It has waited—and waited, that old Sedan chair!

Oh, the scandals it knows! Oh, the tales it could tell
Of Drum and Ridotto, of Rake and of Belle,—
Of Cock-fight and Levee, and (scarcely more rare!)
Of Fete-days at Tyburn, that old Sedan chair!

"*Heu! quantum mutata,*" I say as I go.
It deserves better fate than a stable-yard, though!
We must furbish it up, and dispatch it—"With care,"—
To a Fine-Art Museum—that old Sedan chair!

AUSTIN DOBSON: *At the Sign of the Lyre.*



THE LAST OF THE LEPRACHAUNS:

A LEGEND OF LEINSTER.

SHILLELAGH Conn Mulligan Bryan O'Toole
Was chief of the party who fought for Home Rule,
Whilst his rival in love and in politics too
Was Deelish-MacDermott-O'Donel-Aboo.

Of the Amnesty faction this Deelish was chief,
Who sought for political pris'ners' relief.
"They're a parcel of knaves and their leader's a fool,"
Said Shillelagh Conn Mulligan Bryan O'Toole.

Now Shillelagh and Deelish both loved the same girl
With eyes of the azure and hair of the curl;
As sweet as a rose and as fair as the dawn
Was Eily Mavourneen Dhudeen Colleen Bawn.

But her father, old Tirlogh MacDonagh O'Byrne,
A chieftain, whom nought from his purpose could turn,
Had promised the hand of Dhudeen Colleen Bawn
To The Desmond O'Doherty Shaun Leprachaun.

'Twas June, and the mistletoe hung on the bough,
And holly and ivy were gleaming, I trow,
On tower and turret, where, rising to view,
Stood the castle of Kilballywhackwirrasthru.

There dwelt the fair Dhudeen, her uncle its lord,
Whom rich men all hated, whom poor men adored;
Much feared by the great, but beloved by the serf,
Was O'Blatherumbloodanounsthunderandturf.

The fair summer moon shone serenely and pale
On the forms of two lovers who roamed thro' the vale:
They were Eily Mavourneen Dhudeen Colleen Bawn
And the Desmond O'Doherty Shaun Leprachaun.

"O say, dost thou love me?" the Leprachaun cried,
"My Kippeen! My Caubeen!! My Sassenach pride!!!"
"I am thine, only thine," sighed Dhudeen Colleen Bawn;
"I'm thy Soggarth Alanna, thine own Omadhawn."

The words were scarce spoken, when, with a loud shout,
Shillelagh O'Toole from the hedge bounded out,
And following, sprang with a fiendish hurroo,
The Deelish-MacDermott-O'Donel-Aboo.

"We swear that the Dhudeen will ne'er be thy bride,"
Cried each chieftain advancing with menacing stride.
"Die, villain! die, traitor!! die, lying upstart!!!"
And two daggers were plunged in the Leprachaun's heart.

Said Shillelagh to Deelish, "Let fate now decide
Between us who gets the Dhudeen for his bride;
A Camack I'll toss up: if 'heads,' she is mine,
But if on the contrary 'harps,' she is thine."

Aloft flew the Camack, then fell with a thud,
 And the emerald sod was empurpled with blood,
 The blood of a chieftain, the chief of Home Rule,
 The blood of the dauntless Shillelagh O'Toole.

For fate had decided that "heads" was the word,
 And Deelish drew swift from the scabbard his sword,
 Crying: "Heads let it be, thou incompetent fool,"
 As he cut off the head of Shillelagh O'Toole.

Then suddenly, mortally wounded, he reeled,
 By whose hand the historian has never revealed;
 But dead as Queen Anne, and bold Brian Boru,
 Fell Deelish-MacDermott-O'Donel-Aboo.

Then rang through the night a wild cry of despair,
 Like the shriek of the Banshee when roused from her lair;
 "Acushla-macree! Faugh-a-balla!! Crubeen!!!
 'Twas the death cry of Eily, fair Eily Dhudeen.

A moss-covered cromlech still points out the place,
 And the traveller who reads this inscription may trace,
 "Here lyes Eily Hlabourneen Dhudeen Colleen Balon,
 Wifely y^e Desmond O'Doherty Shann Leprachann."

J. M. LOWRY: *The Keys "At Home."*

IT'S NOT THE SAME.

It's like old times to meet you here once more,
 I have not seen you since—well—let me see,
 Since I left Cambridge, yes, if not before;
 My goodness what an age that seems to be—
 You were, you know, my mother's special pet,
 And often for a month or two you came
 To stay; it's very like old times, and yet
 It's not the same.

You sing to me as in the days that were
The songs I taught you, those I liked the best,
The Irish ones, "Oh breathe not," "Rich and rare,"
"The Young May Moon," "Believe me," and the rest ;
For me your voice retains its magic spell,
And none would dare to call your singing tame ;
Still there's a something—something not quite—well,
It's not the same.

You talk to me as freely and you chaff
As cruelly as in the old old days,
The house is just as merry with your laugh,
You have not put aside your girlish ways,
You make me feel the power of your will,
You "fag" me till it really is a shame ;
I'm just as much your willing slave and—still
It's not the same.

You waltz as lightly, and your step suits mine
As perfectly as it was wont to do,
When we declared the *Mabel waltz* divine,
And never stopped to rest the whole dance through—
Your waist's as slim as in the long ago ;
And now, as eagerly your hand I claim,
I fancy Time has stayed his flight,—but no,
It's not the same.

There is no change, and yet there *is* a change,
But where it lies it puzzles me to say,
You are the same, yet *not* the same ; it's strange—
Why ! yes of course, it's now as clear as day—
In those old days we always called you Di,
Short for Diana Vere, your maiden name,
And now you're Mrs. Robinson—that's why
It's not the same.

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY : *Tinsleys' Magazine*.



VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

THERE, pay it, James ! 'tis cheaply earned ;
 My conscience ! how one's cabman charges !
 But never mind, so I'm returned
 Safe to my native street of Clarges.
 I've just an hour for one cigar
 (What style these Reinas have, and *what* ash !)
 One hour to watch the evening star
 With just one Curaçoa-and-potash.

Ah me ! that face beneath the leaves
 And blossoms of its piquant bonnet !
 Who would have thought that forty thieves
 Of years had laid their fingers on it !
 Could you have managed to enchant
 At Lord's to-day old lovers simple,
 Had Robber Time not played gallant,
 And spared you every youthful dimple !

That Robber bold, like courtier Claude,
 Who danced the gay coranto jesting,
 By your bright beauty charmed and awed,
 Has bowed and passed you unmolesting.
 No feet of many-wintered crows
 Have traced about your eyes a wrinkle ;
 Your sunny hair has thawed the snows
 That other heads with silver sprinkle

I wonder if that pair of gloves
 I won of you you'll ever pay me !
 I wonder if our early loves
 Were wise or foolish, cousin Amy ?
 I wonder if our childish tiff
 Now seems to you, like me, a blunder !
 I wonder if you wonder if
 I ever wonder if you wonder.

I wonder if you'd think it bliss
 Once more to be the fashion's leader !
 I wonder if the trick of this
 Escapes the unsuspecting reader !
 And as for him who does or can
 Delight in it, I wonder whether
 He knows that almost any man
 Could reel it off by yards together !

I wonder if—— What's that ? A knock ?
 Is that you, James ? Eh ? What ? God bless me !
 How time has flown ! It's eight o'clock,
 And here's my fellow come to dress me.
 Be quick, or I shall be the guest
 Whom Lady Mary never pardons ;
 I trust you, James, to do your best
 To save the soup at Grosvenor Gardens.

H. D. TRAILL: *Recaptured Rhymes.*



THE DETRIMENTAL.

(A LAY OF FOLKESTONE.)

AUGUSTUS Cheek was a handsome youth ;
 Brown eyes and chestnut curls.
 Though penniless quite, he was loved in truth
 By all of the Folkestone girls.

He appeared in life to have no aim
 But to dress and smoke cigars,
 To inspire some utterly futile flame
 And aggravate mammas.

The Folkestone matrons regarded him
 In the light of a social thorn.
 The fathers passed him with greeting grim,
 And wished that he wasn't born.

He had sisters, seven, all maids, the dears,
Five brothers, burly and tall.
He had tried his hand at many careers,
But had come to grief in all.

So, at last, his father remarked to 'Gus :—
“ It is time these failures ceased.
You had better come home and live with us,
There's board and lodging at least.”

So 'Gus came back to the natal nest,
And his bearing shewed no shame;
He danced and flirted, and did his best
At the detrimental game.

He'd a cheery voice and a pleasant way ;
It was charming to hear him laugh ;
He'd a fund of delightful things to say,
And a plentiful stock of chaff.

So, despite that his penniless state was known
To every soul in the place,
There wasn't a maiden who wouldn't own
That she loved his handsome face.

Now in Folkestone was settled a General Power,
With a wife, and a niece so sweet,
The whole of the county of Kent you'd scour,
But you wouldn't a daintier meet.

And, what didn't the least from her charms detract,
—So unromantic we've grown—
Was the thoroughly well established fact,
She'd a thousand a year of her own.

Miss Amy Power was the General's ward,
And he warded her pretty smart.
He swore that he'd run his trusty sword
Through a detrimental's heart.

Of the gay Augustus, in language terse,
He had often been heard to speak.
If *he* should approach, it would be the worse
For Mr. Augustus Cheek.

"I'd like to catch him," the General cried
One day to his quaking spouse.
"There'd only be murder, my dear, if he tried
To get inside this house.

"So, don't make any mistake at all,
Or say that my order's vague;
At tennis party, or tea, or ball,
Shun *him*, as you'd shun the plague."

They shunned poor 'Gus, as you'd shun the pest,
But the pest will come, no doubt,
Though science may do its very best
To keep the intruder out.

It came at a picnic by the sea;
Away from her aunt she'd strayed;
Sweet Amy was ami-able, and he
Most excellent running made.

In fact, ere later her aunt she joined
With innocent, artless air,
The rascal had—well, we will say,—purloined
A lock of her golden hair.

She had fallen a swift and easy prey
To the detrimental's wiles;
She had given her little heart away
For a few delicious smiles.

From uncle and aunt she would keep it dark,
As she'd keep an awful crime,
And she made to herself the trite remark,
"It will all come right in time."

From uncle and aunt it dark was kept,
 Of suspicion they hadn't a ghost;
 When she went to bed, and they thought she slept,
 She was writing to 'Gus by post.

And his billets doux were daily received,
 And safe on her pillow laid,
 By—goodness gracious, who would have believed
 Such a thing of a chambermaid?

Thus carried along was the pretty game,
 For the space of a month or more,
 Till an unexpected obstruction came
 In the shape of an illness sore.

*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*

Miss Amy was quite an exceptional Miss,
 The measles she'd never had.
 Said the doctor, "An awkward affair is this,
 By Jove, she has got 'em bad."

Miss Amy, in fact, was extremely ill
 With the infantine disease.
 But, fortunately, it failed to kill,
 And she lived to sniff the breeze.

They said in a week she could eat the air,
 On the Lees, or the beach below,
 For an hour or so, in a nice bath chair,
And she let her Gussy know.

So every morning and afternoon
 She would take her ride, for an hour,
 And 'Gus for a moment enjoyed the boon
 Of a smile from Amy Power.

She was closely duenna'd by her aunt,
 And 'Gus, as he passed the pair,
 Would say with his eyes, "I would, but I can't,
 Get near to that blessèd chair."

And the aunt to Amy, in jocular tone,
Observed, at the end of a week,
"He seems to do nothing but wander alone,
That silly young Mr. Cheek."

But 'Gus was hardly as soft as he looked,
And the sequel will prove it too.
For the time the situation he brooked,
But—he meditated a coup.

The chairman had once in the army been,
But now he was on the shelf.
For many a year he had served the Queen,
But now he was serving himself.

A fine old fellow, with grizzly beard,
Deep eye with a gleam of fun,
The cheek and forehead all scarred and seared
By steel and tropical sun.

'Twas pleasant his "Mornin', sir!" to hear,
As by with his freight he'd slip.
Old maiden ladies all called him a dear,
And gave him a handsome tip.

To these he was very polite indeed,
But he smiled upon young or old;
And many a broken invalid
Has laughed at the yarns he's told.

He'd sketch to you every soul in the place,
If in confidential vein,
The secrets of every pretty face,
The income of every plain.

To lovers, 'twas said, he had lent his aid
In many an useful way.
And it wasn't solely for being paid;
He'd a school-boy's heart for play.

Though many his faults, and humble his lot,
 And shiny his threadbare suit,
 Not soon will the old man be forgot,
 Or his soldierlike salute.

Well,—'Gus of our friend had made a friend,
 As such sparks are wont to do.
 He had given him cheap cigars, no end,
 Judicious sixpennies too.

And he thought, "The old fellow is up to snuff.
 He'll do me a turn, if he can,
 Especially if I reward him enough."
 And then he matured his plan.

*	*	*	*
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One morning a party rang at the bell,
 "He was sent with the chair," he said,
 "As the usual chairman was very unwell,
 And was forced to take to his bed.

"But he'd asked his uncle to do his work,
 For the two appointed hours.
 Such aid to his kinsman he could not shirk,
 And he hoped it would suit the Powers."

"A most respectable substitute,"
 Said Aunt, when the tale was told.
 "If you're strong enough for the work, you'll suit—
 I fear you're a little old."

"I'm scarcely as old as you think me, ma'am,
 I'm thoroughly equal to this.
 Though often a trifle rheumatic I am,
 You'll find that I'm not *a-miss*."

'Twas Gussy, good reader, of course, you'll know,
 Usurping the chairman's place.
 He had got himself up with a beard of snow,
 And a patriarchal face.

And now, sweet Amy, she lived again.
So nice to be drawn along
By the arm of her enterprising swain;
So nice to be doing wrong!

So nice to be tucked from too chill breeze,
Protected by rug and wrap:
To manage a little finger squeeze
As she laid her book in her lap.

So nice, when Auntie would fall asleep
On a bench, as she did,—not oft—
To feel her lover beside her creep,
And give her a . . . something soft.

But, when the Auntie was wide awake,
He was rigid as any stone,
So much so, that once he was told to take
Miss Amy alone! alone!

O'er much that followed we'll draw a veil,
For although the morning was hot,
He dragged her along with the strength of a whale,
To a very secluded spot.

And there they were found by uncle Power,—
Who chanced to light on the pair,
Having gone for a stroll in an evil hour,—
Together inside the chair!

The sequel:—an apoplectic fit;
A nice newspaper romance;
Recovery; scolding; and, after a bit,
A wedding, and off to France.

The moral:—in matters domestic, don't
Be too suspicious or strict.
If you think you can outwit Love, you won't;
A thousand to one you're licked.

ALIPH CHEEM: *Lays of the Sea-Side.*



THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

THEY'VE got a brand-new organ, Sue,
 For all their fuss and search ;
 They've done just as they said they'd do,
 And fetched it into church.
 They're bound the critter shall be seen,
 And on the preacher's right
 They've hoisted up their new machine,
 In everybody's sight.
 They've got a chorister and choir,
 Ag'in' *my* voice and vote ;
 For it was never *my* desire,
 To praise the Lord by note !

I've been a sister good an' true
 For five-an'-thirty year ;
 I've done what seemed my part to do,
 An' prayed my duty clear ;
 I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
 Just as the preacher read,
 And twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,
 I took the fork an' led !
 And now, their bold, new-fangled ways
 Is comin' all about ;
 And I, right in my latter days,
 Am fairly crowded out !

To-day the preacher, good old dear,
 With tears all in his eyes,
 Read, " I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies."
 I al'ays liked that blessed hymn—
 I s'pose I al'ays will ;
 It somehow gratifies *my* whim,
 In good old Ortonville ;

But when that choir got up to sing,
I couldn't catch a word ;
They sung the most dog-gondest thing
A body ever heard !

Some worldly chaps was standin' near :
An' when I see them grin,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And boldly waded in.
I thought I'd chase their tune along,
An' tried with all my might ;
But though my voice is good an' strong,
I couldn't steer it right ;
When they was high, then I was low,
An' also contrawise ;
An' I too fast, or they too slow,
To "mansions in the skies."

An' after every verse, you know,
They play a little tune ;
I didn't understand, an' so
I started in too soon.
I pitched it pretty middlin' high,
I fetched a lusty tone :
But oh, alas ! I found that I
Was singin' there alone !
They laughed a little, I am told ;
But I had done my best ;
And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast.

And Sister Brown—I could but look—
She sits right front of me ;
She never was no singin'-book,
An' never went to be ;
But then she al'ays tried to do
The best she could, she said ;
She understood the time right through,
An' kep' it with her head ;
But when she tried this mornin', oh,
I had to laugh, or cough !
It kep' her head a-bobbin' so,
It e'en a'most came off !

An' Deacon Tubbs—he all broke down,
 As one might well suppose ;
 He took one look at Sister Brown,
 And meekly scratched his nose.
 He looked his hymn-book through and through,
 And laid it on the seat,
 And then a pensive sigh he drew,
 And looked completely beat.
 An' when they took another bout,
 He didn't even rise ;
 But drew his red bandanner out,
 An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

I've been a sister, good an' true,
 For five-an'-thirty year ;
 I've done what seemed my part to do,
 An' prayed my duty clear ;
 But Death will stop my voice, I know,
 For he is on my track ;
 And some day I to church will go,
 And never more come back ;
 And when the folks gets up to sing—
 Whene'er that time shall be—
 I do not want no *patent* thing
 A-squealin' over me !

WILL CARLETON: *Farm Ballads.*

ON THE SANDS.

OH sea, thou mantle of the world,
 Entranced I now thy beauty quaff,
 Against the strand thy waves are hurled,
 To break in—"Take your Photurgraff?"

To break in foam and laugh and leap
 And coax the shingle into play,
 Then leave it as they backward sweep
 To gather—"Nice fresh shrimps to-day?"

To gather strength and force anew—
And yet at times thine anger grand
Is wild and terrible to view :
’Tis then—“ Please don’t forget the band.”

’Tis then I think I love thee best,
Thy waters bathed in inky gloom,
Thy waves each tipped with snowy crest,
Are racing—“ Will you buy a broom ?”

Are racing onward with the wind,
Mere playthings in the angry gale ;
Thy mood seems angry and unkind,
Thou art all—“ Fine day for a sail !”

Thou art all powerful, O Sea
And yet to man a servant true,
His highway thou wilt ever be,
His ships—“ Please buy ”—Oh hook it—do !

His ships—but there ! I can’t proceed,
The wretches plague me more and more :
I love the ocean well indeed,
But not the people on the shore.

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY : *Moonshine*. Summer Number, 1882.

BETTY BROWN’S CONVERSION.

OLD Betty Brown lived outside the town, and a surly old woman was she ;
And she wore a round hat, and a worsted cravat, and an overcoat piled with capes three.
With a thin dark moustache, and a thin beard to match, and a voice as hoarse as a crow,
’Twould somewhat perplex to distinguish her sex, but for petticoat hanging below.
Lips thin and compressed and a resolute look, and eyes which would flash in her rage,
And plough’d was her cheek with many a streak by poverty rather than age.

But a truculent temper had old Betty Brown, and a most vituperant tongue,
To look in her face you could scarce see a trace she had ever been pretty or young.
Her tenderest tones were a milder abuse, to gentle or simple in common,
For passion and poverty oft play the deuce with all that is sweet in a woman.

Old Betty Brown kept a donkey and cart, or rather, if truth be known,
The donkey (poor elf) maintained himself, and help'd to maintain Betty Brown.
He was nearly as old as his mistress 'twas said, and as for his temper—alas!
'Twas hard to choose from a couple of shrews, which was worst, Betty Brown or the ass.
'Tis enough no doubt to put an ass out, when aged and needing repose,
To work in a cart from morning till night and get nothing but curses and blows.
And early and late it had been his fate, ever since that ass was a foal,
From the pit to the town to haul Betty Brown in a cart well laden with coal.
When he came to the hill he always stood still and began in the limbers to twist,
'Till Betty got down and help'd him along with a cudgel as big as her wrist;
He had done it before and must do it again, which follows as matter of course,
And preventing evasion, she used the persuasion resulting from physical force,
And all the way up with tongue and with cudgel the donkey she swore at and beat,
And an oath and a bang alternately rang—the former I may not repeat.

“Gently, good woman,” and gentle though firm was the voice of the parson beside.
But who the *good* woman? and why is that epithet often misused and applied?

Is it meant as sarcastic, or mere pleonastic, or but a conventional lie?

And soon did the dame the misnomer disclaim—"Thee'st better not 'good woman' I.

Turn his head round, you fool—he'll never get up, a treggin the wheel wi' a stooane.

I gie thee tha stick! 'ees I wool perty quick if thee doosn't liave un alooane."

Whack! Whack! and a desperate effort was made by the donkey to master the load,

But down came the donkey, and down came the cart, and down came the coal in the road.

* * * * *

"Well—here's a blank blank, you blanky blank blank, and here's a blank blank of a mess."

What she said in her heat I need not repeat, but must leave to the reader to guess.

The parson of Hebrew and Latin and Greek of course had a competent knowledge,

But the way she abused and the language she used he was not prepared for at college.

"That's jest like you passons, a meddlesome lot—why coosn't thee liave un alooane?

Allus pokin yer noases in wother vawkes bisniss instead o' jest mindin' yer own.

Awver loaded, d'ye zaay? What's thee knaw about it? 'Tyent the vust time by many a scor'

As 'ave gone the siame rooad wi' the very siame looad, and never wer stoned afor'.

'T'es all droo your meddlin'—hist up, you blank blank, or I'll zend thee to blank perty quick."

But the parson, whose right hand was under the shaft, with his left hand caught hold of the stick.

"Good woman, forbear—strike again, if you dare—what, beat the poor brute when he's down?"

And over the hedge flew the cudgel, and speechless stood old Betty Brown.

Curt of speech was the parson, but prompt with his hands, as oft with curt speakers you'll find,

And, whatever his creed, in the moment of need it proved of the muscular kind.

Up struggled the donkey, and into the cart the parson (all
 heedless of grime)
 Placed the coal lump by lump (I'm glad for his sake the cart
 was not loaded with lime.)
 Then, *mirabile dictu*! without oath or blow, but many a heave
 and a will,
 Pull donkey, push parson, expostulate Betty, and so they all
 clambered the hill.
 And declining her offer of drink with a smile (Betty meant to
 be very polite)
 The parson turn'd back and vaulted a stile as he wish'd the old
 woman Good Night.
 "Did you ever?" said Betty, a question which often occurs
 when we happen to find
 An object that's rare like the nest of a mare, or an action
 unique of its kind.
 If the ass could have spoken like Balaam's, there's no knowing
 what he'd have said,
 But he merely replied by wriggling his tail and solemnly
 shaking his head.
 Which meant, that in all his experience (indeed he was still
 rather sore)
 He had ne'er gone so far with that load in that cart up that hill
 without whacking before.
 And that in his humble opinion (he reason'd of course as an ass),
 He could work just as well, if it pleased Mrs. Brown, with less
 stick and a little more grass.
 And Betty arrived at conclusion, that when such a thing should
 befall,
 That a donkey gets "stonded" a parson might be of some little
 use after all.
 For some of bi-pedal construction, who would learning's temple
 approach,
 Get over the pons asinorum by means of a clerical coach.
 And, to bear with their failings, prescribe for their ailings, and
 counsel and sympathy lend,
 Old women and asses oft find in the parson a counsellor, doctor
 and friend.
 And seeing the parson refused to drink, old Betty could never
 forget
 That for taking a part in re-loading her cart she was somehow
 a treat in his debt.

And that is the reason you see her at church, as constant as
constant can be,
In her queer old round hat, and worsted cravat, and overcoat
piled with capes three.

AGRIKLER: *Poems, Humorous and Philosophical.*



THE EVE OF THE FIRST.

“You may call me to-morrow as soon as you please,
And be sure that the horses aren’t late;
See the breeches are cleaned, and the boots off the trees,
And that breakfast is ready by eight!”
One day in the year, be it cloudless and clear,
Or with weather at wildest and worst,
The sportsman must go to take part in the show
That’s sacred to him on the First.

Yes, that’s the old horse—how he neighs in his stall!
No doubt he has wind of the fun,
For the men in the yard he has heard, one and all,
Discussing the chance of a run.
His figure was stiff, but there isn’t an “If”
About him. Of cash you’ve disbursed
It’s little you reck when you lead at a check
With the Hunt all behind on the First.

Of what could we talk on an evening like this?
My Lord, as he lolls at the Club,
In the boudoir at tea-time the hard-riding miss,
And Jack who drinks beer at his “pub”;
All have something to tell of a horse they’ve to sell—
An old one they’ve carefully nursed,
Or a young one they’ve tried, that will take down the pride
Of all who go out on the First.

For days, every man that you passed on the road—
 The farmer when marketwards bound,
 The Squire when his newly-bought nag he bestrode,
 The labourer tilling the ground—
 Not one but would say, in a pleased sort of way,
 Even ere the bad markets were cursed,
 As though 'twere a treat just the words to repeat,
 "We shall see you, of course, on the First."

As you watch the blue smoke curling lazily up
 From your weed, or your meerschaum, or clay,
 With your hand resting lightly upon the tall cup,
 And your pal sitting over the way,
 Who (severely, it's true) says, "The bottle's with you,"
 You pause, ere you slaken your thirst,
 To draw in your breath, and swear nothing but death
 Will keep you at home on the First.

And the smoke, as it curls, is assuming a shape—
 The shape of a muster of hounds,
 Of horses, and horsemen. The curtains that drape
 The windows are woodlands, and sounds
 Come loud and come clear that are known to your ear—
 A splash! and a horseman's immersed
 In a deep, muddy ditch. You can see the youth pitch
 On his head. It's yourself, on the First.

The First! A long lane, well protected with trees,
 A man who looks flurried and hot,
 A fairy-like maid who is riding at ease,
 And trying to seem (what she's not)
 Alarmed, as she turns a fair cheek that scarce burns
 From the question—to ask it who durst?
 Why, the man is yourself. Do you still love the elf
 Who told you *you* were not "the First"?

* * * * *

Ay de mi! When the years cluster thick, and the hair
 Clusters thin on the top of the pate,
 And the brows are all furrowed and wrinkled with care,
 These visions of sport are too late.

We'll raise a thin shout to the men who are out,
And then have a glorious burst
The length of the street (where alone we are "Fleet"),
And a kill in the Strand on the First.

C. C. R. : *Minora Carmina* (*Swan Sonnenschein*).



THE NAUGHTY DARKEY BOY.

THERE was a cruel darkey boy,
Who sat upon the shore,
A catching little fishes by
The dozen and the score.

And as they squirmed and wriggled there,
He shouted loud with glee,
"You surely cannot want to live,
You're little-er dan me."

Just then with a malicious leer,
And a capacious smile,
Before him from the water deep
There rose a crocodile.

He eyed the little darkey boy,
Then heaved a blubbering sigh,
And said "You cannot want to live,
You're little-er than I."

The fishes squirm and wriggle still,
Beside that sandy shore,
The cruel little darkey boy,
Was never heard of more.

The Rosebud.



HOW WE KEPT THE DAY.

THE great procession came up the street,
 With clatter of hoofs and tramp of feet ;
 There was General Jones to guide the van,
 And Corporal Jinks, his right-hand man ;
 And each was riding his high horse,
 And each had epaulettes, of course ;
 And each had a sash of the bloodiest red,
 And each had a shako on his head ;
 And each had a sword by his left side,
 And each had his moustache newly dyed ;

And that was the way

We kept the day,

The great, the grand, the glorious day,
 That gave us—

Hurray ! Hurray ! Hurray !

(With a battle or two, the histories say,)

Our National Independence !

The great procession came up the street,
 With loud da capo, and brazen repeat ;
 There was Hans, the leader, a Teuton born,
 A sharp who worried the E flat horn ;
 And Baritone Jake, and Alto Mike,
 Who never played anything twice alike ;
 And Tenor Tom, of conservative mind,
 Who always came out a note behind ;
 And Dick, whose tuba was seldom dumb ;
 And Bob, who punished the big brass drum.
 And when they stopped a minute to rest,
 The martial band discoursed its best ;
 The ponderous drum and the pointed fife
 Proceeded to roll and shriek for life ;
 And Bonaparte Crossed the Rhine, anon,
 And The Girl I Left Behind Me came on ;

And that was the way

The bands did play

On the loud, high-toned, harmonious day,
 That gave us—

Hurray ! Hurray ! Hurray !

(With some music of bullets, our sires would say,)

Our glorious Independence !

The great procession came up the street,
 With a waggon of virgins, sour and sweet ;
 Each bearing the bloom of recent date,
 Each misrepresenting a single State.
 There was California, pious and prim,
 And Louisiana, humming a hymn ;
 The Texas lass was the smallest one—
 Rhode Island weighed the tenth of a ton ;
 The Empire State was pure as a pearl,
 And Massachusetts a modest girl ;
 Vermont was red as the blush of the rose—
 And the goddess sported a turn-up nose ;
 And looked, free sylph, where she painfully sat,
 The worlds she would give to be out of that.

And in this way

The maidens gay

Flashed up the street on the beautiful day,

That gave us—

Hurray ! Hurray ! Hurray !

(With some sacrifices, our mothers would say,)

Our glorious Independence !

The great procession came up the street,
 With firemen uniformed flashily neat ;
 There was Tubbs, the foreman, with voice like five,
 The happiest, proudest man alive ;
 With a trumpet half as long as a gun,
 Which he used for the glory of " Number 1 ;"
 There was Nubbs, who had climbed a ladder high,
 And saved a dog that was left to die ;
 There was Cubbs, who had dressed in black and blue
 The eye of the foreman of Number 2,
 And each marched on with steady stride,
 And each had a look of fiery pride ;
 And each glanced slyly round, with a whim
 That all of the girls were looking at him ;

And this was the way,

With grand display,

They marched through the blaze of the glowing day,

That gave us—

Hurray ! Hurray ! Hurray !

(With some hot fighting, our fathers would say,)

Our glorious Independence !

The eager orator took the stand,
 In the cause of our great and happy land ;
 He aired his own political views,
 He told us all of the latest news :
 How the Boston folks one night took tea—
 Their grounds for steeping it in the sea ;
 What a heap of Britons our fathers did kill,
 At the little skirmish of Bunker Hill ;
 He put us all in anxious doubt
 As to how that matter was coming out ;
 And when at last he had fought us through
 To the bloodless year of '82,
 'Twas the fervent hope of every one
 That he, as well as the war, was done.
 But he continued to painfully soar
 For something less than a century more ;
 Until at last he had fairly begun
 The wars of eighteen-sixty-one ;
 And never rested till 'neath the tree
 That shadowed the glory of Robert Lee.
 And then he inquired, with martial frown,
 "*Americans, must we go down ?*"
 And as an answer from Heaven were sent,
 The stand gave way, and down he went.
 A singer or two beneath him did drop—
 A big fat alderman fell atop ;
 And that was the way
 Our orator lay,
 Till we fished him out, on the eloquent day,
 That gave us—
 Hurray ! Hurray ! Hurray !
 (With a clash of arms, Pat. Henry would say,)
 Our wordy Independence !

The marshal his hungry compatriots led,
 Where Freedom's viands were thickly spread,
 With all that man or woman could eat,
 From crisp to sticky—from sour to sweet.
 There were chickens that scarce had learned to crow,
 And veteran roosters of long ago ;
 There was one old turkey, huge and fierce,
 That was hatched in the days of President Pierce ;

Of which, at last, with an ominous groan,
 The parson essayed to swallow a bone ;
 And it took three sinners, plucky and stout,
 To grapple the evil and bring it out.
 And still the dinner went merrily on,
 And James and Lucy and Hannah and John
 Kept winking their eyes and smacking their lips,
 And passing the eatables into eclipse.

And that was the way
 The grand array
 Of victuals vanished on that day,
 That gave us—

Hurray ! Hurray ! Hurray !
 (With some starvation, the records say,)
 Our well-fed Independence !

The people went home through the sultry night,
 In a murky mood and a pitiful plight ;
 Not more had the rockets' sticks gone down,
 Than the spirits of them who had "been to town ;"
 Not more did the fire-balloon collapse,
 Than the pride of them who had known mishaps.
 There were feathers ruffled, and tempers roiled,
 And several brand-new dresses spoiled ;
 There were hearts that ached from envy's thorns,
 And feet that twinged with trampled corns ;
 There were joys proved empty, through and through,
 And several purses empty, too ;
 And some reeled homeward, muddled and late,
 Who hadn't taken their glory straight ;
 And some were fated to lodge, that night,
 In the city lock-up, snug and tight ;

And that was the way
 The deuce was to pay,
 As it always is, at the close of the day,
 That gave us—

Hurray ! Hurray ! Hurray !
 (With some restrictions, the fault-finders say,)
 That which, please God, we will keep for aye—
 Our National Independence !

WILL CARLETON: *Farm Ballads.*



IDYLL OF AN ARTIST.

FIVE AND TWENTY YEARS AGO.

SHE was not very pretty, or accomplished, or witty,
 There was nothing in her figure, and nothing in her face
 That a great distinction showed had you met her in a crowd.
 And yet you must admit she was by no means commonplace;
 Her manner was not freezing, if not altogether pleasing;
 A stranger might consider her extremely shy and slow;
 And, unless I wrong her greatly, she was rather stiff than
 stately

When we first became acquainted, five and twenty years ago.

I was then (for you will guess it, so I may as well confess it)
 Not an eligible party for a wise and prudent match;
 And, though not out of fashion as regards the tender passion,
 There were very few young ladies would consider me a catch.
 Of an idle disposition, without settled aim or mission,
 To no one in the world but mine own interest a foe;
 A poet and a mystic, with proclivities artistic,
 But no commercial instinct, five and twenty years ago.

'Twould be better (would it not?) if the whole poetic lot
 Were from ev'ry want and weakness of humanity exempt;
 For my friends oft told me flat, it was my duty and all that
 To *try* to make a fortune if I fail'd in the attempt.
 As if it matter'd really about doing things genteely;
 I did not care a button that my fortunes were but low,
 For life to me was seeming but a pleasant kind of dreaming
 When I was young and foolish, five and twenty years ago.

And the time I well remember, it was early in September,
 But the golden prime of summer was already on the wane,
 When I met—'twas near the station, and 'twas not by assigna-
 tion—

Eliza, who unlike myself had travell'd by the train;
 'Tis a doubtful acquisition on a sketching expedition
 To meet with a companion, but still it happen'd so;
 And (with little predilection) I'd no positive objection
 To the company of ladies, five and twenty years ago.

And when at last we came (our destination was the same)
To a rocky bit of moorland, after clambering a hill ;
And search'd as artists do, for the finest point of view,
'Twas strange to say our preferenece was sympathetic still.
For we sat beneath a boulder, shoulder almost touching shoulder,
She *chose* to sit so near me, and what was I to do ?
Not the subject to disgress on, I was giving her a lesson,
For I was rather elever, five and twenty years ago.

And, regardless of the weather, she was sitting on the heather,
A comfortless arrangement, but what was to be done ?
Beneath her broad umbrella had been shelter for a fellow,
But my folding German easel had a seat for only one.
And, to make it more unpleasant, it began to rain incessant,
How to seat and shelter both at once I really did not know,
And it was indeed a poser—unless we sat still closer,
And I was very modest, five and twenty years ago.

Indeed it might be said, that I of woman was afraid,
Or fancied in my innocence that each angelic " she "
Had a heavenly existence, to be worshipp'd at a distance,
Or so, at least, the young and fair had all appeared to me ;
To ask her to combine her future lot with mine,
Had been a gross presumption (at least I thought it so)
And an insult offer'd her,—from which you may infer
That I had some funny notions, five and twenty years ago.

And so it came about (you have guess'd as much no doubt)
That it wanted some contrivance our necessities to meet ;
Though each was well agreed to supply the other's need,
Yet one had no umbrella and the other had no seat.
And one was still insisting, and the other still resisting,
And neither would consent the other's comfort to forego,
And each by turn was getting the prospect of a wetting,
Ere we compromis'd the matter, five and twenty years ago.

'Twas a woman's peerless wit on the right arrangement hit
(I had perish'd ere proposing, but was glad to let it be),
When Eliza held outspread the umbrella over head,
And I sat on the easel, and Eliza sat on me.

And her ample shawl I wound her slender form around,
 (It might have seem'd improper, but 'twas very wet you know),
 And placed my arm behind, as a shelter from the wind ;
 We were both extremely modest, five and twenty years ago.

And thus we sat, and sat, with some interesting chat,
 It may have been an hour or two—it really may be more.
 And so lightly did she sit, I was not tired a bit,
 Although that kind of nursing I had never tried before.
 And the rain seem'd never stopping, on the broad umbrella
 dropping,
 And the wind was rising high, and quite a hurricane did blow,
 And until its force was pass'd I was forced to hold her fast,
 Which really seem'd delightful, five and twenty years ago.

And the thought occur'd to me—what a blunder it must be
 (And before the storm was over I had quite matur'd a plan)
 To let one's courage sink, and be fool enough to think
 That *one* true-hearted woman is a burden to a man.
 She is lighter than a feather, if you club your means together,
 At least, by my experience I always found it so,
 And never, never yet, have had occasion to regret
 That I made the happy trial, five and twenty years ago.

One seat will serve for both—one spoon to sup your broth—
 One shelter from the storms of life—one interest alone—
 And though at times you find you are not of one mind,
 Two heads, they say, in many ways, are better far than one.
 And so the storm had past, and what came of it at last
 You had better ask my wife there if you really wish to know ;
 But our friends have all confest an alteration for the best
 Since the day we went out sketching, five and twenty years ago.

AGRIKLER: *Poems, Humorous and Philosophical.*



SOLOMON REDIVIVUS, 1886.

WHAT am I? Ah, you know it,
I am the modern Sage,
Seer, savant, merchant, poet—
I am, in brief, the Age.

Look not upon my glory
Of gold and sandal-wood,
But sit and hear a story
From Darwin and from Buddh.

Count not my Indian treasures,
All wrought in curious shapes,
My labours and my pleasures,
My peacocks and my apes;

For when you ask me riddles,
And when I answer each,
Until my fifes and fiddles
Burst in and drown our speech,

Oh then your soul astonished
Must surely faint and fail,
Unless, by me admonished,
You hear our wondrous tale.

We were a soft Amœba
In ages past and gone,
Ere you were Queen of Sheba,
And I King Solomon.

Unorganed, undivided,
We lived in happy sloth,
And all that you did I did,
One dinner nourished both:

Till you incurred the odium
Of fission and divorce—
A severed pseudopodium
You strayed your lonely course.

When next we met together
Our cycles to fulfil,
Each was a bag of leather,
With stomach and with gill.

But our Ascidian morals
Recalled that old mischance,
And we avoided quarrels
By separate maintenance.

Long ages passed—our wishes
Were fetterless and free,
For we were jolly fishes,
A-swimming in the sea.

We roamed by groves of coral,
We watched the youngsters play—
The memory and the moral
Had vanished quite away.

Next, each became a reptile,
With fangs to sting and slay;
No wiser ever crept, I'll
Assert, deny who may.

But now, disdaining trammels
Of scale and limbless coil,
Through every grade of mammals
We passed with upward toil.

Till, anthropoid and wary
Appeared the parent ape,
And soon we grew less hairy,
And soon began to drape.

So, from that soft Amœba,
In ages past and gone,
You've grown the Queen of Sheba,
And I, King Solomon.

CONSTANCE C. W. NADEN: *A Modern Apostle.*



THE CONTENTIOUS Q.C.

ONE Rigmarole Demosthenes McPhallisy Guffaw
Was a luminary conversant with Equity and Law,
An authority on title, genealogies, entail,
Affidavits, primogeniture, conveyancing, and bail.

His theories on lunacy were reckoned very sound,
And his knowledge of insolvency was equally profound ;
His fees, though high, no litigant could logically grudge,
For, his brothers were attorneys, and his uncle was a judge.

He once had undertaken to appear for the defence
Of half a jailful, and the judge (a man of common sense),
After two or three acquittals, said, " The time is quite too short
To admit of mere formalities embarrassing the Court.

" Those prisoners whose counsel is McPhallisy Guffaw,
Being certain of acquittal, are invited to withdraw.
If they act upon the privilege, they leave the Court without
A stain upon their character. Now, jailer, let them out."

Though McPhallisy was eloquent in cases of the sort,
A cross-examination was undoubtedly his *forte* ;
No witness that he ever cross-examined could maintain
That his character was anything but one gigantic stain.

It eventually happened that the judges of assize
Had an after-dinner argument and blacked each other's eyes ;
A Licentiate in Surgery presided at the mill,
And certified to Government that both were very ill.

The department for deciphering illegible MS.
Gave the gist of the certificate as near as they could guess.
" A remarkable emergency," the secretary said,
" Two judges simultaneously ' affected in the head.'

"I must nominate as substitutes a barrister or two,
Here"—consulting the Directory—"these gentlemen will do;
Mandamus Malafides Mephistopheles Macaw,
And Rigmorole Demosthenes McPhallisy Guffaw."

McPhallisy, to start with, had a murder case to try;
The occurrence had been witnessed by a dozen passers-by,
The prisoner his murderous intention had expressed,
And his sanity the Faculty were ready to attest.

The culprit pleaded guilty, but McPhallisy Guffaw
Said, "Prisoner, you're naturally ignorant of law;
You had better stand your trial, and I stake my wig and gown
I'll annihilate the theory put forward by the Crown."

Then the judge, whose force of habit was particularly strong,
Called the prisoner "my client," which was technically wrong;
A judicial inadvertence which the prisoner enjoyed,
Though the public executioner was audibly annoyed.

The solicitors and barristers enjoyed the novel sport
Of hearing every witness cross-examined by the Court,
Till each of them, in swearing "to the best of his belief,"
Was admittedly a bigamist, a liar, and a thief.

When, divested of their characters, the witnesses went out,
Guffaw harangued the jury on the "benefit of doubt;"
A verdict of acquittal was directly handed down.
"Good morning," said the felon; "you can keep your wig and gown."

The case which next demanded the attention of the Court
Was also one of murder, but of quite another sort;
No particle of evidence could possibly be found,
And the prosecution theory had fallen to the ground.

It was manifestly hopeless to associate the crime
With the prisoner, who chanced to be in China at the time;
So the learned Attorney-General said, "Please your Lordship, I
Have determined upon entering a *nolle prosequi*."

Then Rigmarole Demosthenes McPhallisy Guffaw
Said, "Your Oriental travelling is no defence in law.
I'm hopeful of establishing the guilt of the accused."
(The public executioner was audibly amused.)

"You'd best plead guilty, prisoner, reserving your defence ;
It will save your wife and family some trouble and expense,
I'll sentence you to death until your innocence is proved ;"
And "His Lordship," said the journalists, "was evidently
moved."

When Rigmarole had meted out a moiety of doom,
They heard the back-door opening, and from the judges' room
Two venerable gentlemen, whose eyes were black and blue,
Came out, exclaiming, "Now, sir, who the—Littleton—are you ?

"Behold in us Her Majesty's two judges of assize ;
Your authority we question, your decisions we despise.
It's true we never held a brief, we never had to drudge ;
For, an advocate is one thing, and another thing's a judge.

"A judge should be a balancee—only valuable when
Exempt from all the prejudice of educated men.
Let the beam be irreproachable, the scales exactly twins,
But the emptier the better till the balancing begins.

"Go back, sir, to your sophistry, your quibble, and your jest,
And leave the laying down of law to us who know it best ;
As yet we're not infallible, but will be pretty soon,
For, we read *The People's Lawyer* every Sunday afternoon."

Guffaw made some remark about a "lady"—but in French,
And ceased, except in metaphor, to sit upon the bench ;
To those judges he administered some pieces of his mind,
And he gave them such a "sitting on" that both of them
resigned.

He died, the Father of the Bar, at ninety-four or five,
His grandson occupied the bench while he was yet alive ;
The obituary notice in the *Illustrated News*
Thus epitomised his power to substantiate his views :—

Though an able controversialist, he hardly ever quite
Succeeded in establishing that black was simply white ;
But his theory, which no one could successfully attack,
Was that white was just a delicate variety of black.

MORAL.

If you wish to take your place among the judges of the land,
Be solemn and oracular, be dignified and bland ;
If content to be a barrister, learn Equity and Law,
Like Rigmarole Demosthenes McPhallisy Guffaw.

EDWIN HAMILTON: *The Moderate Man: and Other Verses.*

TAKINGS.

HE took her fancy when he came,
He took her hand, he took a kiss,
He took no notice of the shame
That glowed her happy cheek at this.

He took to come of afternoons,
He took an oath he'd ne'er deceive,
He took her master's silver spoons,
And after that he took his leave.

THOMAS HOOD THE YOUNGER: *Poems, Humorous and Pathetic.*

THE COURSE OF UNTRUE LOVE.

"BEFORE you're off," Belinda said,
"Or ere that you can far get,
Oh swear by any star you please,
That you'll be true at Margate!
And oh, beware of Fanny Smith,
Who at that place may tarry ;
She'd give her eyes—I know she would,
To rob me of my 'Arry."

"I'll by my fav'rite twinkler swear,"
Said 'Arry, with emotion,
"To love you, Topsy-Wopsy dear,
When I am near the ocean.
But oh, beware of Tomkins, pet,
You really overrate him,
He's not so handsome as you think,"
Belinda said, "I *hate* him!"

Fond parting oaths they then exchanged,
Like Love's own con-spi-rà-tors,
But neither could the other kiss,
For both wore respirators.
Now 'Arry's gone young Tomkins comes,
A masher gay and clever,
Cried Linda, "'Pon my word you look
More beautiful than ever."

"And so do you, Bel," Tomkins said,
"Dear Bel, too long we've tarried,
I've bought the ring and license, sweet,
To-morrow we'll be married."
Said Bel, "Though 'Arry's heart it break,
With *you* I will be mated,"
And so she was, perfidious jade,
With him whom she had "hated."

On Margate's celebrated pier
Strolled 'Arry, free and hearty,
When Fanny Smith he chanced to meet—
That fascinating party.
Then 'Arry struck an attitude,
Like some grand knight in armour,
His respirator off he flung,
And wildly kissed his charmer.

"Dear Fanny mine," he cried aloud,
"There's such a spell about you,
That, 'pon my word of honour, I
Cannot exist without you!
I know 'twill break Belinda's heart,
That's what I've always dreaded;
But I can't help it, Fanny, dear,
To-morrow we'll be wedded."

And so they were, egad! in style,
 With service known as "choral,"
 'Mid clashing of uproarious bells,
 And showers of tributes floral.
 So wedding-cakes defy one's wit
 To know for whom they'll leaven,
 So marriage-vows are made on earth,
 But marriages in heaven.

CHARLES J. DUNPHIE: *Hood's Comic Annual*, 1888.



MY OTHER CHINEE COOK.

YES, I got another Johnny; but he was to Number One
 As a Satyr to Hyperion, as a rushlight to the sun;
 He was lazy, he was cheeky, he was dirty, he was sly,
 But he had a single virtue, and its name was "rabbit-pie."

Now those who say the bush is dull are not so far astray,
 For the neutral tints of station life are anything but gay!
 But, with all its uneventfulness, I solemnly deny
 That the bush is unendurable along with rabbit-pie.

We had fixed one day to sack him, and agreed to moot the
 point,
 When my lad should bring our usual regale of cindered joint,
 But instead of cindered joint we saw and smelt, my wife and I,
 Such a lovely, such a beautiful, oh! such a rabbit-pie!

There was quite a new expression on his lemon-coloured face
 And the unexpected odour won him temporary grace,
 For we tacitly postponed the sacking point till by-and-bye,
 And we tacitly said nothing save the one word, "rabbit-pie."

I had learned that pleasant mystery should simply be endured,
 And forebore to ask of Johnny where the rabbits were pro-
 cured!

I had learned from Number One to stand aloof from how and
 why,
 And I threw myself upon the simple fact of rabbit-pie.

And when the pie was opened, what a picture did we see !
“ They lay in beauty side by side, they filled our home with
glee ! ”

How excellent, how succulent, back, neck, and leg and thigh ;
What a noble gift is manhood ! what a trust is rabbit-pie !

For a week the thing continued, rabbit-pie from day to day ;
Though where he got the rabbits John would ne’er vouchsafe
to say ;

But we never seemed to tire of them, and daily could descry
Subtle shades of new delight in each successive rabbit-pie.

Sunday came ; by rabbit reckoning, the seventh day of the
week ;

We had dined ; we sat in silence, both our hearts (?) too full
to speak ;

When in walks Cousin George, and, with a sniff, says he, “ Oh
my !

What a savoury suggestion ! what a smell of rabbit-pie ! ”

“ Oh, why so late, George ? ” says my wife, “ the rabbit-pie is
gone ;

But you *must* have one for tea, though. Ring the bell, my
dear, for John.”

So I rang the bell for John, to whom my wife did signify,
“ Let us have an early tea, John, and another rabbit-pie.”

But John seemed taken quite aback, and shook his funny head,
And uttered words I comprehended no more than the dead ;

“ Go, do as you are bid,” I cried, “ we wait for no reply ;
Go ! let us have tea early, and another rabbit-pie ! ”

Oh, that I had stopped his answer ! But it came out with a
run :

“ Last-a week-a plenty puppy ; this-a week-a puppy done ! ”

Just then my wife, my love, my life, the apple of mine eye,
Was seized with what seemed “ mal-de-mer,” — “ sick transit ”
rabbit-pie !

And George ! By George, he laughed, and then he howled like
any bear !

The while my wife contorted like a mad convulsionnaire ;
And I—I rushed on Johnny, and I smote him hip and thigh,
And I never saw him more, nor tasted more of rabbit-pie.

And the childless mothers met me, as I kicked him from the
door,

With loud maternal wailings, and anathemas galore ;
I must part with pretty Tiny, I must part with little Fly,
For I'm sure they know the story of the so-called "rabbit-pie."

J. BRUNTON STEPHENS: *Convict Once : and other Poems.*

THE BABY IN THE HOUSE.

By Poventry Catmore, Author of the "Angel in the House," etc.

I.

THE DOCTOR.

"A FINER than your newborn child,"
The Doctor said, "I never saw,"
And I, but half believing, smiled
To think he thought me jolly raw.
And then I viewed the crimson thing,
And listened to its doleful squeal,
And rather wished the nurse would bring
The pap-boat with its earliest meal.
My wife remarked, "I fear, a snub,
The Doctor, "Madam, never fear,"
"'Tis hard, Ma'am, in so young a cub
To say." Then Nurse, "A cub ! a Dear !"

II.

THE GLOVE.

"'Twere meet you tied the knocker up,"
The Doctor laughed, and said, "Good-bye.
And till you drown that yelping pup
Your lady will not close an eye."

Then round I sauntered to the mews,
And Ponto heard his fate was near,—
How few of coachmen will refuse
A crown to spend in beastly beer!
And then I bought a white kid glove,
Lucina's last and favourite sign,
Wound it the knocker's brass above,
And tied it with a piece of twine.

III.

THE ADVERTISEMENT.

"But, Love," she said, in gentle voice,
('Twas ever delicate and low,)
"The fact which makes our hearts rejoice
So many folks would like to know.
My Scottish cousins on the Clyde,
Your uncle at Northaving Gap,
The Adams's at Morningside,
And Jane, who sent me up the cap.
So do." The new commencing life
The *Times* announced, "May 31,
At 16, Blackstone Place, the wife
Of Samuel Bobchick, of a son."

IV.

THE GODFATHERS.

"Of course your father must be one,"
Jemima said, in thoughtful tones;
"But what's the use of needy Gunn,
And I detest that miser Jones."
I hinted Brown. "Well, Brown would do,
But then his wife's a horrid Guy."
De Blobbins? "Herds with such a crew."
Well, love, whom have you in your eye?
"Dear Mr. Burbot." Yes, he'd stand,
And as you say, he's seventy-three,
Rich, childless, hates that red-nosed band
Of nephews—Burbot let it be.

V.

THE GODMOTHER.

"We ought to ask your sister Kate,"
"Indeed, I shan't," Jemima cried,
"She's given herself such airs of late,
I'm out of patience with her pride.
Proud that her squinting husband (Sam,
You know I hate that little sneak)
Has got a post at Amsterdam,
Where luckily he goes next week.
No, never ask of kin and kith,
We'll have that wife of George Bethune's,
Her husband is a silver-smith,
And she'll be sure to give some spoons."

VI.

THE CHRISTENING.

"I sign him," said the Curate, Howe,
O'er Samuel Burbot George Bethune,
Then baby kicked up such a row,
As terrified that Reverend coon.
The breakfast was a stunning spread,
As e'er confectioner sent in,
And playfully my darling said,
"Sam costs papa no end of tin."
We laughed, made speeches, drank for joy:
Champagne hath stereoscopic charms;
For when Nurse brought our little boy,
I saw two Babies in her arms.

SHIRLEY BROOKS: *Wit and Humour*.

A LETTER OF ADVICE.

WHEN you love—as all men will—
Sing the theme of your devotion,
Sue—and vow—and worship still—
Overflow with deep emotion,
Bow to Cupid's sweet decrees,
Lightly wear the happy fetter,
Bend the knee and plead! But please;
Do not write your love a letter!

Ah! most tempting it may be:
Ink flows free—and pens *will* write,
And your passion fain you'd see
Plainly mapped in black and white.
Yet refrain from shedding ink,
If you can:—'tis wiser—better.
Ere you pen a sentence, think!
Do not write your love a letter.

Hearts may cool, and views may change—
Other scenes may seem inviting,
But a heart can't safely range
If committed 'tis to writing.
What you've written is a writ,
Holds you closely as a debtor.
Will she spare you? Not a bit!
Do not write your love a letter!

Think of Breach of Promise cause,
Think of barristers provoking
Leading you to slips and flaws,
Turning all your love to joking.
If you've written aught, they'll be
Safe to find it as a setter—
Then you'll wish you'd hearkened me—
Do not write your love a letter!

Oh, those letters read in Court !
 How the tender things seem stupid !
 How deep feeling seems but sport !
 How young Momus trips up Cupid !
 Take my warning then—or soon,
 O'er your folly you'll be fretter,
 Saying, " Why, poor, foolish spoon,
 Did I write my love a letter ? "

THOMAS HOOD THE YOUNGER.: *Poems, Humorous and Pathetic.*



THE MAN FOR GALWAY.

'To drink a toast,
 A proctor roast,
 Or bailiff, as the case is;
 To kiss your wife,
 Or take your life
 At ten or fifteen paces;
 To keep game cocks, to hunt the fox,
 To drink in punch the Solway,
 With debts galore, but fun far more;
 Oh, that's " the man for Galway."

The King of Oude
 Is mighty proud,
 And so were onest the Caysars;
 But ould Giles Eyre
 Would make them stare,
 Av he had them with the Blazers.*
 To the divil I fling ould Runjeet Sing,
 He's only a prince in a small way,
 And knows nothing at all of a six-foot wall;
 Oh, he'd never " do for Galway."

* The famous Galway pack of hounds.

Ye think the Blakes
 Are no "great shakes;"
 'They're all his blood relations;
 And the Bodkins sneeze
 At the grim Chinese
 For they come from the Phenaycians.
 So fill to the brim, and here's to him
 Who'd drink in punch the Solway;
 With debts galore, but fun far more;
 Oh! that's "the man for Galway."

CHARLES LEVER: *Charles O'Malley.*

NEIGHBOUR NELLY.

I'm in love with neighbour Nelly,
 Though I know she's only ten,
 While, alas! I'm eight-and-forty—
 And the *marriedst* of men!
 I've a wife who weighs me double,
 I've three daughters all with *beaux* :
 I've a son with noble whiskers,
 Who at me turns up his nose.

Though a square-toes, and a fogey,
 Still I've sunshine in my heart :
 Still I'm fond of cakes and marbles,
 Can appreciate a tart.
 I can love my neighbour Nelly
 Just as though I were a boy,
 I could hand her nuts and apples
 From my depths of corduroy.

She is tall, and growing taller,
 She is vigorous of limb :
 (You should see her play at cricket
 With her little brother Jim.)

She has eyes as blue as damsons,
She has pounds of auburn curls ;
She regrets the game of leapfrog
Is prohibited to girls.

I adore my neighbour Nelly,
I invite her in to tea :
And I let her nurse the baby—
All her pretty ways to see.
Such a darling bud of woman,
Yet remote from any teens—
I have learnt from neighbour Nelly
What the girl's doll-instinct means.

Oh, to see her with the baby !
He adores her more than I,—
How she choruses his crowing,—
How she hushes every cry !
How she loves to pit his dimples
With her light forefinger deep,
How she boasts to me in triumph
When she's got him off to sleep !

We must part, my neighbour Nelly,
For the summers quickly flee ;
And your middle-aged admirer
Must supplanted quickly be.
Yet as jealous as a mother,—
A distempered, cankered churl,
I look vainly for the setting
To be worthy such a pearl.

ROBERT B. BROUGH.



TO A BLACK GIN.

DAUGHTER of Eve, draw near—I would behold thee!
Good Heavens! Could ever arm of man enfold thee?
Did the same Nature that made Phryne mould thee?

Come thou to leeward; for thy balmy presence
Savoureth not a whit of *mille-fleurescence*;—
My nosé is no insentient excrescence.

Thou art not beautiful, I tell thee plainly,
Oh! thou ungainliest of things ungainly;
Who thinks thee less than hideous doats insanely.

Most unæsthetical of things terrestrial,
Hadst thou indeed an origin celestial?
Thy lineaments are positively bestial!

Yet thou my sister art, the clergy tell me;
Though, truth to state, thy brutish looks compel me
To hope these parsons merely want to *sell* me.

A hundred times and more I've heard and read it;
But if Saint Paul himself came down and said it,
Upon my soul I would not give it credit.

"God's image cut in ebony," says some one;
'Tis to be hoped some day thou may'st become one;
Thy present image is a very rum one.

Thy "face the human face divine!" . . . O, Moses!
Whatever trait divine thy face discloses,
Some vile Olympian cross-play pre-supposes.

Thy nose appeareth but a transverse section;
Thy mouth hath no particular direction,—
A flabby-rimmed abyss of imperfection.

Thy skull development mine eye displeases ;
 Thou wilt not suffer much from brain diseases ;
 Thy facial angle forty-five degrees is.

The coarseness of thy tresses is distressing,
 With grease and raddle firmly coalescing,
 I cannot laud thy system of "top-dressing."

Thy dress is somewhat scant for proper feeling ;
 As is thy flesh too,—scarce thy bones concealing ;
 Thy calves unquestionably want *revealing*.

Thy rugged skin is hideous with tattooing,
 And legible with hieroglyphic wooing—
 Sweet things in art of some fierce lover's doing.

For thou some lover hast, I bet a guinea,—
 Some partner in thy fetid ignominy,
 The *raison d'être* of this piccaninny.

What must *he* be whose eye thou hast delighted ?
 His sense of beauty hopelessly benighted !
 The canons of his taste how badly sighted !

What must his gauge be, if thy features pleased him ?
 If lordship of such limbs as thine appeased him,
 It was not "*calf* love" certainly that seized him.

And is he amorously sympathetic ?
 And doth he kiss thee ? . . . Oh my soul prophetic !
 The very notion is a strong emetic !

And doth he smooth thine hours with oily talking ?
 And take thee conjugally out-a-walking ?
 And crown thy transports with a tomahawking ?

I guess his love and anger are combined so ;
 His passions on thy shoulders are defined so ;
 "His passages of love" are *underlined* so ;

Tell me thy name. What ? Helen ? (Oh, *Æ*none,
 That name bequeathed to one so foul and bony,
 Avengeth well thy ruptured matrimony !)

Eve's daughter ! with that skull and that complexion ?
 What principle of "natural selection"
 Gave thee with Eve the most remote connection ?

Sister of L. E. L——, of Mrs. Stowe, too !
 Of E. B. Browning ! Harriet Martineau, too——
 Do theologians know where fibbers go to ?

Of dear George Eliot, whom I worship daily !
 Of Charlotte Brontë ! and Joanna Baillie !—
 Methinks that theory is rather "scaly."

Thy primal parents came a period later—
 The handiwork of some vile imitator ;
 I fear they had the devil's *imprimatur*.

This in the retrospect.—Now, what's before thee ?
 The white man's heaven, I fear, would simply bore thee ;
 Ten minutes of doxology would floor thee.

Thy Paradise should be some land of Goshen,
 Where appetite should be thy sole devotion,
 And surfeit be the climax of emotion ;—

A land of Bunya-bunyas towering splendid,—
 Of honey-bags on every tree suspended,—
 A Paradise of sleep and riot blended ;—

Of tons of 'baccy, and tons more to follow,—
 Of wallaby as much as thou couldst swallow,—
 Of hollow trees, with 'possums in the hollow ;—

There, undismayed by frost or flood, or thunder,
 As joyous as the skies thou roamest under,
 There should'st thou . . . Cooeey . . Stop ! she's off.
 . . . No wonder.

J. BRUNTON STEPHENS: *Convict Once: and other Poems.*

ELEGY ON THE PORPOISE.

BY THE STURGEON.

DEAD, is he? Yes, and wasn't I glad when they carried away
his corpus?

A great, black, oily, wallowing, wallopping, plunging, ponderous
porpus.

What call had Mr. Frank Buckland, which I don't deny his
kindness,

To take and shove into my basin a porpoise troubled with blind-
ness?

I think it was like his impudence, and praps a little beyond,
To poke a blundering brute like that in a gentle-fish's private
pond.

Did he know as I am the King of Fish, and written down in
histories

As meat for his master, that is to say, for Victoria the Queen,
his mistress,

And, if right was done, I shouldn't be here, but be sent in a
water-parcel

To swim about in a marble tank in the gardings of Windsor
Castle :-

And them as forgets the law of the land which is made to rule
and control,

And keeps a Royal Fish to themselves, may find themselves in
a hole.

Is a King like me, I umbly ask, to be put in a trumpery puddle,
For Fellows to walk about and spy and talk zoological muddle,
And swells to come for a Sunday lounge, with French, Italians,
and Germans,

Which would better become to stop at home and think of the
morning sermons.

And then of a Monday to be used in a more obnoxious manner,
Stared at by tags and rags and bobtails as all come in for a
Tanner?

And me the King of Fish, indeed, which it's treating China like
delf,

Mr. Kingfisher Buckland, Sir, I think you might be ashamed
of yourself.

And then I can't be left alone, but you come and stick in a big
Blind blustering snorting oily beast which is only an old Sea-
Pig.

I'm heartily glad he's dead, the pig: I was pleased, to my very
marrow,

To see the keeper wheel him away in that dirty old gardening
barrow.

And though it was not flattering, last Sunday as ever were,
To hear the swells as had read the *Times* come rushing up for
a stare,

And crying Bother the Sturgeon, it's the Porpus I want to see,
And going away in a state of huff because there was only Me,
It was pleasant (and kings has right divine to feel a little
malicious)

To see 'em sent to behold his cops in the barrow behind the fish-
house.

So when Mr. Buckland next obtains a porpus as wants a
surgeon,

Perhaps he won't insert that pig beside of a Royal Sturgeon.

I've heard the Tench is a curing fish and effects a perfect cure
Of other fish put into his pond, which he's welcome to do, I'm
sure,

But don't bring sick porpuses up to me, I'm kin to the old Sea-
Devil,

And though a king I'm not inclined to be touching fish for the
evil.

Besides, a porpus isn't a fish, but a highly deweloped man.

Improved, of course, with a tail and fins, on the famous *Westiges*
plan,

The Phocœna Rondoletii, though his scent in this sultry
weather

Was not like rondoletia nor frangipanni neither,

But that is neither here nor there, and as I previously said,

From the bottom of both my heart and pond I'm glad the
Porpus is dead.

THE STURGEON.

P.S. The Reverend Spurgeon gives it out he's related to me,
 a nigger,
 He's no such thing, and much more like the Above Lamented,
 in figger.
 If one may judge by the fotttergrafts, which his congregation
 treasures,
 And where he shows himself enjoying no end of domestic
 pleasures.

SHIRLEY BROOKS: *Wit and Humour*.

"SUPERS."

First Super.—

BEHOLD in us three parties known as "Supers,"
 Who "enter" nightly when we get our "cue,"
 Attired as Gensd'armes, Bandits, Mob, and Troopers.
Omnes (vociferously).—We do!

Second Super.—

We're ragged, we'll admit, but still we're clever,
 And though Melpomene adopts an air
 Of diffidence, shall we desert her? Never!
Omnes (melodramatically).—We swear!

Third Super.—

Although our aspirations it disables
 To be disdained by every noted "star,"
 We're there at hand to bring on chairs and tables.
Omnes (proudly).—We are!

F.S.—Observe how soldierly each bears his banner,
 And shivers when the heavy man says "Bah!"
 Or laughs, at certain cues, in stagey manner.
Omnes (hollowly).—Ha! ha!

S. S.—And when to "Treasury" we wander meekly
 To see if there's a "ghost,"—our "sal" is small,
 'Tis but six shillings we are tendered weekly.
Omnes (dismally).—That's all!

T.S.—It matters not how carefully we spend it,
A bob a night will scarcely buy a crust.
Friends, must we not do something to amend it?
Omnes (mysteriously).—We must!

F.S.—Shall we submit to managers' oppression?
Nay, let us rise and strike a mighty blow!
Shall we be trampled on in our profession?
Omnes (emphatically).—No! no!

S.S.—The Super-master we must be defying,
And make our grievance clearly understood.
Would not a small revolt be worth the trying?
Omnes (eagerly).—It would!

T.S.—Aye, let them jeer and gibe at our position,
The time *will* come when *we'll* earn better pay;
By *striking* we may better our condition.
Omnes (excitedly).—Hooray!

F.S.—Hold! let us not give way to idle sorrow,
But, rather, let's be resolute and brave;
We've got a "call" at twelve o'clock to-morrow—
Omnes (dolefully).—We haive!

S.S.—To soothe us, since our "bosses" on us trample,
A pub's close by where we may drink our fill.
Say, shall we hasten its cheap drinks to sample?
Omnes (with alacrity).—We will!

[*Exeunt OMNES.*

H. CHANCE NEWTON: *The Penny Showman.*

THE WAIL OF THE WISE CHILD.

I AM hungry, O, my mother,
But I know not what to eat.
Did you mention "bread," ma, darling?
Why, men knead' it with their feet;
And the bakehouses are pigstyes,
And the smell is such, they say,
That a Government inspector
Has been known to faint away.

Meat—O, ma! how dreadful!
Read the newspaper reports
Of the dealers who are punished
At Guildhall and other courts.
Try the things in tins—good gracious!
Have you read that inquest, ma?
It was eating' tinned' opossum
Killed six children and their pa.

There is verdigris, they tell us,
In some tins that grocers sell,
And whole families who try them
Very often feel unwell.
And the doctor has to hurry
With the stomach-pump to save
Folks who've bought for tenpence farthing
Yankee tins of early grave.

Shall you bring me in a pasty?
What, a meat one! Have you read
How they make the paste while nursing
Fever cases ill in bed?
Will I have a puff or tartlet?
O, mamma, you can't have seen
How the pastrycooks are using
Tons of oleomargarine!

THE WISE MOTHER.

Child, I own it's very dreadful,
 If these stories all are true,
 But I thank my lucky planet
 I am not so wise as you;
 For I do not read the papers,
 And I eat what I can get.
 I am ninety-six to-morrow,
 And I ain't been poisoned yet.

GEORGE R. SIMS: *The Land of Gold.*

BIRDKEEPER'S STORY.

"ONE Zunday last spreng (twer a.wonderful theng, and zo I do
 thenk as you'll zaay, Zir),
 Our passon com'd out, and wer walkin about, the siame as you
 mid be to daay, Zir.
 Zes he 'John,' zes he, 'you looks hong'er'd and cowl'd—you
 looks cowl'd and hong'er'd,' zes he, Zir.
 Zes I, 'Zir, I do?' Zes he, 'John, tes true.' Zes I, 'I looks
 jest what I be, Zir.'
 Zes he, 'John, and praay do you stop here all daay? wi' never
 a shelter ner zate here?'
 Zes I, 'Zir, I'm bound to stop in the ground, vor I'm kippin'
 the birds vrom the whate here.'
 Zes he, 'John, I'm 'feared if you stops here zo long, you'll be
 still gettin' cowl'd and thinner,'
 Supposin' you goes to the vicarage house, and axes my cook vor
 zome dinner?'
 Zes I, 'Zir, tes what I shud very much like, but then I shud
 get in disgrace, Zir,
 And when I com'd back shud be gettin' the zack, and vind
 some one else in my place, Zir.'
 Zes he, 'John, you'm right, but you'd better jest try't, tes only
 about half-a-mile, John,
 And you'll get (never fear) a glass o' good beer, and I'll kip
 the birds off the while John;

For the poor and the owld, as be out in the cowl'd, I'd reather
 invite thay to come, John,
 And dine at my table than them that's moor yable, and as got
 a good dinner at whoam, John.'
 'God bless 'ee,' zed I; that's the very best sarmon as ever you
 priach'd in yer life, Zir.'
 And I got the best dinner as ever I yeat, and zome to take
 whoam to my wife, Zir.
 And the passon did hoopey and 'holler awaay, and broake my
 owld clapper to bits, Zir;
 But the zight of hes cloathes wer enough vor the crows, and
 frighten'd um aal into fits, Zir,
 Vor one o' thair feather zo big as the passon thay never had
 zeed there afore, Zir,
 And the sarmon he gied um tuk such an effect, thay never
 com'd back any more, Zir."

AGRIKLER: *Rhymes.*

THE GOLDEN GOOSE.

I ONCE had a golden goose,
 That was born of a plain grey egg;
 But one fine day it flew away,
 And broke its golden leg.

I kept it in the coop
 Where the other bipeds are:
 But one dark night, by an oversight,
 I left the door ajar.

And the golden goose, at dawn,
 As early falls the dew,
 Awoke from sleep, and with one leap
 Out thro' the doorway flew.

Then over the farmyard wall
 With one fell swoop it hied,
 And, well for it! securely lit
 On its head, on the other side.

Then to *my* house it stalked,
And stood at *my* hall-door,
As never a bird, of which I've heard,
Had ever done before.

And as soon as Betsy Jane,
At six o'clock precisely,
Opened the door, to sweep the floor,
And scrub the door-step nicely :

Without one warning word,
Or civil salutation,
The goose flew in, witha cackle and din,
Enough to scare the nation.

But there its pride was quashed,
For pride must have a fall :
For it broke its leg against a peg
Of the hatstand in the hall.

Then, fluttering to the floor,
In anguish, pale and mute,
In its writhing throes, it wrenched two toes
From its other golden foot.

I raised the poor goose up
Where it lay beneath the peg ;
And now it goes on two broken toes,
And a twopenny wooden leg.

I know my goose is sad,
For its face is always pale :
But the fault was thine, poor goose ! not mine :
And thereby hangs this tale.

That man will make true friends,
And live to flout his foes,
Who has the grace to know his place,
And keep the place he knows.

I once had a golden goose,
That was born of a plain grey egg :
But one fine day it flew away,
And broke its golden leg.

Now, would that golden goose,
Have fallen into disgrace,
Or broken its leg against that peg
If it had kept its place ?

Its place was in the coop,
But there it would not stay ;
For 'it, you see, was a golden goose,
And the others were only grey.

So to *my* house it stalked,
Believing itself to be
Sufficiently great to associate
With a gentleman like me.

But you perhaps will say
That the goose showed sterling wit,
Perceiving me, at a glance, to be
As great a goose as it.

But be that as it may,
It flew against a peg,
And a hat fell down, and broke its crown,
And the poor goose broke its leg.

So, friends, both small and great,
Keep well this saw in view :
Tho' gold is bright, and charms the sight,
Yet copper rings as true.

It is not wealth or pride
That makes us brave or bold :
An egg of meat is quite as sweet
As any egg of gold.

So walk in your own sphere,
 And sleep in your own nest :
 And keep your place with patient grace,
 And leave to God the rest.

And should some proud friend scorn
 Your honest poor estate,
 Laugh in your sleeve, as you take your leave :
 Or tell him the sad fate

Of *my* proud golden goose,
 That was born of a plain grey egg,
 Which now sadly goes on two broken toes,
 And a twopenny wooden leg.

SAMUEL K. COWAN.



THE LEPRACAUN,

OR

FAIRY SHOEMAKER.

I.

LITTLE Cowboy, what have you heard,
 Up on the lonely rath's green mound ?
 Only the plaintive yellow bird
 Sighing in sultry fields around,
 Chary, chary, chary, chee-ee !—
 Only the grasshopper and the bee. ?—
 "Tip-tap, rip-rap,
 Tick-a-tack-too !
 Scarlet leather, sewn together,
 This will make a shoe.
 Left, right, pull it tight ;
 Summer days are warm ;
 Underground in winter,
 Laughing at the storm !"

The Lepracaun is an elf peculiar to Ireland, and known, with some variations of name, in every part of the country. He may be forced to give you of his store of gold, *if* you can keep your eye on him.

"Rath," ancient earthen fort.

"Yellow bird," the yellow-bunting, or *yorlin*.

Lay your ear close to the hill.
 Do you not catch the tiny clamour,
 Busy click of an elfin hammer,
 Voice of the Lepracaun singing shrill
 As he merrily plies his trade?
 He's a span
 And a quarter in height.
 Get him in sight, hold him tight,
 And you're a made
 Man!

II.

You watch your cattle the summer day.
 Sup on potatoes, sleep in the hay;
 How would you like to roll in your carriage,
 Look for a duchess's daughter in marriage?
 Seize the Shoemaker—then you may!
 “Big boots a-hunting,
 Sandals in the hall,
 White for a wedding-feast,
 Pink for a ball.
 This way, that way,
 So we make a shoe;
 Getting rich every stitch,
 Tick-tack-too!”
 Nine-and-ninety treasure-crocks
 This keen miser-fairy hath,
 Hid in mountains, woods, and rocks,
 Ruin and round-tow'r, cave and rath,
 And where the cormorants build;
 From times of old
 Guarded by him;
 Each of them fill'd
 Full to the brim
 With gold!

III.

I caught him at work one day, myself,
 In the castle-ditch, where foxglove grows,—
 A wrinkled, wizen'd, and bearded Elf,
 Spectacles stuck on his pointed nose,

Silver buckles to his hose,
 Leather apron—shoe in his lap—
 “Rip-rap, tip-tap,
 Tack-tack-too !
 (A grasshopper on my cap !
 Away the moth flew !)
 Buskins for a fairy prince,
 Brogues for his son,—
 Pay me well, pay me well,
 When the job is done !”
 The rogue was mine, beyond a doubt.
 I stared at him ; he stared at me ;
 “Servant, Sir !” “Humph !” says he,
 And pull’d a snuff-box out.
 He took a long pinch, look’d better pleased,
 The queer little Lepracaun ;
 Offer’d the box with a whimsical grace,—
 Pouf ! he flung the dust in my face,
 And, while I sneezed,
 Was gone !

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM: *Irish Songs and Poems.*

CHACUN À SON GOÛT.

WHEN dandies wore fine gilded clothes,
 And bags, and swords, and lace ;
 And powder blanch’d the heads of beaux,
 And patches graced the face :

When two o’clock was time to drive
 To flirt it in Hyde Park ;
 And not the finest folks alive
 Took morning drives till dark :

When people went to see the plays,
 And knew the names of players ;
 And ladies wore long bony stays,
 And went about in chairs :

When belles with whalebone hoops and tapes
Defied each vain endeavour
To trace their forms, and made their shapes
Much more like *bells* than ever :

When chaste salutes all folks exchanged
(A custom worthy, such is),
And ladies to be served, stood ranged,
As kings would serve a duchess :—

In those good days, a widow rare
Astonish'd half the town ;
So gay, so sweet, so blithe, and fair—
Her name was Mistress Brown.

This widow Brown had diamond eyes,
And teeth like rows of pearl,
With lips that Hybla's bees might prize,
And loves in every curl.

And more, this beauteous piece of earth
(And she could make it clear)
Had stock and property, quite worth
Four thousand pounds a year.

As syrup in the summer's sun
The buzzing fly attracts,
So Mrs. Brown—the lonely one—
Was subject to attacks ;

And tall and short, and rich and poor,
Pursued her up and down ;
And crowds of swains besieged the door
Of charming Mrs. Brown.

Among the rest, a worthy wight
Was constant in her suite ;
He was an alderman and knight,
And lived in Fenchurch Street.

He wasn't young—if he's call'd old
Who fifty-nine surpasses—
He sugar bought, and sugar sold,
And treacle, and molasses.

But he was rich, dress'd fine, was gay,
And mighty well to do;
And at each turn was wont to say—
“Hah! *Chacun à son goût.*”

This was his phrase—it don't mean much,
He thought it rather witty;
And, for an alderman, a touch
A bit above the city.

Sir Samuel Snob—that was his name—
Three times to Mrs. Brown
Had ventured just to hint his flame,
And thrice received—a frown.

Once more Sir Sam resolved to try
What winning ways would do;
If she would *not*, he would not die,
For—*Chacun à son goût.*

He sallied forth in gilded coach—
And in those heavy drags,
No stylish knight made his approach
Without his four fat nags.

But gout and sixty well-spent years
Had made his knightship tame,
And, spite of flannel, crutch, and cares,
Sir Sam was very lame.

“Is Mrs. Brown at home?” said he.
The servant answered, “Yes.”
“To night, then,” murmur'd he, “shall see
My misery or bliss.”

And up he went—though slow, yet sure,
 And there was Mrs. Brown:
 Delightful!—then, he's quite secure!
 The widow is alone.

Close to the sofa where she sat
 Sir Snobby drew his seat;
 Rested his crutch, laid down his hat,
 And look'd prodigious sweet.

But silence, test of virgin love,
 A widow does not suit;
 And Mrs. Brown did not approve
 Courtship so mild and mute.

The man of sugar by her look
 Perceived the course to take:
 He sigh'd—she smiled—the hint he took
 And on that hint he spake.

“Madam,” said he,—“I know,” she cried,
 “I'll save you half your job;
 I've seen it—though disguise you've tried—
 You want a Lady Snob!”

“Exactly so, angelic fair!
 You've hit it to a T.
 Where can I find one—where, O! where
 So fit as Mrs. B.?”

The dame was flutter'd, look'd aside,
 Then blushing look'd down;
 But as Sir Snob her beauties eyed,
 He saw no chilling frown.

At length she said, “I'll tell you plain
 (The thing of folly savours)—
 But he who hopes *my* heart to gain
 Must grant me two small favours.”

"Two!" cries the knight—"how very kind!
Say fifty—I'm efficient!"
"No," said the dame, "I think you'll find
The two *I* mean sufficient.

"Name them!" said Snob—"I will," she cried,
"And this the first must be:
Pay homage to a woman's pride;
Down on your bended knee!

"And when that homage you have done,
And half perform'd your task,
Then shall you know the other boon
Which I propose to ask.

"Comply with this," the widow cries,
"My hand is yours for ever!"
"Madam," says Snob, and smiles and sighs,
"I'll do my best endeavour."

Down on his knee Sir Snobby went,
His chair behind him tumbled,
His sword betwixt his legs was bent,
His left-hand crutch was humbled.

He seized the widow's lily hand
Roughly, as he would storm it:
"Now, lady, give your next command,
And trust me, I'll perform it."

She bit her fan, she hid her face,
And—widows *have* no feeling—
Enjoying Snobby's piteous case,
Was pleased to keep him kneeling.

A minute pass'd—"O speak! O speak!"
Said Snob: "dear soul, relieve me!"
(His knee was waxing wondrous weak)
"Your *ne plus ultra* give me!"

“One half fulfill’d,” says Mrs. Brown,
 “I shall not ask in vain
 For t’other favour—now you’re down,
 Sir Snob—*get up again!*”

Vain the request—the knight was floor’d;
 And—what a want of feeling!—
 The lady scream’d, while Snobby roar’d,
 And still continued kneeling.

The widow rang for maids and men,
 Who came ’midst shouts of laughter,
 To raise her lover up again,
 And show him downstairs after.

They got him on his feet once more,
 Gave him his crutch and hat;
 Told him his coach was at the door—
 A killing hint was that.

“Such tricks as these are idly tried,”
 Said Snob: “I’m off—adieu!
 To wound men’s feelings, hurt their pride,
 But—*Chacun à son goût.*”

“Forgive me, knight,” the widow said,
 As he was bowing out.
 “Your ‘*Chacun à son goût,*’ I read
 As ‘*Chacun à son gout.*’

“That you could not your pledge redeem
 I grieve, most worthy knight:
 A nurse is what you want, I deem;
 And so, sweet sir, good-night.”

He went—was taken to his room—
 To bed in tears was carried;
 And the next day to Betsy Broom,
 His housekeeper, was married.

The widow Brown, so goes the song,
In three weeks dried her tears,
And married Colonel Roger Long,
Of the Royal Grenadiers.

Thus suited both, the tale ends well,
As all tales ought to do ;
The knight's revenged, well pleased the belle—
So—*Chacun a son goût*.

THEODORE HOOK.

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair !
Bishop and abbot, and prior were there ;
Many a monk, and many a friar,
Many a knight, and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree,—
In sooth a goodly company ;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never, I ween,
Was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims !

In and out
Through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about ;
Here and there
Like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cates,
And dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier ! he hopp'd upon all !
With saucy air,
He perch'd on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat ;

And he peer'd in the face
 Of his Lordship's Grace.
 With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
 "We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"
 And the priests, with awe,
 As such freaks they saw,
 Said, "The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was clear'd,
 The flaws and the custards had all disappear'd,
 And six little Singing-boys,—dear little souls!
 In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
 Came, in order due,
 Two by two,
 Marching that grand refectory through!
 A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
 Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as pure
 As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
 Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
 In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
 Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
 Carried lavender-water, and eau de Cologne;
 And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
 Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
 One little boy more
 A napkin bore,
 Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
 And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
 Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white:
 From his finger he draws
 His costly turquoise;
 And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
 Deposits it straight
 By the side of his plate,
 While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
 Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
 That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

There's a cry and a shout,
 And a deuce of a rout,
 And nobody seems to know what they're about,
 But the monks have their pockets all turn'd inside out;
 The friars are kneeling,
 And hunting, and feeling
 The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
 The Cardinal drew
 Off each plum-colour'd shoe,
 And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
 He peeps, and he feels
 In the toes and the heels;
 They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—
 They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
 —They turn up the rugs,
 They examine the mugs:—
 But, no!—no such thing;—
 They can't find THE RING!
 And the Abbot declared that, “when nobody twigg'd it,
 Some rascal or other had popp'd in, and prigg'd it!”

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
 He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book!
 In holy anger, and pious grief,
 He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
 He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
 From the soul of his foot to the crown of his head;
 He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
 He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
 He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
 He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
 He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
 He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,
 He cursed him in living, he cursed him dying!—
 Never was heard such a terrible curse!!
 But what gave rise
 To no little surprise,
 Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

The day was gone,
 The night came on,
 The Monks and the Friars they search'd till dawn;

When the Sacristan saw;
On crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw!
No longer gay,
As on yesterday;
His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way;—
His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand,—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim,
So wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, “THAT’S HIM!—
That’s the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
That’s the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal’s Ring!”
The poor little Jackdaw,
When the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
And turn’d his bald head, as much as to say,
“Pray, be so good as to walk this way!”
Slower and slower
He limp’d on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
Where the first thing they saw,
Midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal call’d for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression
Served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!
—When those words were heard,
That poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, ’twas really absurd,
He grew sleek, and fat;
In addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!
His tail waggled more
Even than before;
But no longer it wagg’d with an impudent air,
No longer he perch’d on the Cardinal’s chair.

He hopp'd now about
 With a gait devout;
 At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;
 And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
 He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads.
 If any one lied,—or if any one swore,—
 Or slumber'd in pray'r-time and happen'd to snore,
 That good Jackdaw
 Would give a great "Caw!"
 As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
 While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,
 'That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"
 He long lived the pride
 Of that country side,
 And at last in the odour of sanctity died;
 When, as words were too faint
 His merits to paint,
 The Conclave determined to make him a Saint;
 And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,
 It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
 So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow!

R. H. BARHAM: *Ingoldsby Legends*.

"WHEN I LOVED YOU."

(To ——.)

WHEN I loved you, I can't but allow
 I had many an exquisite minute;
 But the scorn that I feel for you now
 Hath even more luxury in it!

Thus, whether we're on or we're off,
 Some witchery seems to await you;
 To love you is pleasant enough,
 And oh! 'tis delicious to hate you!

THOMAS MOORE: *Poetical Works*.

THE BACHELOR'S ULTIMATUM.

WHEN Woman, angelic enchantress,
Decked in graces that always attract,
Combines with her other endearments
The exquisite science of Tact,
Which teaches a lesson diviner
Than any philosophers preach—
That sweetness is stronger than fury,
And silence more precious than speech;
When Man, that magnificent creature,
Who deems himself lord of the earth,
Behaves in a manner becoming
His super-superlative worth,
Rememb'ring that poor folks and wealthy
Will fraternise soon in the grave,
That gentlemen still should be gentle,
Since mercy besemeth the brave;
When Husbands, in fact, are all gracious,
Relying on kindness—not might,
And Wives, blest with tempers unclouded,
Are invariably happy and bright;
When the Mother, serene and benignant,
By no selfish misgivings beguiled,
Allows the unfortunate Father
Some share in the love of the child;
When Children no longer have measles,
Nor suffer from infantine ills,
And money rolls in with abundance
To pay off the shop-keepers' bills;
When Servants are loyal and civil,
Not behaving to masters like foes,
Nor horrible rows with the "missis"
Disturb the domestic repose;
When all *this* comes to pass I shall marry
The lady I long to adore;
But nothing on earth shall induce me
To marry that lady before.

JOHN CLODD:

JOHN CLODD was greatly troubled in his mind,
 But reason for the same could noways find.
 Says he "I'll go to Mary; I've no doubt,
 If any mortal can, she'll vind it out."

"Why, John; what *is* the matter? where dost ail?
 In 'ead or stummick? eh, thou dost look pale.
 Can't ait? can't sleep? yet nayther sick nor sore?
 Ne'er velt the like in all thy life afore?
 Why, lad, I'll tell'ee what,—thou beest in love."

John look'd at Mary, gave his hat a shove,
 And rubb'd his chin awhile, and mutter'd "There!
 Only to think o' that!"—then from a stare
 Broke by degrees into a smile, half-witted,
 "Dang! Mary, I don't know but what you've hit it!
 I thought on no sich thing, but now I see
 'Tis plain as haystack. Yaas, in love I be!
 But *who* be I in love wi', Mary? Come!"

"Why, can't yo tell that, John? Art blind, or dumb?
 Is't Emma White? or Liz? or Dora Peak?
 Or pirty little Sue? or Widow Sleek?
 Or Tilda Rudlip, now? or Martha's Jane?
 Or Squire's new Dairymaid? or old Miss Blaine,
 Wi' lots o' money? Don't be angry John,
 I've guess'd all round,—you hates 'em every one?
 Still, you loves zumbody . . . Mayhap 'tis *me*?"

"Why, Mary, what a clever lass you be!
 I never once took thought on sich a thing;
 But you it is, and no one else, by Jing!"
 "Well, John, that's settled; so Goodnight at last."
 "No, Mary, don'tee run away so fast!
 What next are we to do?"

"What next? O bother!
 Get married, I suppose, sometime or other."

“Right, lass, again ! I niver thought o’ that.
 How do’ee iver vind out things so pat ?
 But stop a minute, Mary,—tell me how
 Does folk— . . . She’s off ! I’m fairly puzzled now ! ”

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

WIDOW MALONE.

DID you hear of the Widow Malone,
 Ohone !

Who lived in the town of Athlone ?
 Ohone !

Oh, she melted the hearts
 Of the swains in them parts,
 So lövely the Widow Malone,
 Ohone !

So lövely the Widow Malone:

Of lovers she had a full score,
 Or more,
 And fortunes they all had galore,
 In store ;

From the minister down
 To the clerk of the crown,
 All were courting the Widow Malone,
 Ohone !

All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone,
 ’Twas known,
 That no one could see her alone,
 Ohone !

Let them ogle and sigh,
 They could ne’er catch her eye,
 So bashful the Widow Malone,
 Ohone !

So bashful the Widow Malone.

'Till one Mister O'Brien, from Clare—
How quare!—

It's little for blushing they care

Down there—

Put his arm round her waist,

Gave ten kisses at laste;

"Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone,
My own!

Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone."

And the widow they all thought so shy,

My eye!

Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,

For why?

But "Lucius," says she,

"Since you've now made so free,

You may marry your Mary Malone,

Ohone !

You may marry your Mary Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song,

Not wrong,

And, one comfort, it's not very long,

But strong ;—

If for widows you die,

Learn to kiss, not to sigh;

For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,

Ohone!

Oh, they're all like sweet Mistress Malone.

CHARLES LEVER: *Charles O'Malley.*

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

Table Mountain, 1870.

WHICH I wish to remark,—

And my language is plain,

That for ways that are dark,

And for tricks that are vain,

The heathen Chinese is peculiar,—

Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name.
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;
And quite soft was the skies:
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve.
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve:
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see.—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour;"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand;
But the floor it was strewn
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers,—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinese is peculiar,—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

BRET HARTE: *Poetical Works.*

FLIRTATION.

As I strolled on the beach with the fair Isabella—
We were friends of long standing, I'd known her a week—
Was it love or the shade of her gorgeous umbrella
That fluttered in crimson across her soft cheek?

Hope tugged at my heartstrings and made me audacious,
For when Coquetry blooms like a Provençal rose,
It is surely a sign that she means to be gracious,
And bless with sweet favour some one of her beaux.

So I set me to wooing, both blithely and bravely,
Caught in mine a small hand in a brown *gant de Suède*;
Snatched a kiss from her lips, and was begging her suavely
To leave out my heart from the list of betrayed,

When she stopped me. "I'm sorry," she murmured discreetly,
"But you see—I'm engaged!"—and pretended to sigh;
While a swift recollection upset me completely—
"Great Cæsar!" I gasped, "I forgot. So am I."

ANON.

THE BABIES' WOOD TURKEY-COCK.

FACT AND FABLE.

AT Babies' Wood Farm lived a Turkey Cock—
 (In Scotland they'd call him a "Bubbly-Jock")—
 A jolly old fellow, portly and stout,
 Who stuck out his crop as he strutted about,
 And blustered and gobbled and chuckled all day
 In a highly self-satisfied sort of a way.
 He could swagger and brag at no end of a pace,
 And could fly in a rage, and get red in the face,
 For I fear that his temper was none of the best,
 And was apt now and then to be freely expressed.
 On the rest of the poultry he looked with disdain,
 And thought no small beer of himself, it was plain :
 While, to judge by his countenance, really I think
 One might just have suspected him fond of his drink.

Now this jolly old bird of wives had a pair,
 Matronly, modest, sleek, and fair :
 (The Turks in Turkey, if men say true,
 Are never content with *less* than two :)
 And the worthy creatures, as good wives should,
 Each of them hatched him a promising brood.
 And he stuck out his crop as he strutted away,
 And blustered and gobbled and chuckled all day,
 " Oh ! arn't I a swell ! " cried this jolly old Turk,
 " The hens mind the young ones—that's mere woman's
 work."

Ah, me ! how chequered with trouble and woe
 Is the life of men and of birds below !
 Lo ! the joy of the eve is the morning's sorrow,
 And the pride of to-day the despair of to-morrow !

Alas ! and alas ! for that rollicking bird !
 'Tis the mournfullest story that ever was heard :—
 The fox, he came stealing at dead of night,
 And there rose one horrible scream of fright,
 For he pounced alike upon fledgling and mother,
 Carrying havoc from one to another,
 Till, in merciless wanton thirst of blood,
 He had slaughtered the half of the helpless brood :

And, when on the earth smiled the rosy morn,
There they lay headless and mangled and torn,—
The two fair hens that had been his pride,
And a dozen or so of the poults beside.
And he, poor fellow, with downcast tail,
And with pendulent crest, and his comb all pale,
Blubbered and gobbled most piteously,
And cackled his grief in a minor key.

Now had he only been man, not bird,
Or had he ever by good luck heard
How Christian fathers at such times do,
He might have been spared much trouble, it's true.
In that case this is what he'd have said :—
“ My two poor wives are both of them dead ;
It's very sad, but to mourn and fret
Never did any one much good yet.
So I'd better bear it as best I may ;
And as for the little ones, well-a-day !
I can't be bothered with things like those,
Somebody 'll look to them, I suppose.
So, just to cheer up my spirits, I think
I'll go to the public, and have some drink.”

Ah ! but the poor old Bubbly-Jock,
He wasn't a Christian, but only a cock :
So you couldn't expect him to know, like you,
What a Christian in such a case would do.
Besides he had never been to school :—
So what do you think he did, poor fool ?
Why, he called his little ones round about him,
(For how, poor things, could they do without him ?)
And, brushing a tear from the end of his beak,
With a heart-broken gobble began to speak :—
“ My dears, since you've lost your mothers, you see,
You'll have for the future to look to me.”

The little ones stood, like dutiful birds,
With their heads on one side, as they pondered his words ;
But the weather was cold, and for shelter and rest
They longed for just one thing—a mother's warm breast.
And they longed not in vain ; for the penitent Turk
No longer talks bigly of “ mere woman's work.”

See, he calls them all close, and, without more delay,
 He broodles them quite in a motherly way :
 And he leads them about, and looks after their food,
 And never was mother more kind to her brood.
 And now that they all have grown bigger and stronger,
 And need his paternal assistance no longer,
 You may sometimes detect in the swell of his breast,
 In the flirt of his tail, or the hue of his crest,
 That the pride of his nature's not out of him quite ;
 For he gobbles by day, and he chuckles by night,
 Saying, " Arn't I a swell ! For, I swear by my beard,
 There are no finer turkeys than those that I reared."

MORAL.

All ye unfeathered bipeds ! mark my word :
 A man may learn some lessons from a bird.

Right Rev. WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, Bishop of Wakefield : Poems.

SYMPATHY.

A KNIGHT and a lady once met in a grove,
 While each was in quest of a fugitive love ;
 A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
 And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

" Oh, never was knight such a sorrow that bore !"
 " Oh, never was maid so deserted before !"
 " From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
 And jump in together for company !"

They searched for an eddy that suited the deed,
 But here was a bramble and there was a weed ;
 " How tiresome it is !" said the fair with a sigh ;
 So they sat down to rest them in company.

They gazed on each other, the maid and the knight :
 How fair was her form, and how goodly his height !
 " One mournful embrace !" sobbed the youth, " ere we
 die !"
 So kissing and crying kept company.

“Oh, had I but loved such an angel as you!”
 “Oh, had but my swain been a quarter as true!”
 “To miss such perfection how blinded was I!”—
 Sure now they were excellent company!

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear,
 “The weather is cold for a watery bier;
 When Summer returns we may easily die;
 Till then let us sorrow in company!”

REGINALD HEBER: *Poetical Works.*

ASINI OMNES.

THE smaller section of mankind
 Has been divided into “classes;”
 The larger takes a finer name
 And proudly calls itself the “masses.”
 This crude arrangement of our race
 All rules of common-sense surpasses;
 We, human bodies, only need
 One grand denomination—ASSES.
 Man, mighty man, is but an ass-
 iduous inflater of small bubbles;
 And lovely woman is an ass-
 -uager of all his cares and troubles.
 The House of Commons is an ass-
 -embly that oft befools the nation;
 The House of Lords, too, is an ass-
 -ociate in all its legislation.
 The Heir Apparent is an ass-
 -ured friend of all that's good and pleasant,
 A Prince with princely sympathies,
 Beloved alike by Peer and Peasant.
 Great Bismark always was an ass-
 -enter to Germany's pretensions;
 France longs to prove herself an ass-
 -ailant of all his wise intentions.
 And *you*, my friend—why, you're an ass-
 -ertor of Honour's cause. All merit
 That glorifies the human race
 You in your noble self inherit.

CHARLES J. DUNPHIE: *The Chameleon.*

EPILOGUE.

THE JESTER'S MORAL.

*Is Human Life a pleasant game
That gives the palm to all?
A fight for fortune, or for fame,
A struggle, and a fall?
Who views the Past, and all he prized,
With tranquil exultation?
And who can say—I've realized
My fondest aspiration?*

*Alack, not one. No, rest assured
That all are prone to quarrel
With Fate, when worms destroy their gourd,
Or mildew spoils their laurel:
The prize may come to cheer our lot,
But all too late; and granted
If even better, still it's not
Exactly what we wanted.*

*My schoolboy time! I wish to praise
That bud of brief existence;
The vision of my younger days
Now trembles in the distance.
An envious vapour lingers here,
And there I find a chasm;
But much remains, distinct and clear,
To sink enthusiasm.*

*Such thoughts just now disturb my soul
With reason good, for lately
I took the train to Marley-knoll,
And cross'd the fields to Mately.
I found old Wheeler at his gate,
He once rare sport could show me,
My Mentor wise on springe and bait—
But Wheeler did not know me.*

*"Goodlord!" at last exclaim'd the churl,
"Are you the little chap, sir,
What used to train his hair in curl,
And wore a scarlet cap, sir?"
And then he took to fill in blanks,
And conjure up old faces;
And talk of well-remember'd pranks
In half-forgotten places.*

*It pleased the man to tell his brief
And rather mournful story,—
Old Bliss's school had come to grief,
And Bliss had "gone to glory."
Fell'd were his trees, his house was razed,
And what less keenly pain'd me,
A venerable Donkey grazed
Exactly where he caned me.*

*And where have school- and playmate sped,
Whose ranks were once so serried?
Why some are wed, and some are dead,
And some are only buried;
Frank Petre, erst so full of fun,
Is now 'St. Blaise's Prior,
And Travers, the attorney's son,
Is member for the shire.*

*Dull maskers we. Life's festival
Enchants the blithe new-comer;
But seasons change;—then where are all
Those friendships of our summer?
Wan pilgrims flit athwart our track,
Cold looks attend the meeting;
We only greet them, glancing back,
Or pass without a greeting.*

*Old Bliss I owe some rubs, but pride
Constrains me to postpone 'em,—
Something he taught me, ere he died,
About nil nisi bonum.*

*Pre met with wiser, better men,
But I forgive him wholly;
Perhaps his jokes were sad, but then
He used to storm so drolly.*

*"I still can laugh" is still my boast,
But mirth has sounded gayer;
And which provokes my laughter most,
The preacher or the player?
Alack, I cannot laugh at what
Once made us laugh so freely;
For Nestroy and Grassot are not;
And where is Mr. Keeley?*

*I'll join St. Blaise (a verseman fit,
More fit than I, once did it)
—I shave my crown? No, Common-Wit,
And Common-Sense forbid it.
I'd sooner dress your Little Miss
As Paulet shaves his poodles!
As soon propose for Betsy Bliss,
Or get proposed for Boodle's.*

*We prate of Life's illusive dyes,
And yet fond Hope misleads us;
We all believe we near the prize,
Till some fresh dupe succeeds us!
And yet, though Life's a riddle, though
No Clerk has yet explain'd it,
I still can hope; for well I know
That Love has thus ordain'd it.*

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON: *London Lyrics.*

THE END.



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